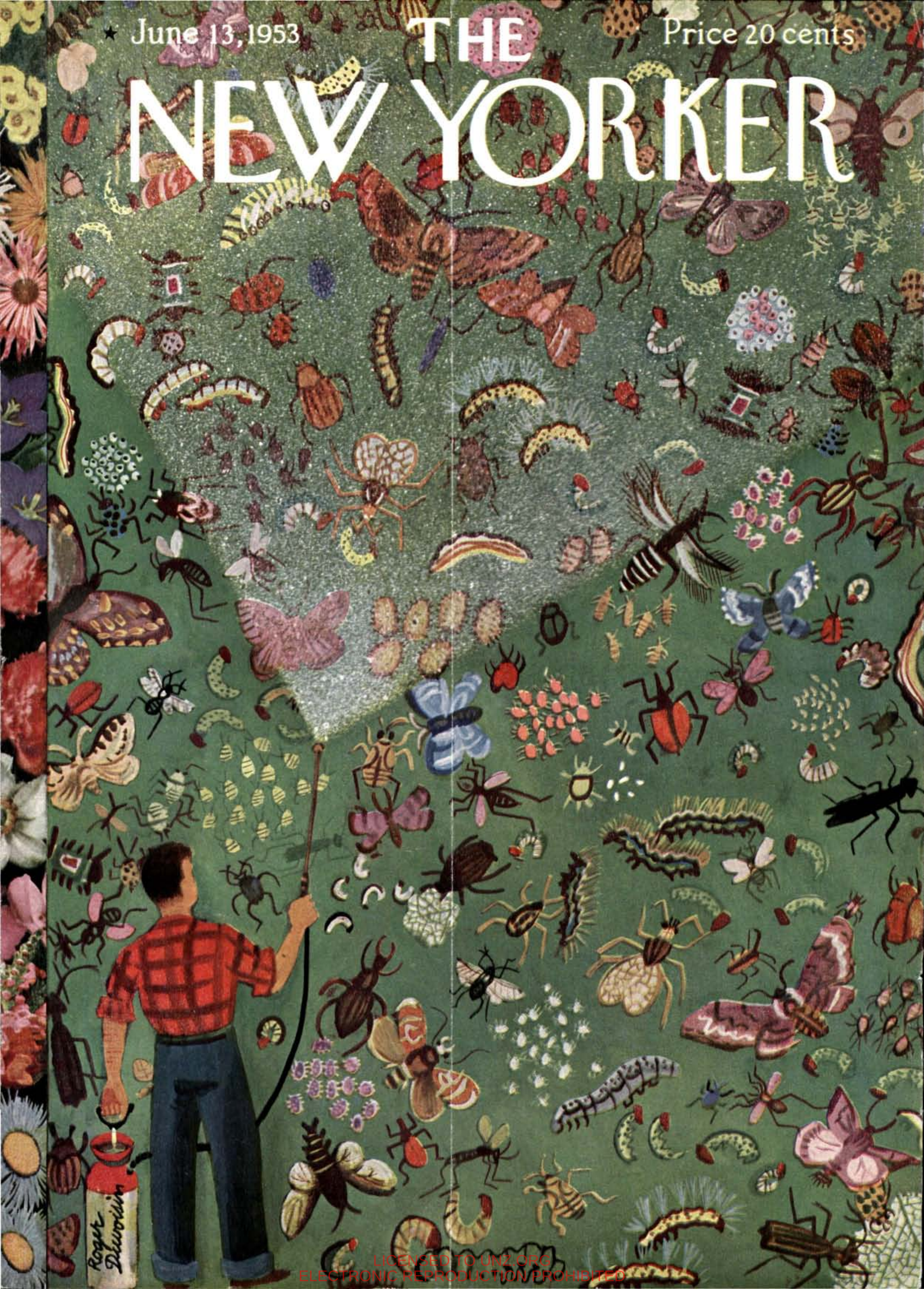
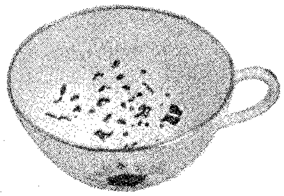
★ June 13, 1953

THE NEW YORKER

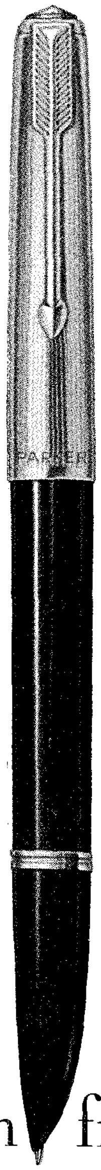
Price 20 cents

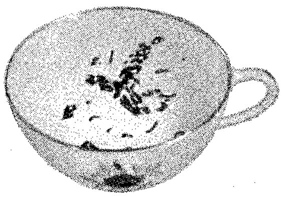

Roger Duvoisin

Tea leaf reading is fun! But it takes imagination to see what's in the cup. For example, the leaves here form a "flowering tree" which indicates success in a new undertaking.



Note the wide scattering of dots made by small bits of tea leaves. To a tea leaf reader, they foretell prospering affairs and the comforts of life in great abundance.





The leaves in this cup form a "candlestick". This suggests that the person should look at things from a wider viewpoint and attempt to cultivate a greater perception of life.

See the way the tea leaves here form an "eye". In tea leaf circles it is supposed to signify that the person has a keen insight and a good ability to solve difficulties.

The things you can learn from a Parker "51" Pen..!

It's better than tea leaves (though we know that some tea leaf readers may rise to challenge that statement) for telling things about its owner, even after this new Parker "51" Pen has been in use only a few hours.

So individually does the remarkable point of this remarkable pen "break in" to the writing habits of its user that **it is possible to tell from it whether its owner is right or left handed, male or female, large or small, dashing or conservative.**

Without giving you a short course in Parker "51" Pen reading, so that you can amaze and amuse your friends, we do want to tell you why this is possible in order that you will better appreciate the special ability of this pen **to write as you write.**

What happens is that a tiny all-precious-metal pellet fused to the point of the "51" Pen "wears in" to your style of writing . . . your way of holding a pen, your way of forming letters, and the pressure you use. **It's made of an entirely new and exclusive combination of costly precious metals, Platinum and Ruthenium.** Parker has the formula patented and calls it Plathenium.

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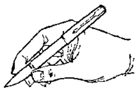
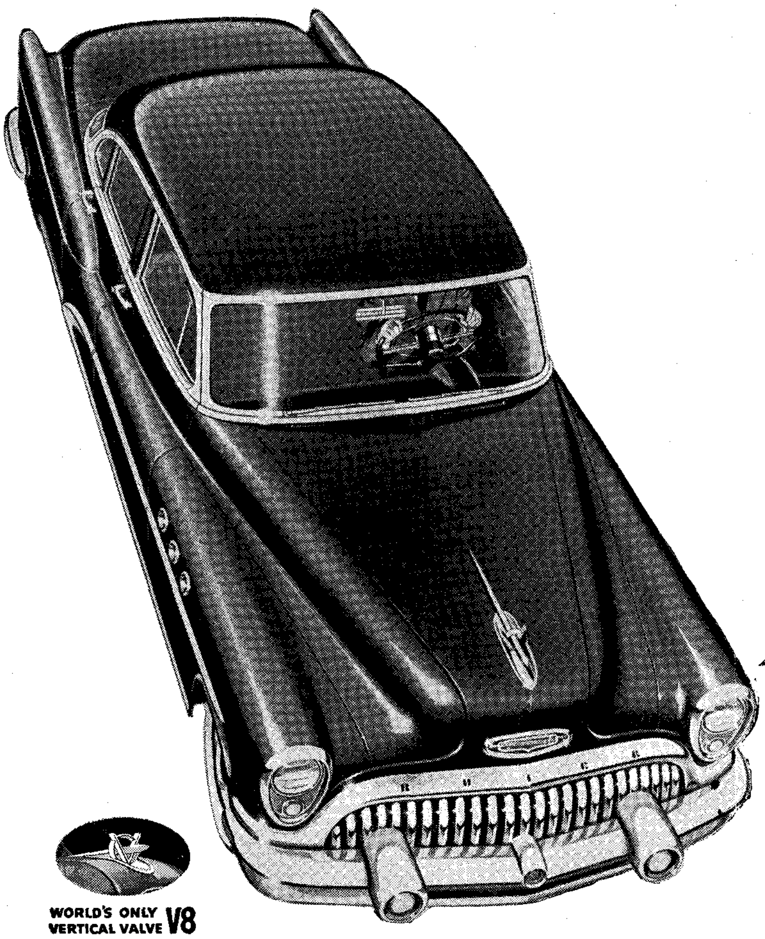
Foresee a gift occasion? Remember Parker "51" is the world's most-wanted gift pen.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Crucible—A study, by Arthur Miller, of the Salem witchcraft trials, which may or may not have its contemporary implications. Arthur Kennedy, Maureen Stapleton, and Philip Coolidge are in the principal roles, and Jed Harris is the director. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dial "M" for Murder—Maurice Evans in one of the neatest and most tightly constructed British mysteries of some time. Frederick Knott is the author, and John Williams and Gusti Huber are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fifth Season—Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf are the stars of this frail item about the garment industry. Others in it are John Griggs and Phyllis Hill. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Monday evening, June 15.)

Misalliance—This comedy about the decay of the British aristocracy may be one of Shaw's lesser efforts, but the conversation is still wonderfully comic. Now with Martyn Green, Jan Farrand, and Tamara Geva. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—A funny comedy, adapted by Sam and Bella Spewack from a French hit, which has to do with the successful efforts of three convicts in the French penal colony at Cayenne to improve the fortunes of a family they happen to like. Walter Slezak is starred in a cast that includes Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

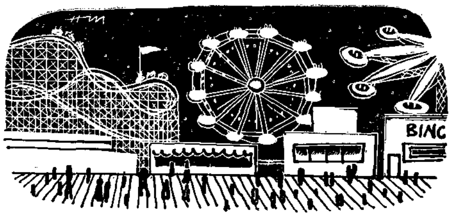
Picnic—William Inge's play about the shattering impact of sex on a Kansas town has severe structural defects but it is still worth your serious attention. Joshua Logan has directed a fine cast in which Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, Peggy Conklin, and Arthur O'Connell are prominent. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Seven Year Itch—Tom Ewell has the leading role in this very cheerful comedy, by George Axelrod, about a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful young girl while his wife is away for the summer. Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson are the ladies in the case. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Time Out for Ginger—A show about a high-school girl who thinks she'd like to make the football team. It has almost nothing to recommend it except a fairly comic performance by Melvyn Douglas. Polly Rowles, Laura Pierpont, and Philip Loeb are among the other adults connected with it. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 27.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this rather ambitious spectacle and Abe Burrows turned out the book, but most of the credit belongs to Jo Mielziner, whose 1893 Paris settings are among his really memorable works; to Michael Kidd, whose choreography is enchanting; and to Motley, whose costumes also help capture a period and a mood. Peter Cookson and two young women named Gwen Verdon and Lilo do their share to make the evening seem a good deal better than it is. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Hazel Flagg—Helen Gallagher, Thomas Mitchell, and Jack Whiting are among those chiefly involved in this big, handsome musical taken from Ben Hecht's story about a girl who may just possibly be dying of radium poisoning. The piece offers some spirited dancing but not too much in the way of either comedy or songs. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—Oscar Hammerstein II wrote the book and lyrics for this play-within-a-play, and Richard Rodgers supplied the score. The cast is headed by Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken, but most of the credit properly belongs to Jo Mielziner, who has designed some of the most stunning sets you ever saw, and Robert Alton, whose dance routines are as competent as any that have turned up in several seasons. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—A revival of the opera on which George and Ira Gershwin and DuBose and Dorothy Heyward collaborated, and one of the season's most exciting events. LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes alternate in the role of Porgy, while Bess is played by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos, and Cab Calloway is the current Sportin' Life. Robert Breen is the director, and Alexander Smallens is in charge of the orchestra, as he was before. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Wonderful Town—This version of "My Sister Eileen" is even more satisfactory than the original. The book is again the work of Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov; the music was handled by Leonard Bernstein; the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; and the cast, directed by George Abbott, is headed by Rosalind Russell, whose performance is something to enliven the most torpid spirit. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—guys and dolls: Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon, and Julie Oshins, Iva Withers, and Susan Hight are some of the Runyon characters. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 27, for six weeks.) . . . **the king and i:** Alfred Drake is now the King in this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Will return from a brief road tour on Monday, June 22. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wish you were here:** An adaptation of Arthur Kober's play about life at a camp in the Catskills. In the cast are Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, June 11: "Con Amore," "Scotch Symphony," "Metamorphoses," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 12: "Swan Lake," "Filling Station," "Prodigal Son," and "Metamorphoses." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 13: "Swan Lake," "Filling Station," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 13: "Concerto Barocco," "Picnic at Tintagel," "Pas de Trois," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 14: "The Five Gifts," "Con Amore," "Scotch Symphony," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 14: "Swan Lake," "Age of Anxiety," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Fanfare." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Theatre de Lys—A four-week repertory presented by Terese Hayden: Simon Gantillon's "Maya," with Helen Craig and Sono Osato; through Sunday, June 14. . . . ¶ Percy MacKaye's "The Scarecrow," with Douglas Watson, Eli Wallach, Patricia Neal, and Anne Jackson, opens on Tuesday, June 16, and will run through Sunday, June 21. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

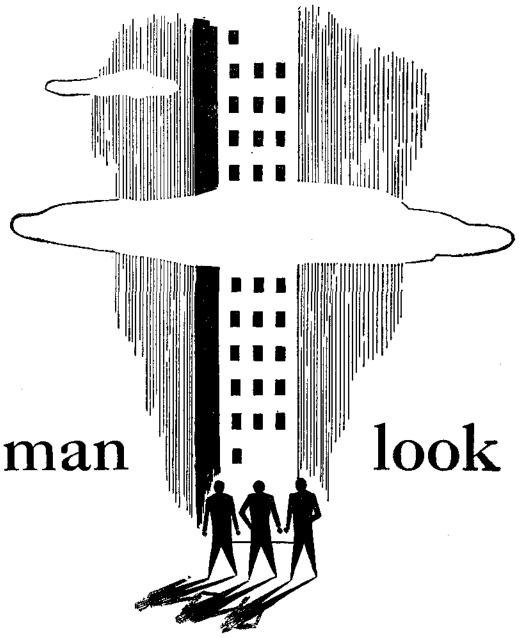
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Every evening but Sunday, Jules Lande's orchestra is in the subterranean Garden, where a notably opulent submerged tenth dines and dances and, in between, listens to concert piano.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—The dance music is by no less than

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIX, No. 17, June 13, 1953. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1953, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way. But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



The three-man look

We've always liked the story of the building so tall it took three men, each looking where the other left off, to see the top of it.

This tall story is now true, instead of whimsical. There are projects afoot in the United States today so complex and vast that 10,000 scientists and engineers of different talents would be useful as a task force "to see to the top of them."

One project of this complexity is atomic energy —or, if you prefer, the atomic bomb. Was it a chemical problem? Or electrical? Or a physics problem? Or mathematical? Did it call for exploration in metallurgy, thermodynamics, radiation, electronics, or what? All were involved. More likely, fifty subdivisions of knowledge needed exploring.

No single mind, no matter how many degrees after his name, knew one tenth of the total answer the nation now has in its hands. No single explorer ferreted out the answer. An integrated task force of thousands contributed specialized thinking, bit by bit.

Even so apparently simple a thing as the electric lamp was brought to brilliance by a parade of names. Edison, Coolidge and Langmuir supplied the shoulders other men stood on to see further.

Developing jet engines, million-volt x rays, steam turbines, gas turbines, fluorescent lamps, motors, refrigerators enlisted first a troop, then a regiment, then an army of diversified research and engineering skills at General Electric.

Teams are now exploring germanium (and its transistor children), cyclotrons, silicones, computers, or such defense assignments as electronic gunfire controls, atomic submarine propulsion, plutonium production, guided missiles.

Today, out of General Electric's 226,000 employees, one in twenty is an engineer. The new products you see are both the *cause* and *effect* of this engineering force.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Harry James' band, in which Buddy Rich beats the drums. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except on Sundays, there's double piano in the Palm Court at cocktail time. On Thursday, June 11, the Bowman Room will reopen for dinner, which will be garnished by a choir of violins from seven-thirty to nine-thirty, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All that glitters is not gold, but the customers here can almost fool you. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room's new ice show is about perfumes, so now there's been an ice show about everything but allergies. This one is cheerful and fairly well stocked with young ladies. Bernie Cummins' orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The spirit of Mata and Hari's thoughtful footwork is clearly one of mockery. Denise Darcel, an outstanding example of the representational school of modern French art, is not quite so outstanding as a chanteuse. They're all in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's orchestras chant joyous dance music in rotation. The room closes for the summer on Sunday, June 14, and that night there will only be a dinner performance.... ¶ Every night a small orchestra, usually Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, the Blackburn Twins sing, dance, talk, and walk alike; Marion Colby exhibits rather beautiful legs; and, all together, their vaudeville act sings, dances, talks, and walks like quite a few other vaudeville acts. The dance music is the work of Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's bands. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully nineteenth-century, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music is heard during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo, who's been around since Madison Avenue was an Indian track, is still gently whooshing in the Grill at dance time. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, whose vaulting dome is as pink and beautiful as the party dresses that glide over the floor, is once more in session. Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's chatty orchestras are on continuous point duty. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music fills the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Charlie Fisk's jazz band and Sharkey and his Kings of Dixieland, both of them orchestras new to these parts, are in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Always something going on at this rambling old novelty shop. One of the things is dancing; another is sightseeing. A happy little orchestra put together by Hugo Pedell and a rumba band bang away until all hours. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—A spot of life in the country is provided in the huge open court, where there's dancing outdoors after eight on weekdays and seven on Sundays if the weather is clement or reasonably so.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The latest George White revue, a hale and hearty affair, is occasionally at a loss for words, but the rampant humor of Fay DeWitt, Lou Nelson, and Georgie Kaye triumph over almost everything. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba group turn out dance music after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Los Chavales de España, those happy kids from Spain, are playing a rousing game of musical chairs and a vast variety of musical instruments. They also sing and dance with gusto, and Trini Reyes dances, too, with her own special gusto. The locale is the Starlight Roof, where Mischa Borr's band and Emil Coleman's orchestra handle the dance music. No show on Sundays, but Mr. Borr's band plays until twelve.

Note—The ivory tower called the Rainbow Room serves as a cocktail lounge from four to nine except Sundays. Incidental music and an untrammelled view of Weehawken, Hoboken, Union City, and other far-off romantic places. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

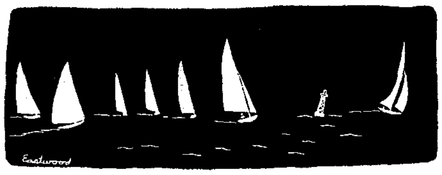
(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The world revolves at débutante speed whenever the veteran Eddie Davis strikes up his little band. He's in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain, a master of the perchance-to-dream school of the piano, appears in this starlit glade from ten to one. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The atmosphere always seems to have just been sprayed with chromium. During dinner, except Sundays, Johnny Mehegan rattles off high-style modern piano; he is joined at suppertime by Marshall Grant, a steadily improving performer.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): There's piano and violin after nine-thirty for those who feel a bit lost on the maid's night out. Closed Sundays.... **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Around nine, except Mondays, Jim Mahoney begins playing piano with a combination of nostalgia and inner peace that makes an effective after-dinner mint.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, guitarist, singer, raconteur, and *padrone* of some renown, is jollying up this modest Spanish restaurant. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A sort of bowing-from-the-waist drawing room, where Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper. On Sundays, John Kelley, Jr., sits in instead.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): There's Harry Meyerowitz's piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper in the bar of this establishment, a heaping handful of practically mobile décor. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry that is now a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other is apt to be at the piano, or singing, or both.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Nelson Eddy, a throwback to the operetta days when the Shuberts—Lee, J. J., and Franz—were names to conjure with, is singing here, and Phyllis and Ted Rodriguez are, as usual, putting their best foot forward.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The show, as big as Macy's Thanksgiving parade, includes an elegant view of the Hudson, a river of some size. Other notables are Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander, whose dances have a certain originality, and Tony Martin, who sounds exactly the way he does on the juke boxes.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4355): Sarah Vaughan's skillfully manipulated voice and Cy Coleman's trio are the main reasons for attending this Donnybrook Fair.



SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Saturday, June 13, is the last evening that life's little poignancies can be seen, in all their hilarious glory, through the eyes of the sensitive child called Alice Pearce. Next evening, Orson Bean will begin narrating his connoisseur's collection of shaggy-dog stories. The Three Riffs, whose humor is light and sometimes even fantastic; Portia Nelson, a favorite East Side nightingale; and Amru Sani, a handsome soprano with a fair-to-middling voice, will be staying on. The background music comes from the Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk, the local head coach, has unearthed a wild but sort of wonderful tomgirl named Ceil Cabot. His other protégés are Nancy Reed, a perky little Eve who sings songs with a high apple content; Dana and Wood, two newcomers who are having their first go at adult foolery; and the Jackson Sisters, three downy goslings who bring a guileless freshness to their gay little jump tunes. The practically unparalleled Norman Paris and his three-man symphony are a glittering backdrop. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The merriment is unleashed by Jimmy Komack, a young soothsayer with an odd and intricate turn of mind; the song is unleashed by Patricia Wilson, with a certain Midwestern-ingénue abandon. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, a rip-roaring nor'easter, is still loudly proclaiming the joys of a splendidly misspent life, and Michael Mason is singing about more pastoral pastimes. She leaves Saturday, June 13; he leaves Sunday, June 14. Next Monday, Bibi Osterwald will be singing *her* head off and the night after that, Marijane Maricle, a newly hatched canary, and Marsh and Fields, newly hatched humorists, will take over. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play crackling piano duets, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): The almost lost art of the salon is still practiced by Mabel Mercer, who has first call on the songs of the best young composers. Sam Hamilton's piano is the appropriate setting. Closed Sundays. The place is over the frequently thunderous Show Spot Lounge.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A true-to-life and feverish replica of those old nights in Montmartre. There are songs by Mae Barnes, Jimmie Daniels, and Norene Tate, all lusty survivors of those nights, plus the ingenious wit of Charlotte Rae and the rather pungent ramblings of Oliver Wakefield. The polyphonic music of the Three Flames bubbles up now and then, too, sometimes as background for the manic songs of Tiger Haines. Miss Rae departs on Sunday, June 14, and on Tuesday, June 16, Alice Ghostley, G. Wood, and their nonsense rhymes will return to the fold. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The boys down at this firehouse—Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Wild Bill Davison, and sometimes even Mr. Condon—are a noisy but cheerful lot. Ralph Sutton plays interlude piano. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of guest hotshots. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jo Jones and his splendid guild of craftsmen (Hank Jones, Tyree Glenn, and Tommy Potter) get to work around nine-thirty. They are spelled by the eminent Erroll Garner and his trio, which includes Al Hall on bass. On Monday, June 15, Eddie Heywood's trio will replace the Garner group. From five-thirty to nine, Don Abney is at the piano. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin is in command of the Dixieland firing squad here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's

Crowning touch for your midsummer slacks

Jolly good show, what? "The Monarch," above, comes in three classic colors—Pioneer's exclusive new "Royal Family" of magnificent bench-made belts. Luxuriously tailored of hand-crowned calfskin on calfskin, each belt has pinpoint stitching throughout and a trim, matched leather buckle. Yours in Windsor Blue, Imperial Brown or Turf Tan. A princely Father's Day gift, for a modest $5.

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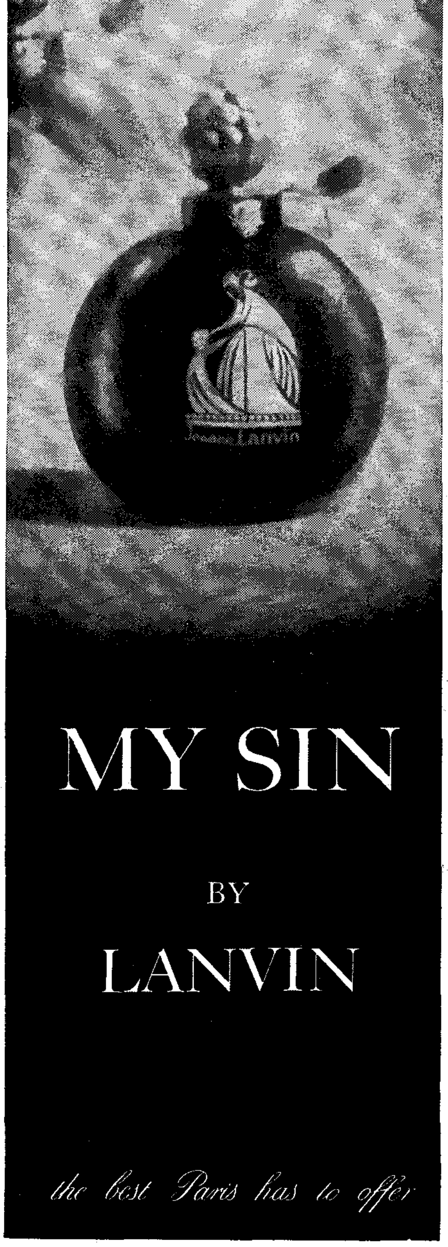

BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

band, which involves Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore, makes the sort of jazz that was good enough for Grandfather and ought to be good enough for us. Don Frye is solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, June 17, Dinah Washington will be singing and Bill Davis's trio will be playing. Next evening's arrivals will include a quartet in which Bud Powell and Charlie Parker are concerned, the Cootie Williams orchestra, and Paul Quinichette's band. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis, who wields a fairly puissant trombone, and his tailgaters, fill this vasty deep with good music Tuesdays through Saturdays until two or so, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, June 14, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, Marian McPartland's trio will team up with the local gossoons in a jam session. Dancing. . . . **BANDBOX**, 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): Woody Herman's band, which could certainly be called a major event on Broadway, is paying a visit to this enormous carbarn, where Ruth Brown is doing the important singing. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the Douglas Duke trio experiments with quiet, unorthodox jazz. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): The weekend barbecues here are an institution. Friday, June 12, the ingredients should include Wild Bill Davison, Billy Butterfield, Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, Miff Mole, Joe Sullivan, Zutty Singleton, and Tommy Benford. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, a rousing shivaree by (it is hoped) Roy Eldridge, Red Allen, Jimmy Archey, Gene Sedric, Willie the Lion Smith, and Sonny Greer. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing on Friday through Sunday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-0354); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628); dancing on Friday evenings. . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICAN ABSTRACT ARTISTS—A modest but cleverly selected spring exhibition of small paintings and sculptures; through June 30. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St. Open Saturdays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.: Paintings and other works by Frank Lloyd Wright, Louis Bouché, William Zorach, and other members; through June 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.) . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: A minor survey of art in this country over the last hundred years, with canvases by Whistler, Eakins, Prendergast, and others, as well as by eighteen present-day artists; through Aug. 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century drawings, ranging from early examples by William Glackens and Gifford Beal to more recent ones by John Heliker, Joe Lasker, and others; through June 19. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: The annual end-of-the-season retrospective, with paintings and sculptures by, among others, Gladys Rockmore Davis, Dong Kingman, and Cécile Bellé; through June 26. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Paintings and water colors dating back to Hassam, Bellows, and Luks, and including newer pieces by O'Hara, Pleissner, and Kroll; through July 24. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park: The annual summer members' show, with over a hundred works in a variety of mediums; through Sept. 7. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **THE STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings and prints by fourteen artists, including John Von Wicht, Carl Shrag, Boris Margo, and other moderns; through June 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: The first exhibition in this country of paintings by Alexandre Garbell, plus recent works by Yoram Kaniuk, Bruno Krauskopf, and others; through July 22. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **HELLER**, 108 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, and graphics by Roy Lichtenstein, Rhys Caparn, Julio De Diego, and others, and mobiles by John Marshall Brown III; through June 20. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Roszak, Miró, Balthus, Lam, and others whose paintings and sculptures usually are shown here; through June 30. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: An exhibition of oils and gouaches by Austin, Bombois, Braque, Picasso, and at least fifteen others whom the gallery regularly handles; through July 3. . . . **CURT VALENTIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: A group of five artists, none especially well known, in a small but distinguished showing; through June 19. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: This show combines the paintings and sculptures of Americans (Erle Loran, Joseph Glasco, Kay Sage, and others) with those of such Italians as Afro, Leonardo Cremonini, and Renato Birolli; through July 24.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **DUVEEN BROTHERS**, 18 E. 79th St.: Two oils of Venice by Guardi, a landscape by Gainsborough, and other "pastoral and urban fantasies" by old masters; through June 26. . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 51 E. 57th St.: About fifteen oils by Cross, Derain, Vlaminck, and other French masters; through June 25. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: More French masters, among them Chagall, Soutine, Rouault, and Utrillo; through June 30. (Open Saturdays.)

BABETTE KORNBLITH—Life in San José, the provinces of Costa Rica, and parts of this country, depicted in water colors and shown here for the first time; through June 13. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St. Open Saturdays.)

SOUTH PACIFIC ART—Native ceremonial sculptures, many of them extremely rare, from New Ireland, New Britain, and other southern Pacific islands; through June 30. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

ARTHUR ZAIDENBERG—A set of paintings reflecting the artist's impressions of a recent trip to France and Spain; through June 13. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St. Open Saturdays.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **CHAPELLIER**, 48 E. 57th St.: George Shellhase; through June 27. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **JACKSON**, 22 E. 66th St.: Reginald Marsh; through June 26. . . . ¶ Group shows at **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through June 22. (Open Saturdays.) **CADBY-BIRCH**, 21 E. 63rd St.; through July 15. **CIRCLE & SQUARE**, 16 W. 58th St.; through July

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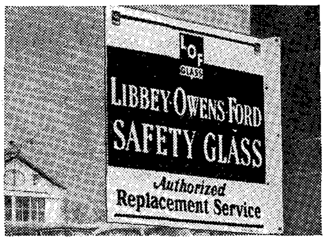

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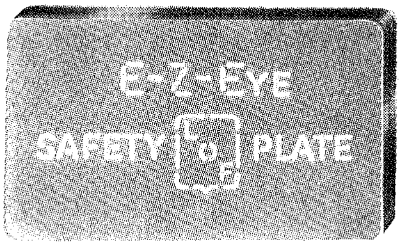

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2. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57th St.; through July 3. (Open Saturday, June 13.) **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 30.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Sunday, June 14. . . . ¶ At the second annual Brandeis University Festival of the Creative Arts, there is an exhibition called "Three Centuries of the Comic Spirit," with a hundred varied works by artists ranging from Tiepolo to Steinberg; through Sunday, June 14. (Shapiro Athletic Center, Brandeis University, Waltham, Mass.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Seventeenth Biennial International Water Color Exhibition, with two hundred paintings by John Marin, Dong Kingman, Graham Sutherland, I. Rice Pereira, and others; through June 21. . . . ¶ Lee Chesney, John Paul Jones, and Seong Moy are among the hundred or so artists represented in the annual print show, which this year is predominantly made up of woodcuts; through June 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An absorbing display of Rembrandt paintings, drawings, and prints, most of them from the Museum's collection. . . . ¶ A seven-ton porphyry statue of a Roman emperor (circa 200 A.D.), a Neanderthal skull, ancient manuscripts, implements, weapons, pottery, and hundreds of other archeological items and art objects from the Near East, dating from prehistoric times through the Byzantine period; also seventy-five paintings by Nahum Gutmann, Reuven Rubin, and five other Israeli artists. Both shows are travelling exhibitions presented by the American Fund for Israel Institutions. Starting June 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," a handsome, informative loan show, tracing the development of modern sculpture since the turn of the century; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Mondrian, Klee, and Brancusi are among those represented in a showing of oils and sculptures that have been left to the Museum by Katherine S. Drier. Together with a group of American prints and German Expressionist paintings, they make up an exhibit of the Museum's recent acquisitions. Starts June 17. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The second in a series of airings of the Museum's permanent collection of modern Europeans, particularly valuable for the number of lesser-known early figures it brings to light; through Sept. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Close to forty water colors of Israel (1951) and twenty-five sculptures dating back to 1931, all by Chaim Gross; through July 30. . . . ¶ A retrospective exhibition of drawings by Abraham Walkowitz assembled from the Museum's collection and ranging from early detailed sketches to more recent abstractions; through July 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSIC

LEMONADE OPERA—"Don Pedro," by Mozart, with an English libretto by Joseph Longstreth. (Lemonade Opera, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9831. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. First concert, Friday, June 19, at 8:30; thereafter, every Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening at 8:30, through Sunday, Aug. 16.)

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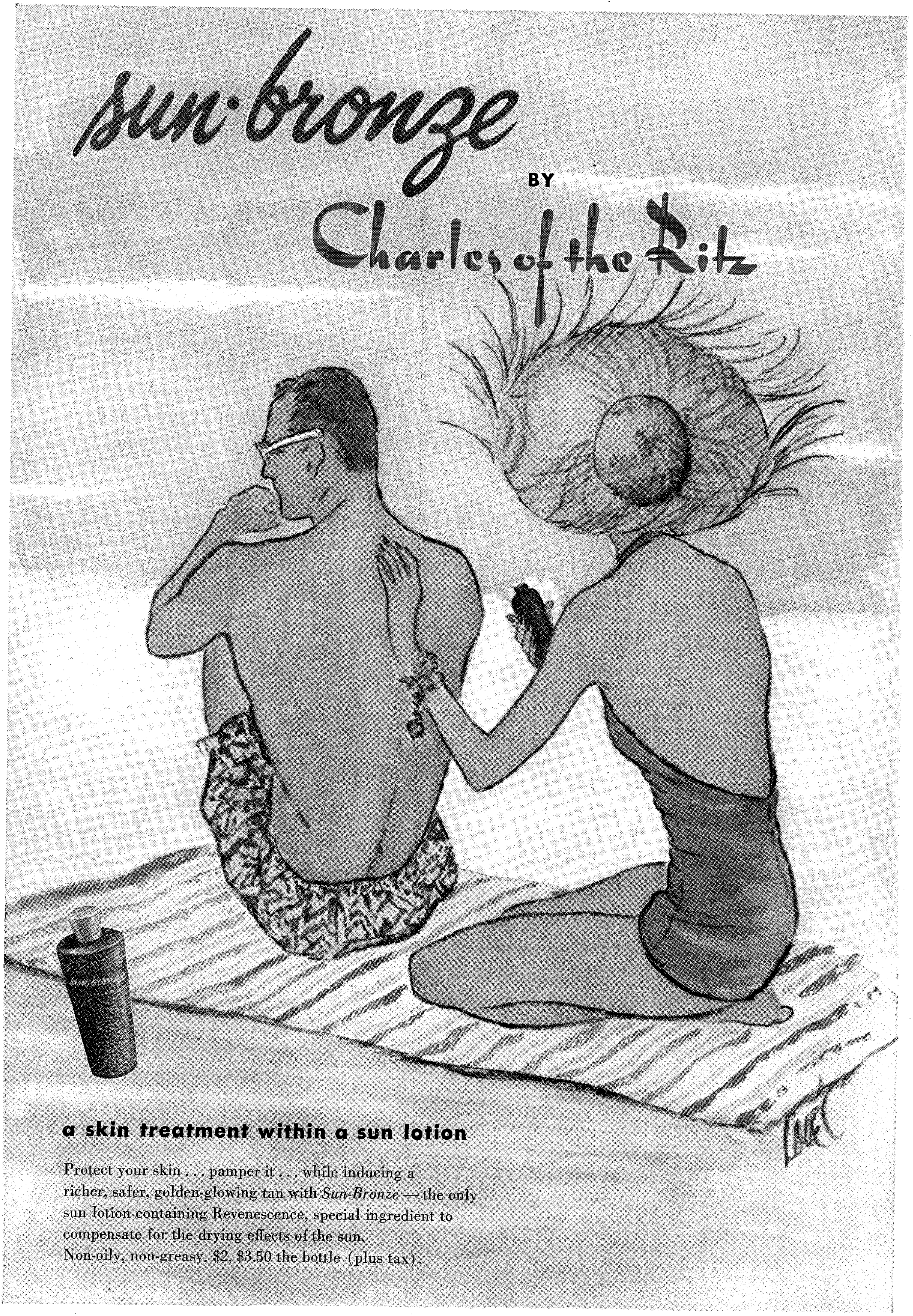
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sity Festival of the Creative Arts, the Lemonade Opera, under the direction of Max Leavitt, will present the first American performances of Francis Poulenc's comic opera "Les Mamelles de Tiresias," for which Robert Goss has done a new English version of the libretto by Guillaume Apollinaire; among those in the cast are Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and Mr. Goss, baritone. The orchestra in the pit will be made up of members of the Boston Symphony, conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Preceding the opera, the orchestra will do Morton Gould's "Concerto for Tap Dancer and Orchestra," with Danny Daniels. (Ullman Amphitheatre, Brandeis University, Waltham, Mass. Saturday and Sunday, June 13-14, at 9. For information about tickets, call MU 8-7150.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, June 11, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Friday, June 12, at 8; Saturday, June 13, at 1:30; and Sunday, June 14, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, June 11, at 1:30. . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 12, at 8:30; Saturday, June 13, at 1:30; Sunday, June 14, at 2; and Monday, June 15, at 1:30. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, June 16, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 17-18, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, at 2.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, June 12: Jimmy Carter vs. George Araujo, 15 rounds, for the World Lightweight Championship. . . . ¶ Friday, June 19: Paddy Young vs. Bobo Olson, 15 rounds, for the American Middleweight Championship. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

CREW—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, Conn. Friday, June 12; varsity race at 7:30 P.M.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Syracuse. Saturday, June 20.)

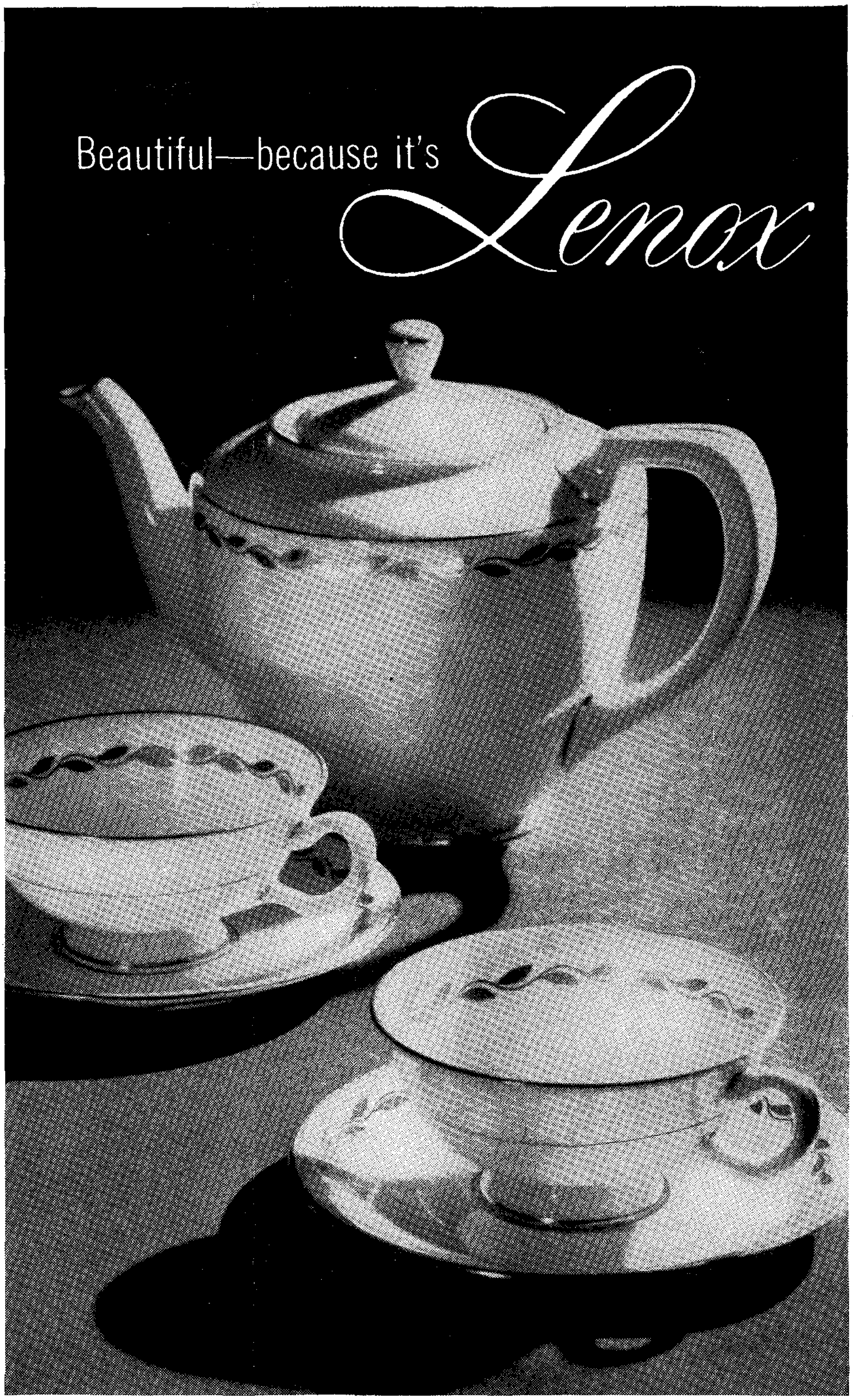
FENCING—National Championships—Friday, June 12, at 5 P.M.: Men's foil team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 2 P.M.: Men's épée team. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 14, at 10 A.M.: Men's individual foil; semifinals and finals. (New York Athletic Club.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 15, at 10 A.M.: Men's individual épée; semifinals and finals. (Fencers Club.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 16, at 10 A.M.: Women's foil team. (Fencers Club.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 16, at 5 P.M.: Men's sabre team. (New York Athletic Club.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 18, at 10 A.M.: Women's individual foil; semifinals and finals. (Fencers Club.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 18, at 5 P.M.: Men's individual sabre; semifinals and finals. (New York Athletic Club.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8 P.M.: Men's three-weapon team; semifinals and finals. (Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. EL 5-3000.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Oakmont Country Club, Oakmont, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, June 11-13.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Father and Son Championship. (Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead. Tuesday, June 16.)

HORSE SHOWS—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday and Saturday, June 12-13.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Horse Show. (Greenwich. Saturday and Sunday, June 13-14.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Saturday and Sunday, June 20-21.)

POLO—At the **MEADOWBROOK CLUB**, Westbury: A game for the benefit of the Nassau County Council of the Boy Scouts, Saturday, June 13, at 2:45. . . . ¶ Sundays at 3:30 at: **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. **BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury.

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Wednesday, June 17. The Belmont, Saturday, June 13, and the Top Flight Handicap, Wednesday, June 17. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mon-



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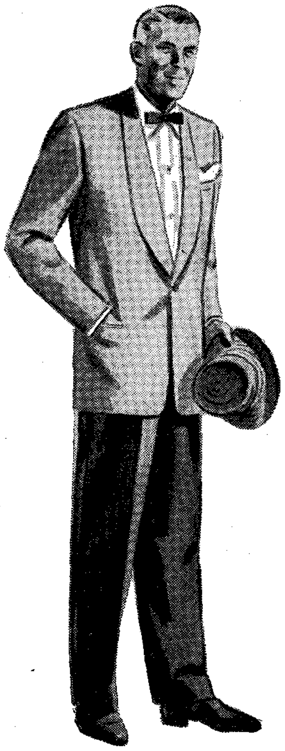

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In Boston: 104 Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . **UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK:** Thursday and Friday, June 18-19, at 1:15. (The train schedule will remain the same.) . . . **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Saturday, June 20, through Saturday, July 11. The Queens County Handicap, Saturday, June 20. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Saturday, June 13, through Monday, Aug. 10. The Omnibus Handicap, Wednesday, June 17. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat will leave Pier 81, W. 42nd St., at 11:15, and be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Monday, June 15, through Saturday, Aug. 29.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Annapolis race, Saturday, June 20. . . . ¶ Noroton Race Week for Stars. (Noroton, Conn. Starting Saturday, June 20.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors will be admitted to the periodic sessions of the Security Council, as well as to meetings of the Trusteeship Council, which will reconvene on Tuesday, June 16, and of various commissions and committees. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, ten days in advance.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours of the Headquarters, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes, daily. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

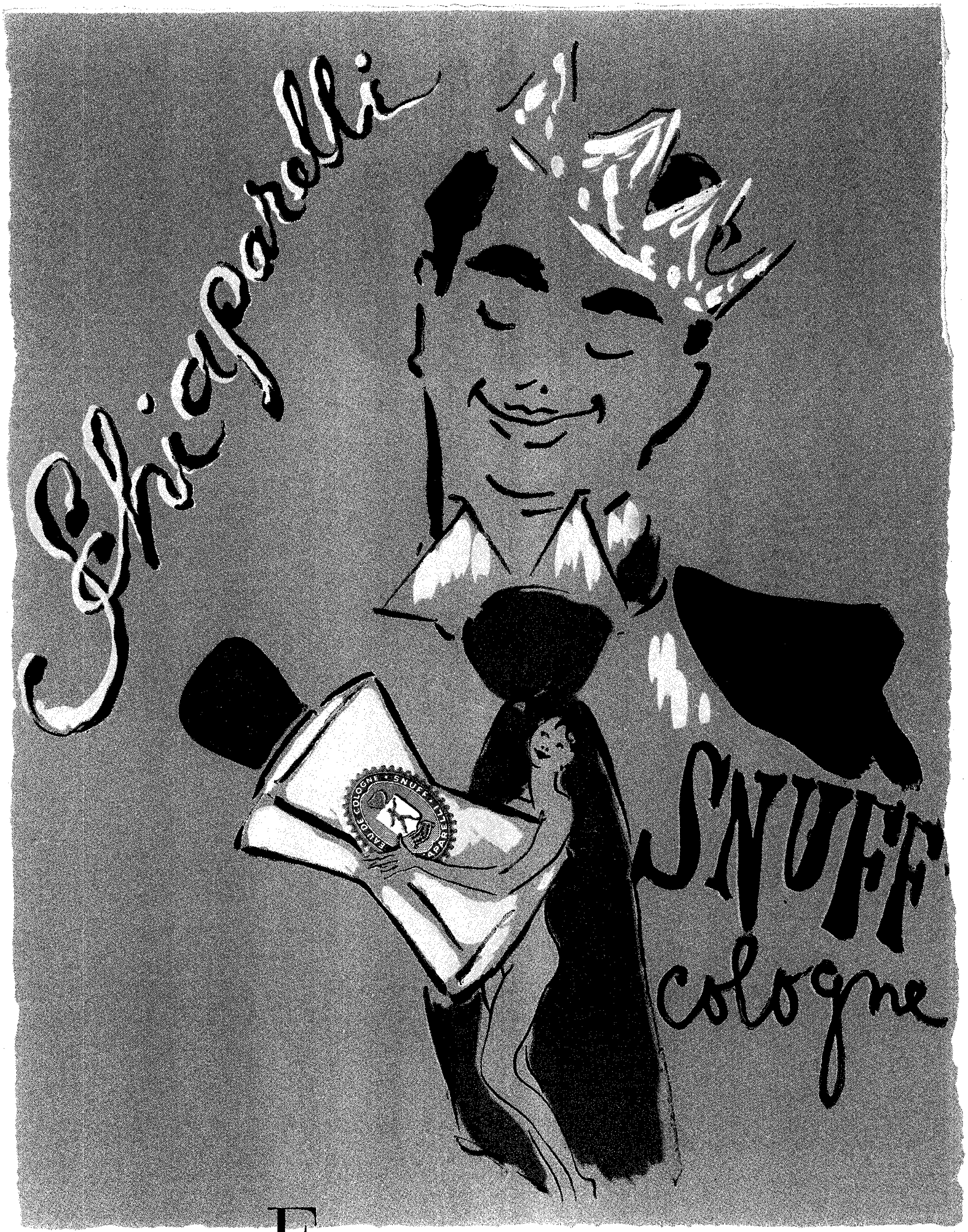
FLOWER SHOW—A June garden and rose display, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 157 W. 58th St., at Seventh Ave. Wednesday, June 17, from 2 to 4:30.)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON—Drafts of twenty-three poems; working manuscripts of "Immortality" and "Of Beauty;" correspondence with Carlyle, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, and others; first editions, many of them inscribed; and a raft of other items, arranged in an exhibition commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Emerson's birth. Through Sept. 30. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—Simulated rainbows, a lunar halo, northern lights, and a violent thunderstorm, plus explanations of them and of the role the sun plays in creating such phenomena, make up the major portion of the June show, called "Color in the Sky." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition for final auctions of the season: Thursday, June 11, from 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 1:45: A varied collection of furniture, some of it eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English and American, along with Georgian, Sheffield plate, and other silver; porcelains, among them a Chamberlains Worcester dinner service; glass, pewter, and table china; and other objects of art. The property of Clarence McK. Lewis and others.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Harvard, Thursday, June 11; Dartmouth, Sunday, June 14; and Princeton, Tuesday, June 16.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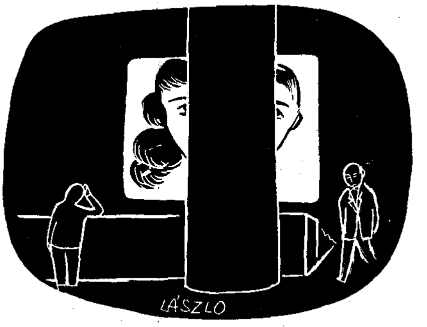
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Breaking the Sound Barrier—A stimulating English film about jet planes. Ralph Richardson is admirable as an airplane manufacturer hipped on speed, and Ann Todd is effective as his daughter. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; June 14-16.)

Call Me Madam—Maybe the book of this musical film, which concerns the adventures of an American Ambassadress in some monarchy where singing and dancing are all the rage, is a trifle loose-knit, but you ought to enjoy Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen, George Sanders, and Billy De Wolfe as they go about taking up some of the slack. An adaptation of the Lindsay-Crouse musical comedy in which Miss Merman appeared on Broadway. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; June 11. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 12. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 13. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting June 13. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting June 17.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth, in her first movie appearance, turns in a piece of acting that should set a standard for the ladies of Hollywood. In this story of an alcoholic and his slatternly spouse, Miss Booth gets valiant support from Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, and Richard Jaeckel. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through June 13. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 16, tentative.)

Fanfan the Tulip—Gérard Philipe simulates a number of the gymnastic feats of Douglas Fairbanks in this French burlesque of movie costume drama. The picture includes lively gibes at some of the haphazard aspects of love and war. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—Wilde's magnificent farce, nicely done by a British cast that includes Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Edith Evans. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting June 17.)

Julius Caesar—A West Coast cultural endeavor that moves with a tread so stately that it sometimes seems to be making no progress at all. However, the film does have the virtue of employing James Mason as Brutus, John Gielgud as Cassius, and Edmond O'Brien as Casca, all of whom are apt in their Shakespearean reading. (Booth, 222 W. 45th, CI 6-5969. Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Limelight—A long exposition of what life used to be like in the London music halls. Charles Chaplin plays an aging clown who loves a waif (Claire Bloom). Not overly entertaining, but still worth while because of the scenes in which Mr. Chaplin lets his comic sense override his urge to philosophize. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 12.)

Man on a Tightrope—Whether or not you are a tanbark enthusiast, you should like this nimble account of how a Czechoslovakian circus slips through the Iron Curtain into Bavaria. The picture has the services of Fredric March, Gloria Grahame, Terry Moore, and Adolphe Menjou. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

Moulin Rouge—John Huston's celluloid biography of Toulouse-Lautrec, handsomely mounted and often high-spirited. José Ferrer plays the artist, and Colette Marchand is the fickle lady of his dreams. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through June 16.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—In this melodramatic Italian medley, the high points in the careers of several young ladies are sifted out. The ladies in question have in common the fact that they were involved in the collapse of a stairway while lined up to apply for a petty job. Cesare Zavattini is responsible for the script, which is based on an actual occurrence, and Giuseppe de Santis for the direction, which is solid. Carla Del Poggio, Lea Padovani, Lucia Bose, and Elena Varzi are among those present. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

REVIVALS

The Astonished Heart (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; June 14-16.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Gentleman's Agreement (1947)—A Hollywood assault on anti-Semitism. With Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, and John Garfield. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; June 16. . . . ¶ Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; June 16, tentative.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shangri-La, where people live forever. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; June 14-15.)

Marie du Port (1951)—A village barmaid helps a world-weary, big-city fellow out of his ennui. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 16.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—More W. C. Fields, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

My Sister Eileen (1942)—Taken from Ruth McKenney's stories of two girls in Greenwich Village. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; June 14-16.)

Quartet (1949)—The first collection of Somerset Maugham short stories. An English film, with Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through June 12.)

The Snake Pit (1948)—The rigors of an overcrowded mental hospital. Olivia de Havilland. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; June 16. . . . ¶ Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; June 16, tentative.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through June 13.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 16.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; June 12-13, tentative.)

Trio (1950)—More Maugham short stories. A British picture, with Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through June 13.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 11.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 14: "Casablanca" (1942), with Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ Starting June 15: "One Hundred Men and a Girl" (1937), with Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokowski. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through June 17 (tentative): "The President's Lady," Susan Hayward, Charlton Heston.

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Never Let Me Go," Clark Gable, Gene Tierney.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Fort Ti," a three-dimensional film, with George Montgomery.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
MAN ON A TIGHTROPE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through June 17 (tentative): "Young Bess," Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"South Sea Woman," Virginia Mayo, Burt Lancaster.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Salome," Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through June 16: "Titanic," Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck.
From June 17: "Pickup on South Street," Richard Widmark, Jean Peters.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through June 16: "Thunder Bay," James Stewart, Joanne Dru.
From June 17: "It Came from Outer Space," a three-dimensional film, with Richard Carlson.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Sangaree," a three-dimensional film, with Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:15 and 10; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
ROME, 11 O'CLOCK (in Italian).

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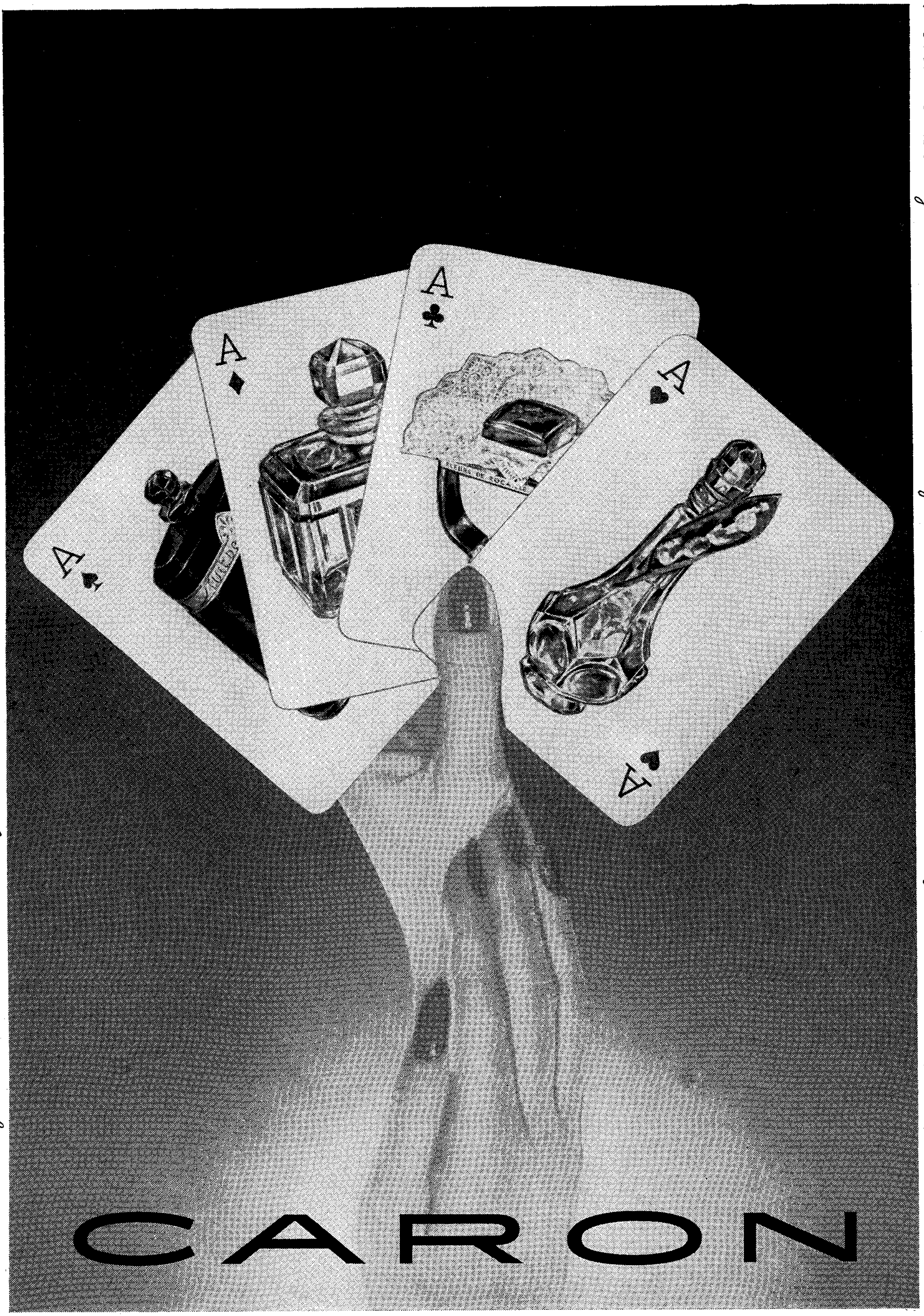

Nuit de Noel ◇ Bellodgia ✣ Fleurs de Rocaille ◇ Muguet du Bonheur ✣ Nuit de Noel ◇ Bellodgia ✣ Fleurs de Rocaille ◇ Muguet du Bonheur

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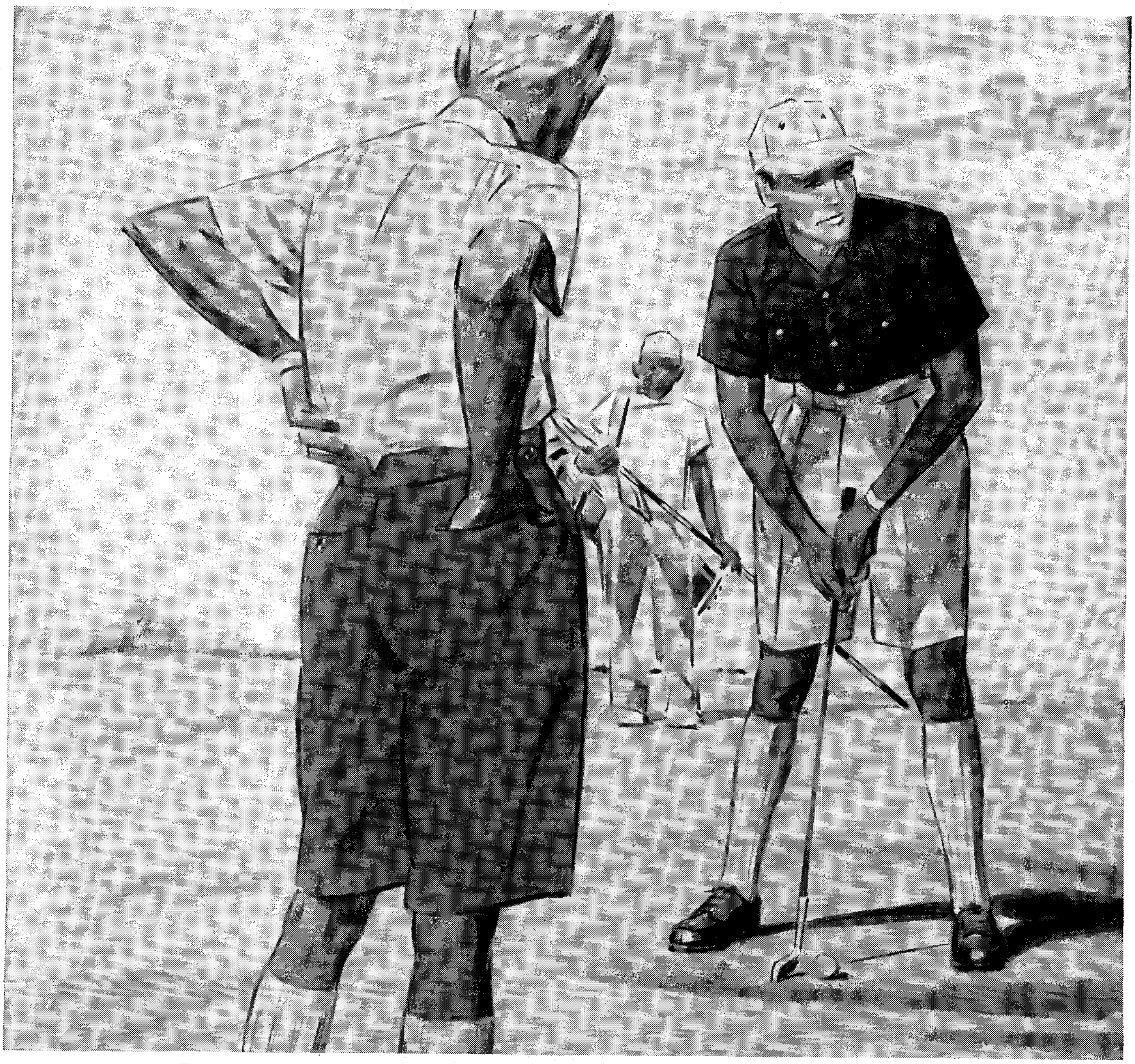

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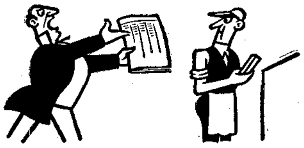
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Representative George H. Bender, of Ohio, whose singing was a highlight of the last Republican National Convention, is squabbling with the Public Printer of the United States. Mr. Bender, in a speech on the floor of the House about President Eisenhower, remarked, “Unlike his predecessors, he believes in works and not pleasant conversation.” The Public Printer, setting type for the *Congressional Record*, inadvertently changed “works” to “words.” Mr. Bender was outraged, and has demanded a public apology for what he called an “incredible garble.” We don’t know why the Congressman is so upset. Considering the number of words—more words than works—that the Public Printer has to cope with every day Congress is in session, we think he does a pretty accurate job; no printer, public or private, is infallible, and we have seen far worse typos made by printers with far fewer paragraphs to wrestle with than the Public one has.



We deduce from Mr. Bender’s complaint that he is annoyed because he considers the sentence of his that got garbled to be important, and possibly possessing real literary or political merit. Assuming we are right, we have examined it carefully, to try to figure out what it means. What *did* Mr. Bender mean before the Public Printer got to work on him? Did he mean that the President believes in “not pleasant conversation”—that is, unpleasant conversation? If the Congressman didn’t mean that, shouldn’t he have said that Mr. Eisenhower “believes in works and not *in* pleasant conversation”? If *that’s* what he meant, was he trying to say that Eisenhower, unlike his predecessors, believes that pleasant conversation is a bad, un-American thing? What predecessors? President Coolidge was a predecessor; does Mr. Bender want us to think that Coolidge wrongly indulged in pleasant conversation? Maybe Coolidge did, in private, but if he did the public was never aware of it, and if Mr. Bender knows that he did, he ought to tell us so bluntly, for the sake of history.

Conversation is a lovely thing, and the agreeable practitioner of it is an artist of high order. We don’t think for an instant that President Eisenhower is opposed to pleasant conversation; indeed, we have heard that he is an extremely amiable conversationalist, as amiable a one as you could hope to find in the White House or anywhere. We don’t want to get him embroiled in a fight with his own party, but we hope he will take a firm stand in favor of pleasant conversation before Mr. Bender, or anyone else, succeeds in having it branded as suspect.

Before It’s Too Late

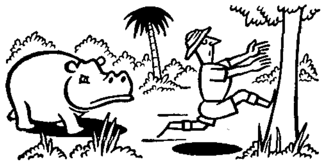
Armand Denis, the explorer and wild-life-movie photographer, whose pictures include “Goona-Goona,” “Dark Rapture,” and “Savage Splendor,” has recently put in a few weeks at the Museum of Natural History, cutting fifty-five thousand feet of film of Australian and New Guinea birds, beasts, and people into three movies. He and his wife, Michaela, who is assisting him, received us there and talked to us of many things. He is a giant of a man, mustached and genial; she is an attractive girl, sunburned, blond, and vivacious. “We’ve just spent a year in Australia and New Guinea,” he said. “Before that, eighteen months in Africa, photographing ‘Below the Sahara,’ which is about to be released. I built a house in Kenya, just outside Nairobi, and expect to go back to it. I think the Mau Maus are a small minority; terrorists always drag unwilling people along with them. If the Africans succeed in driving the white man out, it’ll be the worst thing that could happen to them. Fifty years ago, they were wild savages with no idea of humanity. Theirs is a hopelessly premature movement. It’s like children killing their teachers.”

“I like people who live near the earth,” Mrs. Denis said. “There are more happy faces among bush natives than in London or New York. Natives are always coöperative when we make pictures, and so are the animals. It’s better if you don’t speak the people’s language; you do it with sympathy. Same thing with animals; you communicate by telepathy.”

“I don’t believe in being objective,” Mr. Denis said. “A picture is not an objective thing any more than a painting is. It should show the outside world as reflected in your personality. I don’t believe people are exclusively interested in sex and danger. Lions always charging—bah! What’s fascinating is reality. I can spend days watching a mother kangaroo with a baby in her pocket.”

“Well, we *have* been charged by elephants, rhinos, and hippos,” his wife said.

“You just jump up and down and wave your arms with rhinos,” said Mr. Denis. “With hippos, run up a tree. Stay your ground with lions, or walk back *very* slowly. Most charging animals will deflect their course and miss you at the last moment. Of course, it’s advisable to have a man with a gun handy. I never carry a gun myself; no



one can efficiently handle a camera and a gun simultaneously. Neither my wife nor I have ever shot an animal or found it necessary to. I can't understand why anyone ever shoots an animal for sport. To hell with Ernest Hemingway."

"We both love animals and know their habits," said Mrs. Denis.

"We make considerable use of blinds and work a great deal in trees," Mr. D. said. "Few animals look up—they don't expect danger from above—but baboons and monkeys will betray your tree blinds, and so will birds. It requires endless patience. See this." He showed us some pictures of African and Australian fruit-eating bats, commonly called flying foxes, hanging upside down; they are about eighteen inches long and have a wingspread of from three to five feet. "Very easy to tame," he said. "They climb all over you and go in your pockets. They *do* have sharp claws and exceedingly sharp teeth."

"All animals are dangerous, the same as people," said Mrs. D.

"Women are absolutely crazy," Mr. Denis said affectionately. "I must say, some animals are boring to eat. In 1942, when I was catching gorillas in French Equatorial Africa, I lived on gorilla meat for weeks on end. It was fibrous and coarse, with a peculiar haunting aftertaste. I can't look at a gorilla in a zoo today without feeling queasy."

"Queasy does it," said Mrs. D. "I can't bear to eat anything I like as much as a wallaby. I once got scurvy and lost a tooth because I wouldn't eat wallabies when they were the only meat around. Fortunately, it was a back tooth."

"We like to record things that are disappearing," Denis said. "So many things *are* disappearing. We want to record the diversity of the world before it's too late. I hate cities, and I don't like progress. Telephones! Newspapers! We're living in a world of destruction. Everything is being made uniform. If I had a lot of money, I'd create a foundation for the retardation of science."

"We're developing into ants," Mrs. Denis said. "Soon only certain people will be allowed to breed."

The telephone rang, and she picked it up.

"It's Hollywood," she said.

Mr. Denis threw up his hands, and we departed.

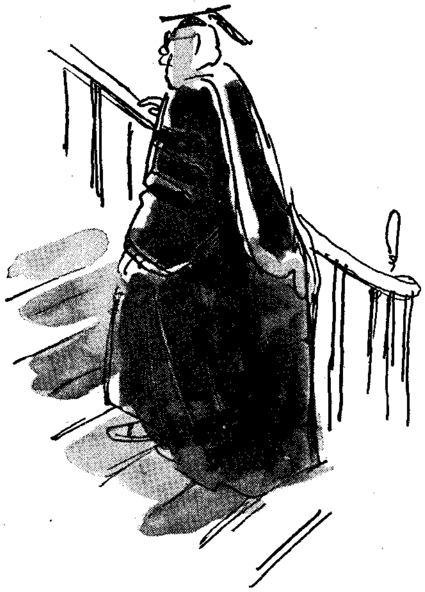
•

OLDE ENGLISH INTELLIGENCE: Tacked up beside the entrance of the church in Stoke Poges, the shrine celebrated in Gray's "Elegy," is a neat, handwritten sign reading, "Please do not slam this ancient door."

Yachtsmen All

WE'VE been taking a seasonable look at the subject of pleasure boats and have learned, with a certain degree of astonishment, that, according to no less an authority than the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, there are over four and a half million of them in this country, from canoes on up. Sailing and motorboating have never before been so popular. Big yachts have become so rare of late and small boats so common that anyone who owns a craft long enough to lie down in, or on, may safely be called a yachtsman—no blue blazer, white flannels, or champagne on the fantail required. Drake Sparkman, a naval architect of wide repute and a partner in the yacht-brokerage house of Sparkman & Stephens, tells us that a yacht that calls for a paid crew of four seems every bit as stupendous nowadays as Morgan's Corsair III seemed in the twenties, with its crew of sixty-five. Sparkman himself is satisfied to define a yachtsman as "anyone who goes afloat for fun."

The shift from big boats to small has broadened the market in regard to age as well as income. Many of today's most ardent sailors are teen-agers, who buy knocked-down, neatly packaged dinghies for thirty or forty dollars and spend the winter assembling them at home. The trend to boats in packages has spread to outboard cruisers, which measure from sixteen to twenty-one feet in length, have sleeping accommodations for two, and, if you have some competence as a carpenter, can be put together in about fifty working hours. They sell for as little as four hundred dollars. A fifteen-to-twenty-five-horsepower outboard motor will set you back another three or four hundred dollars. One advantage of an outboard cruiser is that it's comparatively light and easy to handle, and can be toted around the countryside on a trailer. If you have no interest in assembling a boat, you can either order a brand-new one, buy an old one, or charter one. The cost of building boats has risen three or four hundred per cent since the war, and if you were in the market for a great big yacht,



you'd probably have it designed here and built abroad, where labor and materials are cheaper. Mr. Herbert L. Stone, the publisher of *Yachting*, says that no big yachts and only about two dozen yachts seventy-five feet long or over have been built in American yards in the past few years. In 1951, a local yard turned out a seventy-two-footer that cost a cool two hundred thousand and would probably cost more today. De-luxe cabin cruisers run from forty to eighty thousand, and are selling briskly. Nobody makes money after taxes any more.

For a good buy in boats, one goes to the seaside equivalent of a used-car lot, but only a landlubber would speak of a used, or second-hand, boat. What counts in a boat is design and seaworthiness, not the meretricious attractions of newness. The season for chartering in these latitudes is, of course, July and August. A month's charter of

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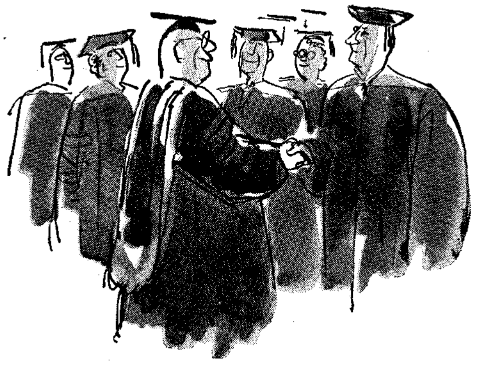

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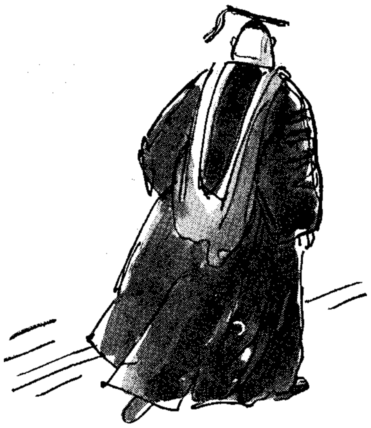

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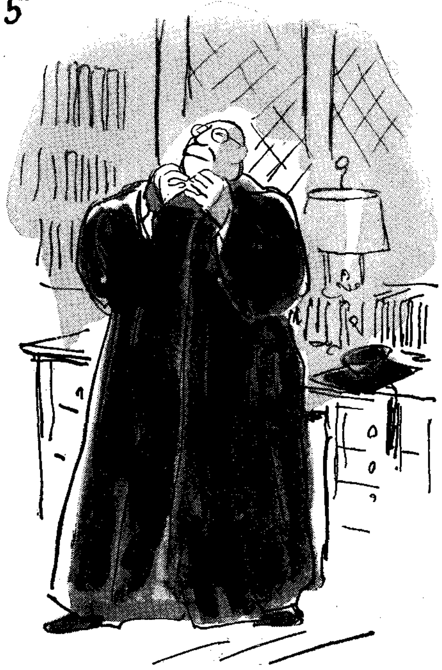

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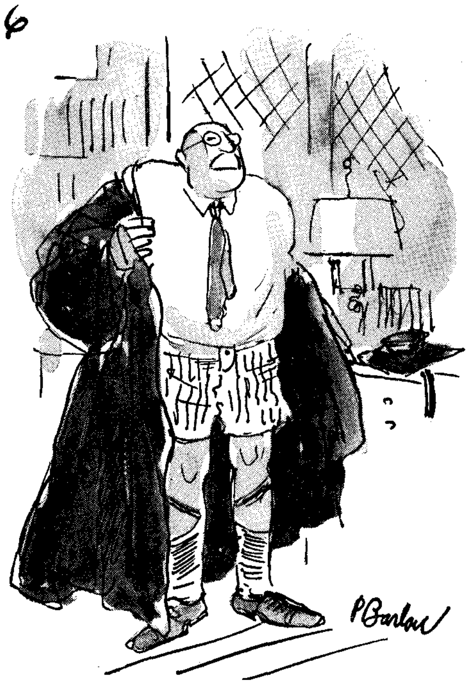


a thirty-four-to-fifty-foot sailboat, large enough for a family of four, costs from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars; that sum includes the salary of a one-man crew. For a smaller boat, without crew, the figure might be eight hundred dollars, but the broker would have to make sure that the man who chartered it had had some previous experience at sea.

Most of the smaller, non-ocean-going sailing craft are divided into one-design classes, according to length. The most popular one-design sailboat is the fifteen-and-a-half-foot Snipe, of which there were at last count nine thousand in the country. Other popular classes are the sixteen-foot Comet, of which there are thirty-four hundred; the nineteen-foot Lightning (seven thousand); and the twenty-two-foot Star (thirty-five hundred). Snipes sell for about a thousand dollars, but perfectly good used Snipes—that is, old Snipes; that is, Snipes that have belonged to somebody else—can be had for half the price. Sailboats came to be divided into classes for economy and convenience; uniformity of design brings down the cost of building them and eliminates the laborious task of setting handicaps in racing. The Star, by the way, is the oldest one-design class, and is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary this year. In honor of the anniversary, Little Dipper, the first Star-class boat ever built, is currently on display, on a pedestal, at the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club.

The Wonderful West

An eight-year-old young lady, who maintains a home with her parents at 147-A South Occidental Boulevard, Los Angeles 4, California, recently wrote them a letter at that address, and on the back of the envelope printed her return address, the same. Well, it came back to her the next day, stamped "No such address in Los Angeles, Calif."

Number One

Dr. Tatsuo Hayashi, one of the leading television technicians in Japan, came to this country recently to inspect our TV and electronics facilities, and we caught him on the wing in a midtown hotel room that was piled high with correspondence, cameras, camera equipment, a tape recorder, rolls of tape, and bundles of leaflets from companies he'd either just visited or was just about to visit. The Doctor, a bouncy, cheerful man of forty-three, cleared several pounds of printed matter off a chair, urged us to sit down, and, when we commented on the fact that the one thing he *didn't* appear to have in the room was a TV set, explained that he'd had one installed the moment he reached town but had had it removed after two or three days. "Too many commercials! Not enough music!" the Doctor exclaimed, jigging across the room. "I expected to find people in America much more musical than they are. To speak of myself, I do eighteen varieties of tango and sixteen varieties of fox trot, but your American ladies—I fear they know little of dancing save how to keep time. How strange! As for commercials, the Japanese will stand for them only before and after a program. No interruptions. I refer now, of course, to Japanese radio, not to TV. With us, TV operates only a few hours a day. Give us another five or six months and . . ." Dr. Hayashi hummed.

There are three radio networks in Japan, supported, like ours, by advertisers; there is also a network, owned by a government-controlled company known as the Japanese Broadcasting Corporation, that broadcasts wholly noncommercial programs and is supported by a government charge of fifty yen (the yen is three hundred and sixty to the dollar) a month on every radio set in the country. TV is being handled in the same way, the charge per TV set being two hundred yen a month. "The advantage of our system, for both radio and TV," Dr. Hayashi said, "is that the advertisers have to keep their commercials short, or lose their audience to the noncommercial network, which the people are paying for anyhow." At the moment, there are four channels in Japan—three commercial, one noncommercial. The Japanese are able to manufacture everything they need for transmitting and receiving. Most of the TV sets now being sold in Japan have seventeen-inch screens and cost the equivalent of five to six hundred dollars, but prices are coming down steadily. Dr. Hayashi expects *sumo*, the Japanese form of wrestling, to prove as popular on TV over there as wrestling and boxing are here. Swimming, a major sport in Japan, and quiz and panel shows, which have long been a staple of Japanese radio, should also be big on TV.

The Doctor broke off his discussion of radio and TV, whipped out a pad and pencil, and asked us how to get to Forest Hills. "I am very much interested in tennis, and it has been my desire from long ago to see Forest Hills," he said. "In my boytime, I used to play seventeen sets a day. Also, please, directions to the Yankee Stadium, Coney Island, the Garden, and the slams—or is it slums?" We gave the best directions we could and steered the conversation gently back to electronics. Dr. Hayashi told us that he had taught electrical engineering for some years at the Imperial University, in Osaka, and is now a director of a couple of TV and electronics companies and chairman for western Japan of the Television Society of Japan. His visit here is being sponsored by Ichizo Kobayashi, a former Cabinet minister and one of the wealthiest men in Japan. Kobayashi owns several hundred movie theatres, a number of power companies, and a sprinkling of baseball clubs and railroads, and has no intention of missing a good thing in TV. "Mr. Kobayashi is eighty years old, but he always stands when he travels on his railroads," Dr. Hayashi said. "He also calls out the stations as they come along. Not only that, but he requires all the officers of his railroads to stand as well. He believes that they are employed to serve the public, and since they are not paying for their tickets, they should stand. Recently, Mr. Kobayashi caught one of his high officers sitting on a train, and he immediately cancelled that officer's proposed trip to America. And what a trip the poor chap missed! Los Angeles—beautiful! Miami Beach—more so! In Washington, I took a photograph of your Vice-President, Mr. Nixon, from less than two metres away. I am the Number One Japanese for visiting electronics companies in the United States, and how advanced you are! I am impressed beyond words."

Encomium

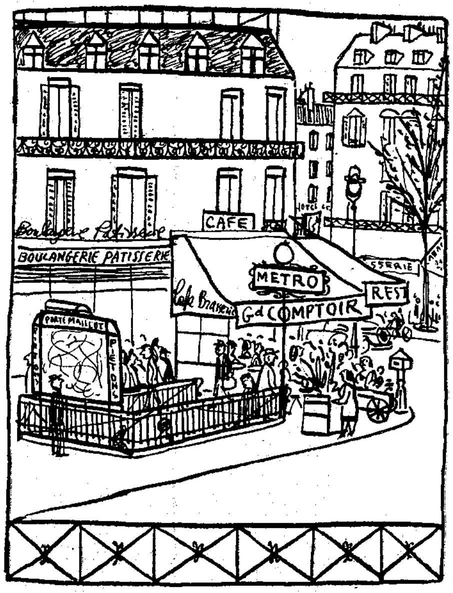
HERE'S a *nice* story about a state trooper. A motorist on a fishing trip in Maine, unconscious of wrongdoing but endowed with the universal apprehensiveness about cops, was stopped by one who strolled ominously over to the driver's window. "I was parked back there at the last intersection," he said, jerking a thumb over his shoulder. "I saw you come to a full stop before you swung on to the main road, just like the sign said you should do." And, handing the amazed driver a card issued by the State of Maine, thanking him for exercising "care and caution, the essentials of safe driving," he strolled away, ominous no longer.

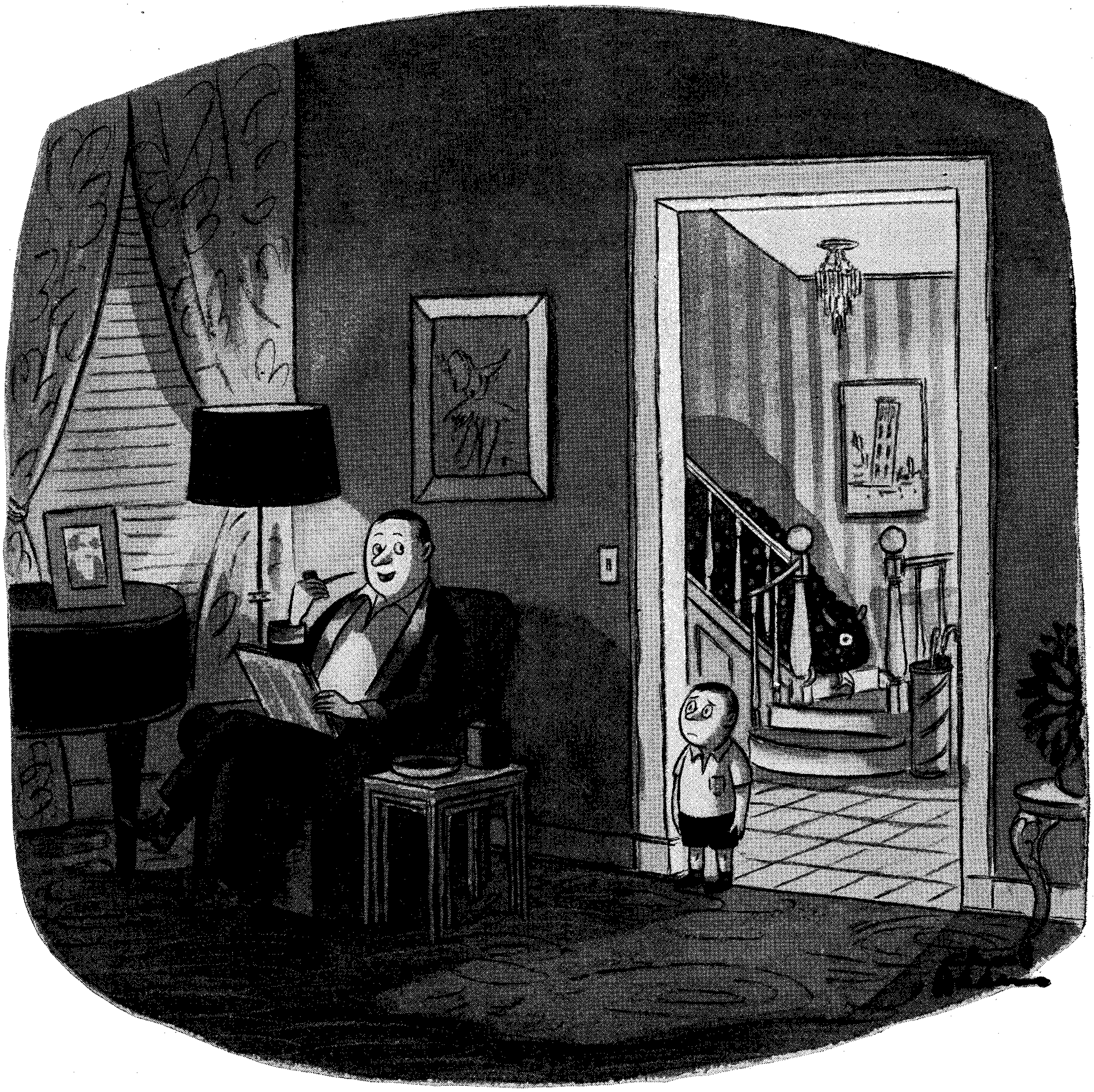
Amid the M.D.s

WHOM should we run into at the entrance of Grand Central Palace, when we dropped in on the five-day annual meeting of the American Medical Association, but Dr. Clement B. P. (Ty) Cobb, one of our tallest friends (six feet four)! We sighted a Local Committee on Arrangements badge on his lapel and pulled out our notebook. He paled. "Doctors mustn't be advertised," he said, so we will simply state that he is our niece's p-d--tr-c--n. "You might start in on the fourth floor," he suggested. "There's a scientific exhibit there that doctors think very highly of." Thither we climbed. Frightful sights greeted us—demonstrations, animated by robed surgeons and disrobed "patients," of the treatment of compression fracture of the spine and supracondylar fracture of the humerus; models and diagrams of the position of the endotracheal tube in relation to the surgical instruments used during various stages of tonsillectomies and adenoidectomies; photographs of alopecia, or baldness, in women; and a whole bunch of other horrors. We turned with relief to an exhibit called "The Anatomy of Veins," which featured a rather lacy, light-blue cast of the venous tree, and with pleasure to "The Adequate Low-Calorie Diet with Adaptations," which boasted a succulent wax-model display of a fifteen-hundred-calorie breakfast, lunch, and dinner—grapefruit, hard-boiled egg, asparagus, watermelon, and so on. Standard Oil of New Jersey's Medical Services in Industry booth, surmounted by a sign reading "Health Maintenance of Key Personnel," raised our spirits further, for here, under a picture entitled "The Able Executive Who Surrounds Himself with Men of Similar Potential Abilities," we read:

> This is the type of executive, irrespective of his private life, whom everyone of ability likes to work for. He creates an atmosphere of enthusiasm. He is cognizant of talent and personal perseverance. At no time during his career does he worry about his own job. He is confident that he can always get a better one.

But as we turned to the next picture, "The Executive Who Gets the Job Done for a While but Fails to Delegate Responsibility, to the Consternation of All as the Years Roll By," the old malaise returned. It disappeared completely as we descended to the third floor, the scene of many jolly sights, not terribly medical—a beige Cadillac coupé, donated by White Laboratories, in the process of being drawn for by A.M.A. members; a lounge, provided with "Your Home Town Newspaper, Courtesy of Philip Morris and Flown In by American Airlines," full of people reading the Providence *Journal*, the Los Angeles *Times*, the Indianapolis *Star*, and the Oklahoma City *Oklahoman;* free Coca-Cola being dispensed, at the rate of thirteen thousand bottles a day, by girls in evening dresses; ditto Pepsi-Cola (seven thousand bottles a day) and Viceroy cigarettes (seventy thousand a day). "Orange juice, Doctor?" a man at a counter said to us, and we had a swig of something called BIB Orange Juice for Babies. "Postum milk shake, Doctor?" a girl at a counter said, and we had that, too. The second floor was just as gay. Pepperidge Farm





"I give up, Robert. What does have two horns, one eye, and creeps?"

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was there, with free bread (fifty loaves a day). So was 7-Up. "We'll probably sample thirty thousand bottles over the five-day period," its representative said. So was Best Foods, Inc., with Nucoa margarine and crackers. "We also make mayonnaise, mustard with horseradish, and a sandwich spread," one of its two yellow-gowned ladies told us. "They're labelled 'Hellmann's' in the East, and 'Best Foods' in the West. I don't know why—probably some interstate law or something."

Replete, we went down to the first floor, looking neither to right nor left, ducked an exhibit of spondylolisthesis that was going on somewhere, and slipped out into a courtyard where two enormous trucks were delivering Coca-Cola and 7-Up.

Mrs. Walker's Folly

WHIMSEY sometimes gets its comeuppance, we're glad to say. A Nassau County matron, name of Walker, chatelaine of a house over whose front door a pair of robins had built a nest, asked her young son to use a side door for a while, so as to give the mother robin a chance to hatch her eggs without being scared away. As a reminder to the lad, she tacked up on the front door a note reading, "Please do not disturb me. Mrs. Robin." So far, so bad. A day after the note went up, its author was anxiously awaiting a man with new slipcovers. He didn't show at the appointed time, but a neighbor presently called up and said, "Has your slipcover man come yet? He came to my place early this afternoon and asked where you lived, and when I told him, he said, 'No, you're wrong. I've been there and found that it's occupied by a family named Robin.' I couldn't seem to persuade him to go back."

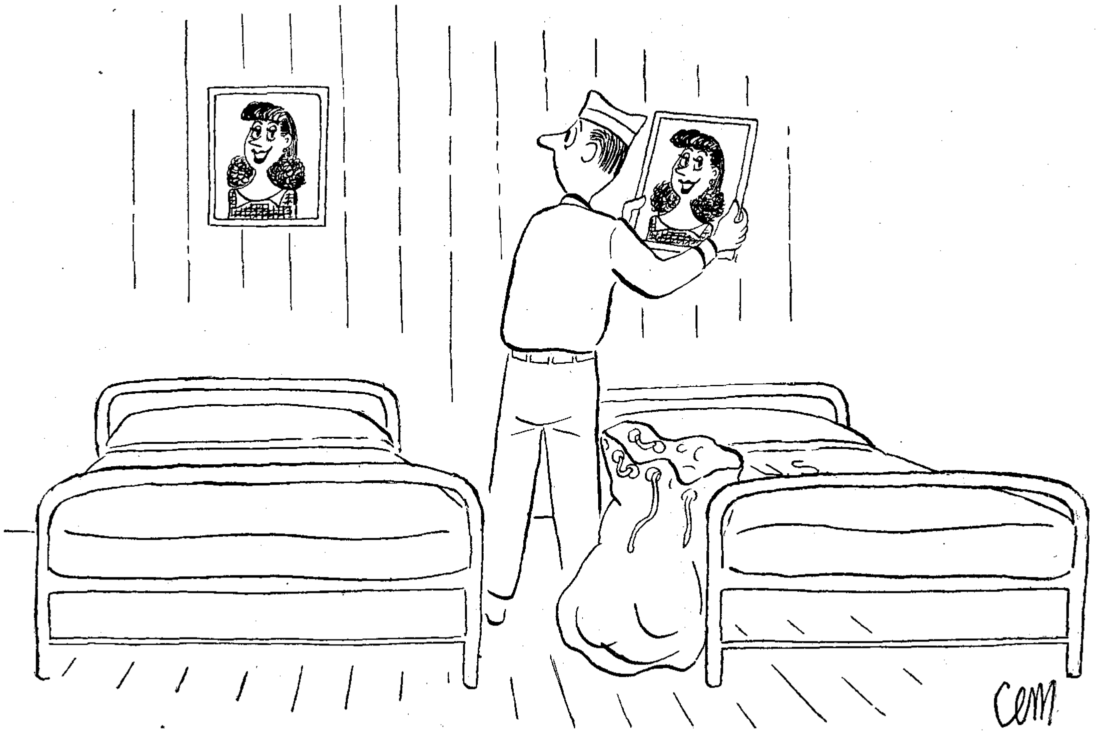
A KITCHEN KNIFE

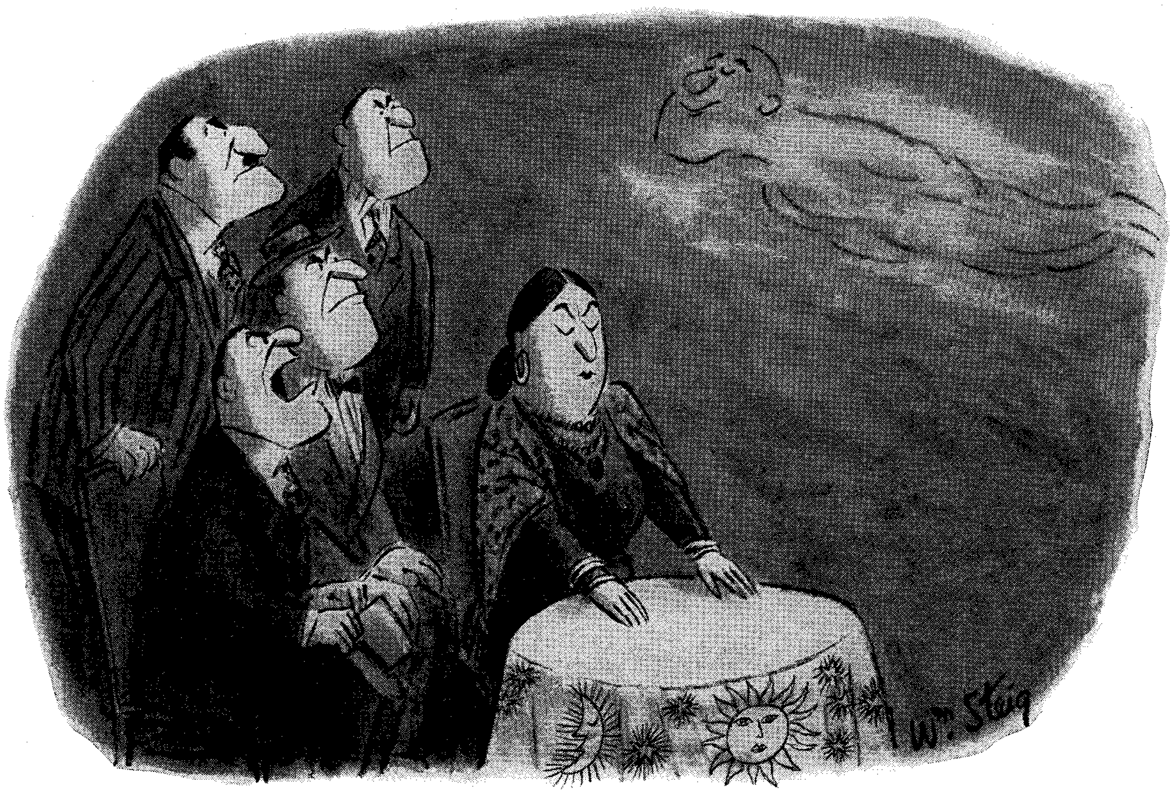
Rachel and Trevor Gilman had been married for almost three years before they got into a house of their own. Till then, they lived with Trevor's parents. In postwar Britain, this was nothing to wonder at. Nor, since the war had levelled class distinctions as well as dwelling houses, was there anything very odd in the fact that her husband's home reminded Rachel of seaside lodging houses where she had stayed as a child—except that there was no sea.

But at the seaside lodging houses she had taken a spade and bucket and gone out to spend a day on the beach. Now it was Trevor who went out, taking a small attaché case containing sandwiches and a thermos of milk coffee, to spend the day at a bank. At first—for they were very much in love with each other—Trevor's departure only initiated a delightful process of waiting for Trevor's return, the snatched embrace before the others got at him, his anxious inquiry, "Well, my darling, how have things been going?" Nothing had gone at all, she would reply. Life had been a blank. As time went on, and the inquiries continued, it somehow became apparent that another kind of answer was now due, and must acknowledge the Gilmans. The acknowledgment was no sooner made than it seemed a guilty acknowledgment. The guilt was evasive and obscure—it did not lie merely in occupying a bedroom that had previously been occupied by Topsy Gilman (who now doubled up with Hilda) and occupying it with Trevor (since Trevor's parents often and amply expressed their confidence that Rachel was going to make Trevor a wonderful little wife), or in being penniless and without useful relatives (since it was a Gilman axiom that money was not everything, and a Gilman tradition that what can't be got through unassisted effort is not worth having), or even in speaking with a different accent and calling a serviette a table napkin (since every Gilman knew that it takes all sorts to make a world); it was a guilt compounded of finer elements, such as not knowing the way to the fishmonger's. Any Gilman laboring under a similar sense of guilt would have known and applied the remedy—to live it down. Rachel had not the stamina to undertake a process with so much perspective in it. She compromised by redoubling her acknowledgments of the Gilman way of life—their cheerfulness, their unselfishness, their goodness and sterling worth, their devotion to fresh air, hearty breakfasts, and traditional laxatives, their fervent, resounding, unremitting attentions to a home that reminded her of a seaside lodging house. She was becoming quite good at this when her participation in a thoroughly Gilman-like merry Christmas brought on a miscarriage.

It is among the weaker and more feather-pated animals that one finds the most resolute capacity for self-mutilation. Discovering herself irreparably an alien among Gilmans, Rachel proceeded to cut herself off from all her former friends. Knowing that childless couples were the last to be aided by the Borough Housing Committee, she refused to be got with child again until that child could be born in a house of its own. That was how she phrased the stipulation. In fact, it would have been more closely expressed if she had said until it could have a father of its own. Trevor at home could not, she thought, fulfill that stipulation; at best, he would only be instrumental—Mrs. Gilman's eldest boy, who had acceded to her natural longing to be made a grandmother. So everyone concerned went on being uncomfortable and frustrated till Mr. Gilman senior exerted a Masonic grip on a friend in the Council Offices and got the young couple into a bungalow on a new housing estate. The plaster was still damp on its walls when they moved in, and Trevor immediately caught a cold, which went, as all his colds did, to his chest. To be nursing Trevor unaided, and hearing milk boil over without an ensuing "Rachel, dear, the milk!" from her mother-in-law, imparted such a sense of prowess and amplitude that it seemed as though nothing thenceforward could dash her spirits—not even the suite of two armchairs and a sofa, all alike brown, shiny, vast, and unyielding, that the Gilmans had given as a parting present. Now only one thing was needed to make her completely happy—for Trevor to recover and go back to work, leaving her free to repaint all the interior woodwork.

Presently that, too, was added. ("No one could say that our Trev isn't obliging," as Mrs. Gilman was wont to remark.) The new housing estate was on the outskirts of the town, and it now took him almost an hour to get from home to the office. But the return journey was beguiled by the meat-extract advertisements in the evening paper. These represented a young husband returning to a young wife, and though they changed slightly every month or so, the gist was always the same—the young husband commented, playfully and appreciatively, on the delicious smell that the meat extract had given to a soup, a stew, or a hot pot. During the years of living at home, these advertisements had made rather





"Where's the dough?"

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wistful reading—not that Trevor could have wished for better soups, stews, or hot pots than those of his mother's cooking, but he would have liked to be praising Rachel for them. Now he entered a home of his own, exactly like the young husband in the advertisement, and Rachel, turning off the Third Programme, sprang up to become the advertisement's young wife, and after supper and washing up sat on the glacial arm of his easy chair, looking forward to the day when they could have a television set and being interested in the assorted womanly bits read aloud from the evening paper.

"What about this, Ray? 'Special offer. Brighten your table with plastic salad servers. Choice of art shades in pink, blue, or old gold.' "

Rejoicing in a home of his own, Trevor also rejoiced in this new, domesticated Rachel, the wife he had looked forward to, cooking almost as well as Mum, thirty years younger than Mum, and getting ready to be a Mum herself—for Rachel had honorably observed her bargain and was again with child. He expressed his joy and approval by little presents—presents of a kind that would please a domesticated young wife. The house sparkled with plastic fruit dishes, rayon tablecloths, chromium-plated toothbrush holders, and—an acknowledgment of Rachel's more extended culture—Old English brass toasting forks. His solicitude culminated in the kitchen, which increasingly abounded in every kind of patent labor-saving device—contraptions for peeling potatoes, slicing beans, whisking eggs, dicing carrots, removing pips from grapefruit, and unstopping sinks. These were all shiny, fragile, and clattering; there was even a kettle that whistled when it boiled. Rachel reflected that she could not have a home of her own that was not also a home of Trevor's. And, after all, she did not have to use these kitchen comforts; she had only to keep them dusted and displayed, and to refer to them.

She was now appreciably pregnant. Being sick was part of the daily routine and, when she was lucky, took place immediately after she had waved Trevor off to his bank. Trevor longed for the baby, irrespective of its sex. She hoped it would be a boy. Pink salad servers, armchairs like public monuments, and Mrs. Gilman as a grandmother would not matter so much to a boy. She hoped so devoutly it would be a boy that she did not often allow herself to consider that it might be a girl. To live during some hours of the day like a young wife in a meat-extract advertisement (she had recognized the source of those sprightly compliments) was perfectly tolerable, since Trevor was not only so good and so sterling, as became a Gilman, but also was lovable, and the man she had elected to love. For her daughter to grow up like the young girls in the advertisements of How to Glamourize Your Hair at Home was a different matter. One day, considering this more attentively, she broke into a cold sweat. She wrote to Celia Hanson, asking her, if the child were a girl, to be its godmother.

Celia Hanson was the only one of the old friends whom Rachel had not been able to lop off. Ten years older than Rachel, she was unmarried, rationally wealthy, sociable, and managing. With a number of friends to be managed, she found time for Rachel, too. During the years when Rachel was in the wilderness, she had continued to send birthday and Christmas presents, admirably noncommittal, and at Christmas she had sent presents to Trevor, also. She had met him during the brief engagement, and he had been much taken with her, observing it was really a pity that she had not found anyone to marry her; she was not the attractive type, but he could see that she was the soul of kindness and a wonderful mixer.

The provisional invitation to be a godmother remained unanswered for some weeks. Rachel had left off being sick, and was quite sure that the child would be a boy, when a letter from Celia appeared. Opening with congratulations and acceptance, it passed on to some matronly advice and inquiries, and finally bushed out into Celia's own news. Celia had been slaving like a black, renouncing the world, selling the lease of her London house, buying tweeds and thick woollen stockings, and settling down as a rustic; for old Aunt Hester had died, leaving Celia her house and furniture—the house a little Georgian box, just large enough to hold the aunt's collection of Rockingham poodles. That was delightful, wasn't it? But what was even more delightful was that Celia had just realized that the house was in a village only twenty miles from where Rachel lived—ideally adjacent for a godmother. Meanwhile, would Rachel and Trevor come to lunch next Sunday? There was a bus.

Feeling unaccountably dry and scornful, Rachel read out this invitation. The feeling of scorn persisted. She sat in the bus reflecting that it was a godmother in London she had applied for, not a godmother in the Midlands, and as they left the town behind and travelled into a landscape that was like the music of Gluck, she remarked how extraordinary it was to think of Celia settling down as a country lady. "I suppose she will join the Women's Institute, and boss the village Flower Show."

Trevor, for once not attending, exclaimed, "Look, Ray! There are lambs in that field. And that church, too! It must be fearfully old. I had no notion there was anything like this within a bus ride. We must come out oftener. And just look at the size of that hedge!"

"It's a bullfinch," she replied. There was no time for explanations, because the bus stopped and the conductor told them that the lane branching off on the left was the lane to Chipgrove.

It was the later, the enriched half of May. The hawthorn blossom was whiter than anything that could be achieved by delighted housewives in the advertisements of patent soaps; the bluebells and the rose campion were beyond all plastics. Trevor exclaimed, "I've made up my mind! When my time comes to retire from the bank, we will buy a cottage in the country."

Rachel did not reply, since at that moment Celia hallooed, and opened a newly painted gate between brick gateposts with stone balls on them. Her tweeds, her shoes, her wristwatch on a leather strap, all were perfectly in keeping, and she held a small trowel in her large white hand.

FAMILY TOUR

The car comes to a stop, and Daddy's hand
Is raised for silence. "Listen," he says.
We listen for the expiring sigh of tire or engine,
For the voice of brigands crying Halt!—in French
Or Italian or Spanish, but there is only the wind
And some bird cheeping in the hedgerow.

"There it is again," he says. "Naturally,
They are in better voice at night."
Daddy has heard a nightingale.
Refreshed in mind and at heart, he
Starts up the car once more.

The nightingale is a retiring bird,
To be found in the neighborhood of
Chinese emperors and of my father.
Beneath his window on a noisy Roman street,
Nightingales sang every afternoon when he napped.
In lime trees by Paduan canals,
In almond groves from Cannes to Aix,
In the Abbot's rose garden at Mont-Saint-Michel,
Nightingales were singing when Daddy passed by.
Over the hills of Umbria and Tuscany,
Across the river valleys of France and into
Spain, they followed him rapturously,
Darkening the air with song, and at Granada they
Welcomed him to those ruined halls in choral splendor.

Nothing since has quite equalled the Spanish trip.
Near Brocéliande larks were singing;
There was a cuckoo in the woods at Guéhenno;
Swifts were migrating noisily in the Abbey grounds
At Hexham; and, on the Roman Wall,
Mother and I followed the wall,
Daddy the cry of the curlew.
But it was not the same thing.

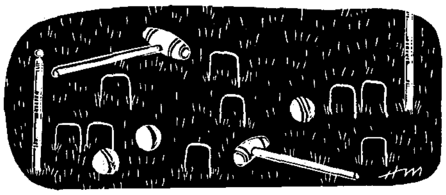
So when he looks pensive and says he is thinking
Of all the letters he must write,
It is probably not true.
O nightingales of Granada, he hears your far-off warblings,
He sees those groves of Spanish cypress and Spanish loves!

—Anne Hyde Greet

* *

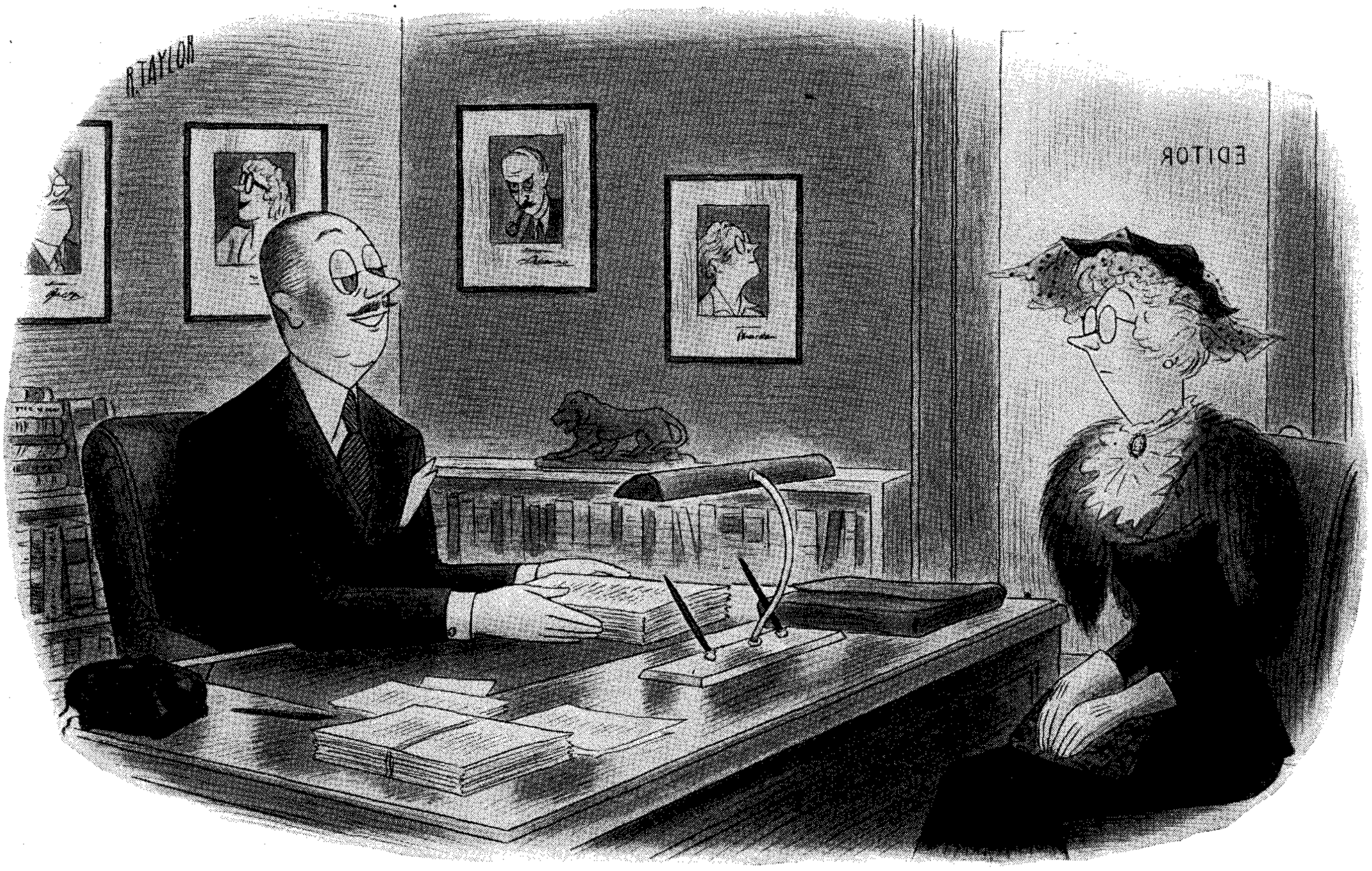
IT must be marriage, thought Rachel during lunch, that renders one so pure of minor materialisms, teaching a stoic poise among graces and comforts. She looked on Celia Hanson with calm approval, admiring her tact, her flow of conversation, the white streak that had somehow been persuaded to remain no more than a magpie flash in her black hair; with the same detachment she admired Celia's good fortune, the charm of her house, the lofty rooms with narrow windows, the two Bartolozzis and the one Bonington, very much as though Celia were one of the Rockingham poodles in the display cabinet. A good choice; an excellent godmother. Perhaps she would be just as suitable if the child were a boy. Perhaps she would be even more suitable. Celia's new, tweeded bonhomie might grate on a girl, but on a boy—to judge from Trevor—it would fall like manna.

For Trevor, after his first disappointment at the plain brick exterior of the house, was all eyes, ears, and admiration. It was as if he were in church, Rachel thought, devoutly in church, but playing a more concurrent part than is usual for a congregation. Praising a soup that he would have thought neglected at home (surely it should have been put through a sieve or something?), carrying the tray into the kitchen without more than one startled glance at the condition of the sink, remarking that he had never thought a valuable picture could look as clean as the Bonington did, laughing at Celia's jokes and refraining from making any jokes himself, he was— he was— The words were supplied by memories of Mrs. Gilman. Trevor was as happy as a sandboy and as nice as you could wish.



Having observed this, Rachel spent the remainder of the visit resenting Celia's contemptuous affability toward a genuinely happy guest.

Walking toward the bus, with Celia's brisk adieus still warm in his ears,



"Generally speaking, your novel is quite good, but everyone here feels that the New Orleans bordello scenes lack authenticity."

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Trevor glanced at his wife. She must be feeling it. He himself, with so little claim to do so, was decidedly feeling it, and Rachel, to whom all these confident luxuries, these soups and satins, were natural as a birthright, must be expected to be feeling it much more. But Rachel was smiling, and looking unusually pleased with herself. And immediately Trevor knew why. Rachel, to put it vulgarly, knew on which side her bread was buttered. Comparing her lot with Celia's, she realized how much better it was to be walking away with a husband of her own. During the years of living with the Gilman family, Trevor on several occasions had slunk off to the Marriage Guidance Bureau—alone, for Rachel had never wished to consult that organization. The Marriage Guidance Bureau had always assured him that the moment his wife had a little home of her own, everything would come right. And it had turned out exactly as they said it would.

Rachel opened her handbag and peeped in.

"You needn't worry," he said. "I've got the return halves. No sensible husband trusts his wife with the tickets."

She laughed, and pulled something out of the bag. "Look," she said. "Look what I've got!" What she held out toward him was a knife. It was a common kitchen knife, and not even a new one. The bone handle, yellowed and battered, seemed disproportionately long for the blade, which had been worn down to a couple of inches by long use and countless sharpenings.

"What a curious thing for Celia to give you."

"She didn't give it to me. I stole it."

"Rachel! You can't mean it. You don't mean that you actually—*stole it?*"

"I stole it, all right. I saw it the moment we went into the kitchen, and waited till neither of you were looking, and then nipped it into my bag. A real old-fashioned kitchen knife! Look, Trevor!" She pressed down the thin blade with her thumb and released it again. "There! D'you see? It's as supple as an eel. I expect it belonged to that aunt. I tell you this knife is going to make the whole difference to me."

"But how?" Trevor asked. "What do you want it for? You've got a set of cook's knives, and a potato peeler, and the curly knife for grapefruit, and a bean slicer, and I don't know what beside. Everything—and all new, and stainless steel."

"Yes, and all fit for nothing but a doll's house. This is a real knife. *It will cut!*"

Dodging the affront to his feelings as a giver, he concentrated on the issue of theft. "Really, Ray, I cannot make you out. I don't think you know what you are doing."

"I know a good knife when I see one."

"But you've stolen it."

"Of course I've stolen it. How would I have got it otherwise? No woman who does her own cooking is going to part with a knife like this."

"If you really wanted it so badly, why didn't you ask her?"

"Because I shouldn't have got it. She'd have made some excuse, and fobbed me off with a silver toast rack. I know my Celia."

"But now, if she misses it—"

"She'll miss it all right!"

"—she'll blame some innocent person. Her charwoman, or the gardener, or someone of that sort."

"No, she won't. She'll know I took it."

"Well, that's quite as bad. I don't know that it isn't worse, really. How

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can you ask her to be godmother now?"

"Oh, Trevor, do leave off making mountains out of molehills. You don't understand these things."

"I understand the difference between right and wrong."

She threw the knife in the air, caught it, and put it back in her bag. The action, so light, carefree, and flirtatious, was at variance with her encumbered body. The discrepancy alarmed him. He said—and his voice was stiff with anger—"I'm sorry, Rachel, but this can't be allowed. Give me that knife and I'll run back with it and explain. I can say it was a joke."

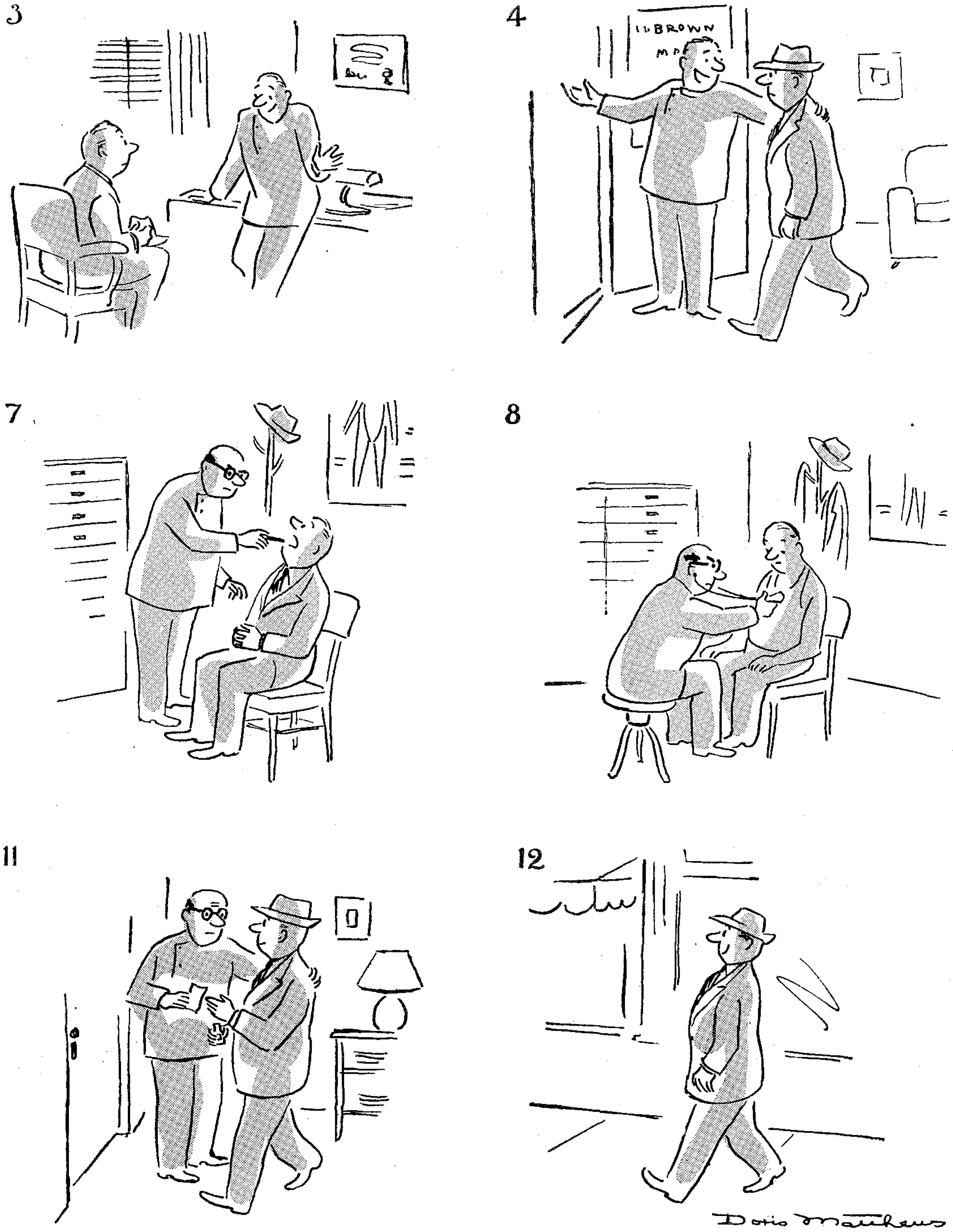
But as he spoke, she saw him glance at the watch on his wrist, and knew intuitively that his whole life, fastened to timekeeping, must enslave him to catching the bus. Filled with scorn, and elated, as though scorn were a sharp wine, she said, "Then we shall miss the bus."

He submitted, and they walked on in silence.

The bus was crowded; they saw with thankfulness that there was no possibility of sitting side by side. Trevor inserted himself beside a middle-aged woman who took up more than her share of the bench because she was carrying an enormous bunch of bluebells. The two women beyond her also carried bunches of wild flowers. They talked cheerfully amongst themselves, and he learned that they were sisters and had met for a day's outing. They informed each other of how they would dispose of their flowers when they got home—how some were destined for friends in hospital and others for graves. Their talk was full of the dead, the dying, calamities past or foreseen, and they spoke with cheerful interest, as though such things were part of daily life, to be heartily dealt with, like washing days. Not one of them, he knew, would do such a thing as steal. And though in class they were almost as far below him as Rachel was beyond him, he felt a wistful filiality toward them—as though they were beds on which he had slept as a child. But now no such reposes were possible. Solitary and adult, he must deal with this business of Rachel and the knife. Acting gently, and with regard for the vagaries of her condition—he had understood it might be pickles or apricots; a kitchen knife was something he was not prepared for, but no doubt it was to be classed as a vagary—he must assert his authority, and send it back by post. A simple matter, really, and there was no reason to get upset by it. There would be a little tussle, and then they would be happy again. So he would tackle it this evening, and tomorrow, on the way to the bank, he would post the parcel, and that would be the end of it.

He leaned forward to look round the bluebells, and saw Rachel. She stood out from everyone else in the bus. She was sitting bolt upright, and her face was the face of a demon.

I MIGHT just as well make up my mind to it now, she was thinking, here, in the bus. I should never be able to explain to Trevor why I took the knife, and what's more, if I could, I wouldn't, for I don't want to. This is



what one gets oneself into by play-acting. Play-acting that I esteemed the Gilmans for their bloody good qualities, play-acting that Trevor wasn't like the rest of them, play-acting that I wanted my little home, play-acting that I liked it when I got it. I hate my little home, and Trevor is exactly like all the Gilmans. And then, after that intolerable lunch, with Celia being affable to him over an invisible counter, I must needs see that knife, and play-act on as if it were a talisman, as if, because it was the real thing and could do its job, I should be able to do my job, too—cook interminably well and enjoy doing it, turn into a real wife instead of a meat-extract bitch. Oh, my God, what a fool I have been! What a fool I was to give in and marry him when all I wanted was to go to bed with him. Now here we are, going home after our little outing, with Trevor knowing the difference between right and wrong and me knowing that I can't go on fooling myself any longer.

When they got out of the bus, she was surprised to find that it was still afternoon.

The three women also alighted, and hurried toward a teashop, carrying away their warrants of spring and green fields. Trevor and Rachel waited in silence for the bus that would take them within walking distance of the housing estate. It was an infrequent bus, and they waited for a long time. When an empty taxi went by, Rachel hailed it. As she got in, she said to Trevor, who was holding open the door, "Why don't you go off and see your family? You'd still be in time for their tea."

"Well, yes, I might. Perhaps I ought to. We haven't been there lately. What a pity I didn't think of picking some flowers. Mum would have liked some of those buttercups."

"You'll do quite as well."

An obligatory smile slid across his dulled face. He gave his little bow, and turned away. Watching, she saw him quicken his pace, making his way with neat alacrity through the crowd of Sunday strollers. The taxi quitted the bus route and took her by an unfamiliar way, through a quiet residential quarter where Mid-Victorian houses, each with its own peculiarity of porch or bow window, stood amply in rather neglected gardens. Trees of the period, mountain ash and ailanthus, waved their boughs over wide sidewalks, and she found herself thinking that here would be a good place to wheel a perambulator. It would also be a good place to throw out the knife. Dust to dust, vestiges to vestiges, with no hope of any resurrection. She opened her bag. Holding the knife in her hand, she realized that it would be ridiculous to throw it away. Though it had done its work already, severing her from her illusions as cleanly as it would trim off the fat from a cutlet, it was still a thing she wanted, a proper kitchen knife.—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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"Phone Call from a Stranger" (Orna, J'lem) is outstanding and gripping adultery entertainment.—*Jerusalem Post.*

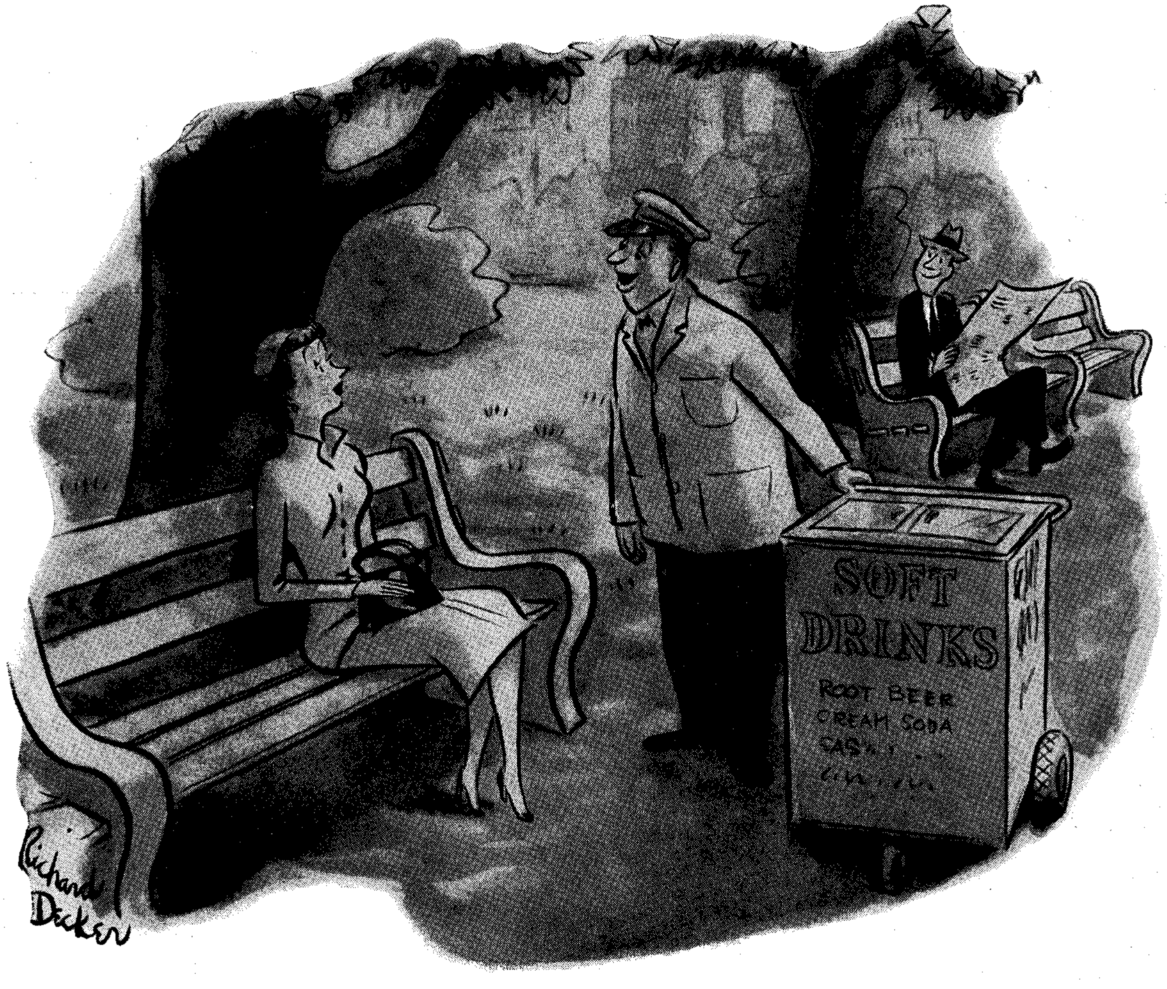
We never heard of any that *wasn't* gripping.

THE PRESBYTERIAN NIMRODS

A GREAT batch of rules and regulations went along with the Presbyterian culture that enveloped me when I was a boy. From my point of view, when I had drifted through puberty and was sidling up to adolescence in Washington, D.C., some of the most interesting ones related to rifles and shotguns. On a boy's eighth birthday, his father presented him with his first Daisy air rifle, loaded with BBs, and on his twelfth birthday he got his first Remington .22-calibre rifle. This rifle had gunpowder inside its cartridges, which were known as .22 shorts and .22 longs. No definite date was laid down for a boy's first shotgun, but it was firmly established that when a boy had gone beyond the age of twelve he would fairly soon be taken on a hunting trip by his father and could use somebody else's shotgun if he didn't have one himself. He couldn't just borrow a shotgun and go out on his own at that age. He could start using a shotgun only under the direct supervision of his father. By the time I was twelve, and was armed only with the Daisy air rifle and the .22-calibre Remington, my two much older brothers, as well as my father, had double-barrelled 12-gauge Winchester shotguns. All my Presbyterian-clergyman uncles and grown first cousins had shotguns, too. There was no difficulty connected with my being able to get hold of a shotgun one way or another for the forthcoming hunting trip with Father. The troublesome thing was that Father kept putting this trip off.

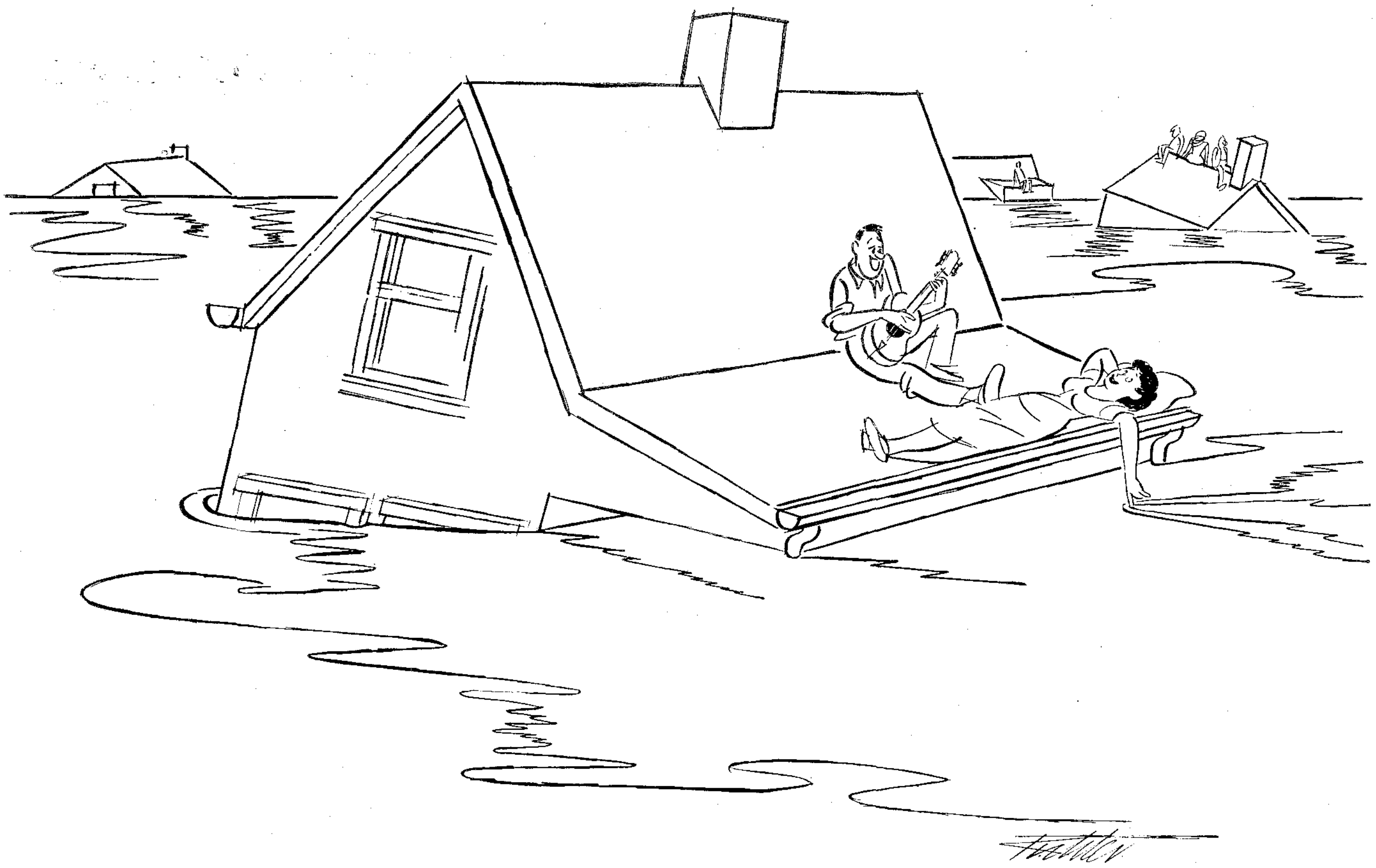
Although Father's own Presbyterian forebears came originally from the North, he had been brought up in Charlotte Court House, Virginia, in the dolorous period that followed the Civil War. Among the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian inhabitants of that lovely countryside, hunting in those days was not only a recreation but was also a means of procuring food for the enormous families that these supposedly repressed people went in for. The males shot, the females cooked, and everybody ate quail, ducks, wild turkeys, wild doves, blackbirds, bullbats, woodcocks, reedbirds, skylarks, and even robins. They shot, cooked, and ate bears, deer, rabbits, raccoons, possums, and squirrels. But, because hunting was partly recreational, good Presbyterians never hunted on Sundays. They religiously shot enough stuff on weekdays to tide their families over the Sabbath.

Father moved around the whole southern half of the United States after he grew up, and he carried these Virginia hunting traditions, and all the accompanying rules and regulations, with him wherever he went. When my two older brothers were youngsters, they were frequently able to hunt with Father with shotguns on weekdays in North Carolina, where the family resided for some years after I came into the world and began to tag after the older people. At that time, Father was an active Presbyterian preacher. Sunday being a workday for him, he didn't hesitate to take a day off during the week. By the time I was old enough to go hunting with him, though, he had stopped being an active preacher and was very busy six days a week carrying out his duties as the Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee in Washington, trying to get Congress to pass anti-child-labor legislation. He worked hard at this. He was thankful to be able to rest on Sundays, and even if he had felt spry enough, after going to church, to go hunting with me, he couldn't have done that, because hunting on Sundays was forbidden. The tempo of his weekday activities reached a crescendo about the time I had put twelve years behind me and was old enough to carry, and to withstand the kick of, a 12-gauge shotgun if and when he would give me the chance to go hunting with him.



"The gentleman on the next bench wonders if you'd care to join him in a little drink."

MOTHER supported me in my endeavors to get Father to quit working and go hunting. That was because she thought I deserved this traditional treat and also because she wanted Father to take a rest. Mother was a healthy, attractive, forceful, and charming lady who, all her life long—which lasted for eighty-six years—was not just a Presbyterian

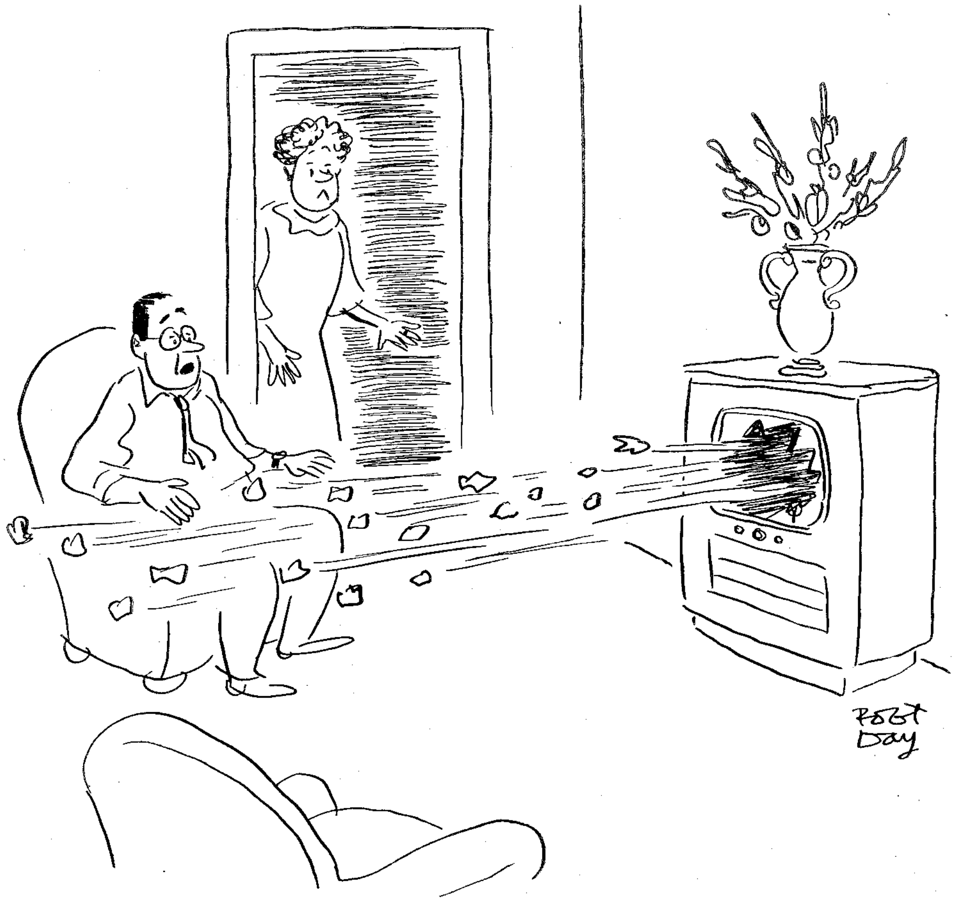


but a Presbyterian female as well. She was bothered by an overwhelming sense of responsibility toward all Presbyterians. In spite of the fact that she had produced five Presbyterian children, she tended to take the role of critic rather than that of creator. She was apt to be at a loss when she hadn't anything in front of her eyes or right outside her ears that she could cast Presbyterian aspersions at. She was a painstaking critic and a conscientious one, and she was brimming with affection and severity. Hand in hand with her dreams of improvement went a cantankerous tendency to break open and smash existing things as a means toward achieving the perfection and tranquillity she felt sure were somewhere in the offing. She was in the grip of formidable inhibitions concerning Presbyterian behavior, but in spite of these stoppers, she occasionally would arise and throw teacups and bric-a-brac when she was worked up about some social or personal situation that confronted her and that seemed disinclined to give in. She flung a Spode piece at one of my liberal-minded Presbyterian-clergyman uncles one afternoon when he was muttering indecisively about original sin and predestination, but it missed him. Mother felt strongly about matters like original sin and predestination, and she had no doubts.

We young Presbyterians had all been trained to stand up for the paltry rights we possessed in the strict culture that closed us in, and I pestered Father continually about the hunting trip. He had taken my oldest brother, Bo, when he got to be twelve, and he had taken my other older brother, Zan, when *he* got to be twelve. There were a number of purposes behind this hunting trip. At Charlotte Court House, Father could show his sons the places where he had hunted himself when he was a boy, could take them through the house he had grown up in, and could introduce them to the various relatives on his maternal grandmother's side who lived around there, and who, I figured, were probably interesting, because none of them were Presbyterian clergymen and some of them weren't even Presbyterians. "I know all that, Son," Father would say to me. "I fully intend to take you on that trip to Charlotte Court House just as soon as I can, but right now I just haven't got the time. Try to be patient, my boy, and stop looking as if you'd lost your last friend."

At last, on a fine November weekend when I was still in my thirteenth year, father took me on the hunting trip to Charlotte Court House. We rode on a train to Richmond, had dinner in the dining car, stopped overnight at a hotel (where, for breakfast, I had creamed chicken and waffles), and then rode on another train to Charlotte Court House. We arrived there on a Saturday. Father had his shotgun and I had Bo's. It was Father's plan to hunt the whole afternoon but to proceed, as we hunted, toward Greenfield, a fine old house about five miles from Charlotte Court House, where some of the non-clergyman cousins lived. We would have dinner there, spend the night, go to church, and walk back to Charlotte Court House Sunday afternoon, and then start back to Washington by train. Father had worked everything out. He had hired a boy to take his valise on ahead of us to Greenfield. The valise contained his Sunday clothes and my Sunday clothes, our nightgowns and toothbrushes. He had bought two ham sandwiches on the train just before we reached Charlotte Court House, and we had these in our pockets, along with plenty of 12-gauge shotgun shells. We had no dog, but Father said he didn't need a dog; he said he knew all the rabbit places and all the quail places for miles around as good as any dog alive. On the way, he told me, he would point out to me the large house called Moldavia, where his father and mother and his grandfather and grandmother had lived when he was a boy. It was a school in those days but was now owned by some people he didn't know, so he said he would just point it out to me and not try to show me through it. This was all right with me. The last thing I wanted that day was to be shown through a school.

We hunted all that afternoon and never saw a rabbit. We discovered no



"There she goes—ninety days to the day."

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squirrels. We flushed no coveys of quail. I couldn't understand this and was disturbed by it, but I think Father was, in some ways, more mystified and upset by it than I was. He seemed desperate. He didn't say much, and neither did I, but he kept plunging through thickets that were known to harbor rabbits and stalking across cornfields that quail were notoriously fond of, glancing at me defensively and muttering to himself. About three o'clock, we decided we were hungry and sat down in a grove of magnificent oak trees and ate our sandwiches. Father tried to entertain me with stories of his boyhood and I listened politely.

"We might try for some crows," he then said.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll call them," he said. "Used to do it all the time. It's easy."

We hid in the underbrush and Father began to call the crows. He held his nose between thumb and forefinger and called loudly, "Caw! Caw! Caw!" Nothing happened for a long time. Then two wary crows appeared about two hundred yards off, barely visible against the Virginia sky. They took one look at our ambush and, after crying "Caw!," flew out of sight again. Father kept calling plaintively for crows for some time, and then we walked on to Greenfield, hunting as we went, and finding nothing. "I can't fathom it," Father said several times. I inquired if we could stay over Sunday and try again on Monday. He said he would like to, but he absolutely had to be back in Washington again Monday night.

ALL I remember about Greenfield is that it was a comfortable house, with a big open fire in the living room and another in the dining room, and that a servant brought in piles of small oak logs and threw them on from time to time. The cousins, as I remember it, did nothing and said nothing of interest. Father and I went to church in our Sunday clothes the next morning, changed back to our hunting-and-travelling clothes, and started on foot across the fields to Charlotte Court House, our guns unloaded and Father carrying his valise. Rabbit after rabbit jumped up and cavorted around in our path, and we flushed several dozen crowded coveys of quail. Squirrels scampered in trees and scolded us derisively. "I can't fathom it," Father said several times. I didn't see any use in asking him if the Sunday-hunting rule could be broken, and I didn't. None of those Presbyterian rules, as far as I knew, could be broken under any circumstances. At one point, an especially populous covey of quail took off with a whir in front of us and, seeming unafraid, landed again within plain sight. Father put down his valise, opened it, and took out two 12-gauge shotgun shells. He handed them to me. "Go ahead, Son," he said, "but promise me one thing. Don't tell your mother about this."

I crept up on the covey, waited until they whirred off again, aimed carefully, gave them both barrels in quick succession, and brought down three quail. Father congratulated me.

I picked up the dead quail. "Shall I bury them?" I asked. I had already figured out that we couldn't take them home, or give them to anybody, because this would reveal the fact that we had shot them on Sunday.

"Bury them!" Father exclaimed. "What on earth are you talking about?" He looked at me and then began to understand the pickle we were in. "Let me think this out," he said, and sat down on his valise. After a while, he began to shake and wipe his eyes with his handkerchief. I thought he was crying, but it turned out he was laughing. Then he put on a serious expression and said, "You see, Son, this is the kind of thing I hope will be a lesson to you later in life. One sin leads to another. What we have to do now is lie to your mother. We have to take these birds home and tell her we shot them on Saturday. I can't bury quail and I can't throw them away, whatever the circumstances are. But don't ever forget that this is supposed to be a lesson to you. One sin leads to another."

MISS ANNABELLE, our housekeeper, cooked the three quail for supper on Monday and, my brothers and my sister being away from home at that time and Miss Annabelle claiming not to care much for quail, my mother and my father and I ate them down to the bones. About thirty years later, when Father had been in his grave for many years, I told Mother the truth about that hunt, and it caused her to have what she used to call a paroxysm of laughter. When she recovered, she said, "That was just like your father, Son. He was a very liberal-minded Presbyterian."

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

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I have a very beautiful young singer which I would like to trade to someone for crochet work. Phone ME-8470.—*Adv. in the Houston Press.*

You've come to the right man. Hawkins, our needles!

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

A DASH OF TABASCO

ONE evening, eating dinner alone in a restaurant on East Seventy-second Street, I was tossing a drop or two of tabasco on my clams when I fell prey to a habit I picked up a long time ago. I read the label on the bottle, right down to the small print. I have always been a steadfast reader of labels on bottles, even from as far back as when it used to say on ketchup bottles, "Contains one-tenth of one per cent of benzoate of soda as a preservative." The contents of any bottle, as set down by the manufacturer, have always made good reading to me. So I read the label on the tabasco bottle. It said, "Tabasco is the pepper sauce manufactured since 1868 by McIlhenny, New Iberia, La. Tabasco is made of vinegar, red pepper, and salt. A few drops mixed with soup or gravy, with breakfast eggs or glass of milk give a piquant and delicious flavor. No sea food should be eaten without tabasco. There is only one tabasco, McIlhenny's. THIS IS THE GENUINE ARTICLE. Made in U.S.A."

Well, I was in step, all right. I wasn't eating sea food without tabasco. I was putting it on the clams. A man eating dinner alone is apt to think thoughts that are quite idle—trivial, perhaps. I thought to myself how often I'd read that label, and how often the name "New Iberia" had struck me as a resonant sort of name. By the time the soup came, I was saying to myself, "Why don't I go down there and have a look at the Deep South, where I've never been?" Many a time I've heard people say, "One thing leads to another," and now I'm beginning to believe this is one of the great, irrefutable declarations in any language. I went to New Iberia and the Deep South and had a look at it, or them.

THE day after reading the label, I telephoned to New Iberia. Tell the truth, I didn't really know if there were still any McIlhennys around. It's a long while since 1868, and it seemed quite possible that only the name had been retained by the makers of the sauce. (As one thing led to another, I was destined to learn that there are indeed McIlhennys around, and Averys and Clarks and Simmonses, and many more—all, in a manner of speaking, centered about the small bottle whose label also says, "Net Measure 2 ozs.")

When I got the tabasco factory on the phone, I asked for Mr. McIlhenny, regardless. A magnolia-tinted voice told me that he was not there at the moment but that I could speak to his assistant, Mrs. Fisher Simmons. I explained to Mrs. Simmons that I was thinking of coming down to see the place. Mrs. Simmons said they have numerous visitors and I would be welcome. She told me that New Iberia, a town of about sixteen thousand population, had a comfortable hotel, the Frederic, where I could stay. "It's about ten miles or so from Avery Island, where we are," Mrs. Simmons said. "But you'll have no trouble getting back and forth to visit."

I took the train, the Crescent, at Pennsylvania Station at 1:45 P.M., railroad time, the next day, which was a Sunday.

I AM a city man, proficient to some degree in combat with the perils of Second Avenue and Seventy-second Street but ill-equipped to fend off whatever dangers there may be around the bayous and marshes of Louisiana, especially snakes. I am afraid of snakes anywhere. As marshes began to show up occasionally outside the train window after we were in Louisiana, I mentioned this fear to the porter. He was a slow but thoughtful speaker.

"Them snakes don't want to mess with you any more than you want to mess with them," he said. "They trying mighty hard day and night keep away from you, maybe more than you trying keep away from them."

"I guess that's so," I said.

"Course," he went on, "if a snake do just zackly the wrong thing, and a man do just zackly the wrong thing, and they both do just zackly the wrong thing just zackly the same wrong time, something bound to happen and it do."

FROM New Orleans, out across the Mississippi, New Iberia is, by rail, a hundred and twenty-six miles west and slightly north; the place was named by homesick Spanish, back in the days when Louisiana belonged to Spain. On my first morning there, in the Hotel Frederic, I phoned for coffee to be brought to my room.

"Light or dark?" the girl said.

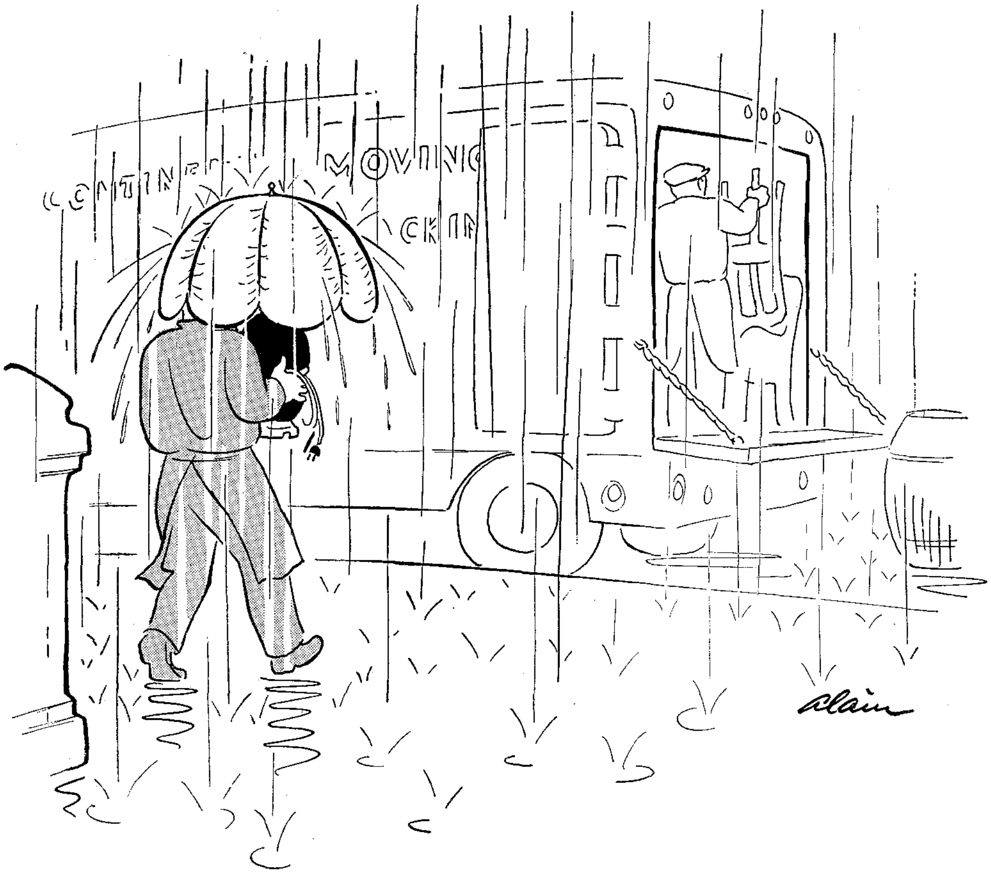
"Oh, I thought you'd send the cream on the side and I could mix it myself," I told her.

"I don't mean that," she said. "I mean do you want Northern or Southern coffee?"

Perplexed a little, I asked for whichever was stronger.

"You want the Southern," the girl said.

In remarkably fast time, much faster than is usual up North, there was a knock on the door. I opened it, and



there, holding the coffee tray, was a tall, lean, deeply tanned man of middle age, in a white coat and khaki trousers, and shod in moccasins. He had a brief, sharply pointed mustache, and he looked precisely as D'Artagnan would have looked had he been a room waiter in a white coat, khaki trousers, and moccasins. "*Bonjour!*" he said. "Good morning!"

He was the first of many Cajuns I was to meet during my visit. They are, as is well known, descendants of the French Acadians, who, around 1755, were exiled by the British from Nova Scotia and painfully made their way to Louisiana, because Louisiana was at that time a colony of France.

The waiter's accent baffled me at first. I know a few words of Fraser and Squair or Chardenal French, but Cajun is something else again. When he talked in English, he splashed in a word or two of French here and there.

"*Est* nice weather fo' travellin'," he said, putting down his tray.

I agreed, and he asked politely where I was from. When I said New York, he said, "*Est* nice place, New York? *Est* New York nice place up there?"

It was the first time anybody had ever asked me, simply, whether New York was a nice place, as if never having heard whether it was or not, and I was stuck for an answer. I said I thought it was a nice place.

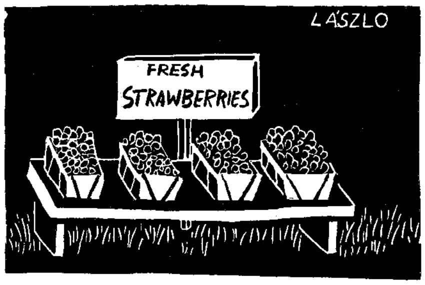
"*Est bon*, good, you have nice place up there at that New York," he said. "*Merci*, thanks." He left silently on his moccasined feet.

EARLY that afternoon, after telephoning Mrs. Simmons at Avery Island, I went out there by cab. The driver was Robert Broussard, another Cajun. Everywhere, as we drove along, were French names, on stores, filling stations, and such—names like Delahoussaye, Breaux (there pronounced "Brurr"), Louviere, and, as frequent as any, Teche, which is the name of a big bayou nearby. For years, "bayou" has struck my ears as a gentle, musical, and beckoning word. In New Iberia, I was told it is not a French word, as I had surmised, but Choctaw Indian.

Leaving the outskirts of the community and heading south, we followed a long, straight road with flat fields on the left, interrupted at infrequent intervals by small houses, some of them not much more than shacks; on the right was a narrow stretch of water. Beyond the bayou was a vast stretch of marshy land. "In there, plenty muskrat, plenty mink, plenty nutria," Broussard said. "They trappin' all winter plenty furs round here. Louisiana got pret' near most furs anywhere."

As we neared Avery Island, there were marshlands on our left, too. Our road, indeed, ran right across the marshes. Broussard explained to me that the Bayou Petite Anse, or Little Cove, meanders on three sides of Avery Island—north, west, and south—and the fourth side is cypress swamp. So watery, indeed, that the place has always been called an island, even if technically it may not be one.

Unwittingly, Broussard reminded me that one thing leads to another when he said, "My wife is boss of the bag room at the salt mine on the island." It was the first I had heard of a salt mine there, although I learned later it is one of the famous salt mines of the world; it is run by the International Salt Company. There's another famous salt mine under part of Detroit, I also learned later.



"Is nice place, salt mine," Broussard said. "Good place to see."

"I'll try to," I told him.

The long, straight road crossed a bridge over the Bayou Petite Anse and ended at a tollgate—the entrance to Avery Island. Tourists are charged a quarter admission. After I stated my business, the gateman waved us past. Immediately, we were in a world of lush and amazingly varied growths—palms, bamboos, palmettos, magnolias, and, most striking of all, majestically large live oaks, their seemingly eternal sturdiness accented by the delicate, mysterious grace of Spanish moss hanging

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TOM FOOL AT JAMAICA

Look at Jonah embarking from Joppa, deterred by
the whale; hard going for a statesman whom nothing could detain,
although one who would not rather die than repent.
Be infallible at your peril, for your system will fail,
and select as a model the schoolboy in Spain
who, at the age of six, portrayed a mule and jockey
who had pulled up for a snail.

" 'There is submerged magnificence,' as Victor Hugo
said." *Sentir avec Ardeur;* that's it; magnetized by feeling.
Tom Fool "makes an effort and makes it oftener
than the rest"—out on April 1st, a day of some significance
in the ambiguous sense—the smiling
Master Atkinson's choice, with that mark of the champion, the extra
spurt when needed. Yes, yes. Chance

is "a regrettable impurity;" like Tom Fool's
left white hind foot—an unconformity; although judging by
results, a kind of cottontail to give him confidence.
Up in the cupola comparing speeds, Signor Capossela keeps his head.
"It's tough," he said, "but I get 'em, and why shouldn't I?
I'm relaxed, I'm confident, and I don't bet." Sensational. He does not
bet on his animated

valentines—his pink-and-black striped, sashed, or dotted silks.
Tom Fool is "a handy horse," with a chiselled foot. You've the beat
of a dancer to a measure—the harmonious rush
of a porpoise at the prow where the racers all win easily—
like centaurs' legs in tune, as when kettledrums compete;
nose rigid and suède nostrils spread, a light left hand on the rein, till
well—this is a rhapsody.

Of course, speaking of champions, there was Fats Waller
with the feather touch, giraffe eyes, and that hand alighting in
"Ain't Misbehavin'." Ozzie Smith and Eubie Blake
ennoble the atmosphere; you recall the Lipizzan school;
the time Ted Atkinson charged by on Tiger Skin—
no pursuers in sight—cat-loping along. And you may have seen a monkey
on a greyhound. "But Tom Fool . . ."

—MARIANNE MOORE

• •

from their strong, twisty limbs. Overhead, at times, great-winged white birds that I recognized as egrets flapped their way. It was hard to believe that an industry lay ahead. Soon we reached a crossroads with the sign

LOUISIANA LAW
STOP

We halted, then turned a bend, crossed a railroad track I was astonished to find there, and came to the tabasco factory.

“That's the kind of man I'm going to marry.”

IT isn't a big place at all, as factories go—three stories high in one part, four in another, made of brick painted gray, and covering the area of perhaps an eighth of a city block. To the left, as we approached, was a great cage, about twenty-five or thirty feet high. In it, I could see several score pheasants, the brilliantly colored males strutting happily about, and a lean, tanned man (nearly all Cajuns seem to be lean and tanned), wearing spectacles, who was scattering grain around for the birds. A gentle breeze suddenly brought the scent of tabasco in the making. It was delightful—pungent and spicy, with overtones of vinegar, but of vinegar sort of under control. As I stepped inside, I saw eighty or ninety covered oak casks standing in rows. Two women, each with a wooden paddle, were going from cask to cask, lifting the covers, then stirring the aromatic sauce within. I peered into a cask and saw the rich, bright red of the mixture. The woman stirring it told me that this was one of the last steps in the long process of making the tabasco I'd been shaking on the clams up in New York a couple of nights before.

The factory is unlike most factories, for it has an unhurried, almost sauntering air. Walking toward a stairway that leads to the offices above, I stopped for a moment at a room from which there came the siren fragrance of strong coffee. Two workmen, in khaki, and three girls, one in khaki and the others in fluffy summer dresses, were sitting around a table, each with a demitasse in hand, chatting. The accents of some of them were Cajun. The coffee was in an urn, in a corner close by. Whenever anyone in the factory feels like having coffee, it's there, waiting. There are no specific “coffee breaks,” as there are in more bustling operations. I tried a demitasse and it came near lifting the top of my head off. “That's pure coffee, Louisiana roast,” one of the men told me. “They roast it right near here in Lafayette. No chicory. Those New Orl'ns people use chicory. Not here.”

The office, on the second floor, appeared to be a parlay of McIlhenny and Charles Dickens—quiet, air-conditioned, lacking in the frenzy of efficiency that plagues some Northern offices, and with a high, four-legged, slant-topped desk, bookkeeper-style, against one wall. Mrs. Simmons—gracious, busy, blond, and the grandmother of four children—came forward to greet me. She is a widow. Her grandchildren are the offspring of Fisher Simmons, Jr., the oldest of her three sons. The two others are Edward McIlhenny Simmons and William Matthews Simmons. Later, she candidly told me that she will be fifty-one in July. Mrs. Simmons is the daughter of the late Edward Avery McIlhenny, known always as “Mister Ned,” who, after many memorable years as the lord of the island and head of the tabasco company, died in 1949, at the age of seventy-seven. Soon after his death, Walter Stauffer McIlhenny, who is the son of the late John Avery McIlhenny, a brother of Mister Ned, was made president of the company, and Mrs.

Simmons became his assistant. Mister Ned had three daughters and no sons.

"For a freshman senator, he's had tremendous recognition—'Meet the Press,' 'Youth Wants to Know,' and now I understand he's going on 'Capitol Cloakroom.'"

With easy courtesy, which to my ears was enriched by her accent, Mrs. Simmons asked me if the hotel in town was all right. I said something about its being perfectly comfortable—not the Ritz-Carlton, but perfectly comfortable. "With the right frame of mind, you can make any place you are into a Ritz-Carlton, can't you?" she remarked cheerily. "Besides, isn't the Ritz-Carlton torn down? I don't get up to New York much. Cousin Walter does, though, now and then." She turned and introduced me to her cousin Walter Stauffer McIlhenny, who had been busy at the telephone when I came in. He is a dark-eyed, handsome man of forty-one, over six feet tall and muscular, with a certain dignity about him and a direct gaze. Behind his desk, on the wall, was a banner with the inscription "U.S.M.C. Reserve." Gossiping around the hotel lobby that morning, I had been told that he holds the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Marines, following a distinguished record of service in the Pacific, including two awards of the Navy Cross. He became a major in combat, I'd been told, and was released from active duty as a lieutenant colonel. One of the great marksmen of this country, he is a life member of the National Rifle Association of America and was formerly captain of the Marine Reserve Rifle Team.

Mr. McIlhenny seemed a trifle incredulous when I told him I had come down to visit merely on an impulse inspired by reading the label on a tabasco bottle. "I didn't know that anyone read the label so fully," he said, smiling. "Personally, though, I've always thought it's rather quaint on the Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce label where it says, 'From the Recipe of a Nobleman in the County.'" He went on to tell me that he and various other members of his family, and of the Simmons and Avery families, all related, live on the island, and are all generally referred to as "The Family." Each family has its own place, he said; his is in the old slave quarters, and he'd like me to lunch with him there one day. It was hot outside that afternoon, around ninety, with the humidity running a Louisiana eighty-six or so, and Mr. McIlhenny, no doubt thinking of that, added, "The slave quarters are air-conditioned these days."

Mrs. Simmons then turned me over to a man in his early twenties, Matthew Louviere by name, a medium-sized, good-looking chap who was wearing a linen jacket and dark trousers. Mrs. Simmons said that Matthew knew a great deal about Avery Island, since he had been born and raised there, and that he would be glad to act as my guide.

Matthew and I started out for a look around an island that I did not even then suspect could be so wondrous.

Matthew's manner of speech was that of an exceptionally well-educated young man from somewhere up North, almost professorial in its precision and choice of words. In view of what Mrs. Simmons had said about his having been born and raised on Avery Island, I was surprised that he had not the slightest trace of a Southern accent. "My mother came from up North," he explained when I commented on this. "My father was a Cajun." I was even more surprised to discover later that afternoon that he had never so much as finished high school. Gradually it came out that he had for the most part educated himself, by diligent study at home and at libraries in the region. Moreover, several years in the Army, which included additional schooling and a period in Japan, had given his obviously avid mind an opportunity to pick up matters far beyond the ken of most of the people on the island, which, with equal obviousness, he loved profoundly.

Right from the start, however, it was clear that Matthew was reluctant to

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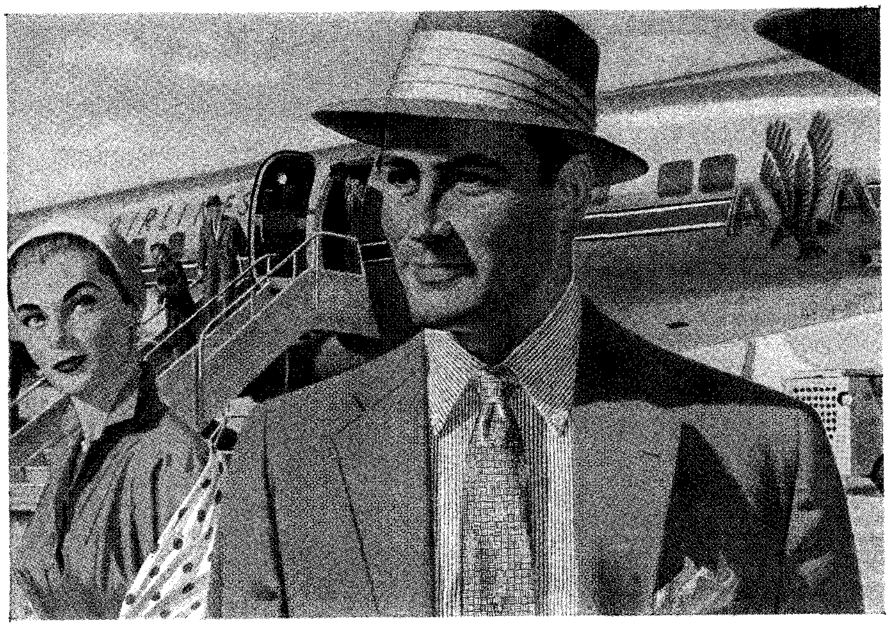

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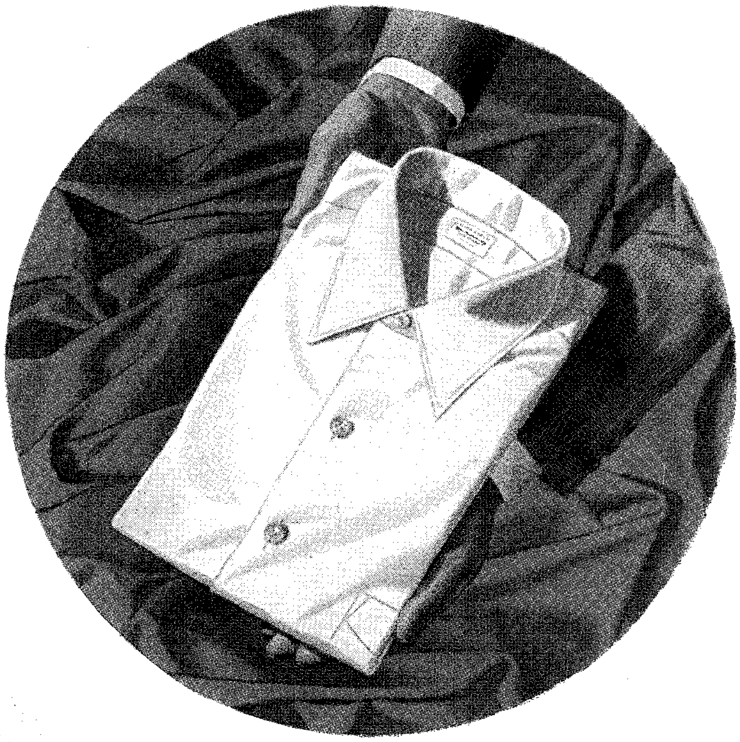

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talk about himself, and preferred to talk of the island. Riding away from the factory in a company car, we passed the great cage of pheasants. "They are for use on the Family's table when the occasion demands," he said. "Mister Ned greatly admired pheasants, as he did almost every form of animal and bird life. Miz Polly does, too." "Miz Polly" is the name by which Mrs. Simmons is known and by which she is addressed by nearly everybody on the island.

Quite suddenly, the road turned and ahead of us lay a wide opening surrounded by thick woods. I caught my breath. Out in a large pond, on a bamboo platform perhaps three hundred feet long and twenty feet wide, and rising about ten feet above the water, were thousands and thousands of great white egrets—of startling beauty every one—nesting. Thousands and thousands, and the trees that closely bordered the pond, like a jungle, were crammed with more of them. They were snowy egrets, Matthew said, among the loveliest of birds, and this pond was the heart of a sanctuary for them that Mister Ned had created way back in 1895, when he captured eight young egrets on the island. So lovely, indeed, are these birds that man once killed them by the thousands for their plumage; a law protecting them was passed in 1913 largely as a result of the efforts of Mister Ned and the Audubon Society. "In the eighteen-nineties and early nineteen-hundreds, the slaughter of snowy egrets was utterly abominable," said Matthew. "Women at that time coveted the dainty, exquisitely delicate plumes of the egret, and these plumes were called aigrettes when used for millinery purposes. On the bird, these plumes are beautiful, but there were many people, including Mister Ned, who thought they were brutally ugly on a woman's hat. To be sure," he continued, as we left the car and walked to the pond's edge, watching the ceaseless activity around the nests, "Mister Ned was a hunter famous all over the world, and a marvellous man with a rifle. But he shot only creatures used for food—not pure beauties, like egrets."

I told Matthew I was happily flabbergasted at the sight before us. Up in Rhode Island a couple of years ago, I saw twenty-four egrets that had been staying for some time in the marshlands near the sea, and bird people there thought that was a great many. They were of the type called American egrets. I remember looking up the pronunciation in the dictionary, and it says the accent is on the first syllable, "EE-grets." Matthew said "e-GRETS," and I asked him about that.

"Possibly we here accent the last syllable because of the French influence in our speech," he replied. "However, *revenons à nos moutons*—back to our sheep. To get aigrettes, hunters used to shoot the egrets on their nests, because those special plumes grow on the birds—both male and female—only during the nesting season. So, with their parents killed, the young birds in those days starved to death in their nests. It was despicable. The law had not yet been passed when Mister Ned captured these eight birds, and here at the pond he built a cage for them. When they grew old enough to leave, he tore down the cage and bade goodbye to them, fearfully, and sure that he would never again see them. But when the next March arrived—the last days of March—back came these beauties to this very spot, and bringing friends with them. A cage was no longer necessary, and year after year they came and multiplied. Now look!"

I asked if anyone had any idea how many birds made their homes on the pond and around it.

"Understandably, the number can't be computed precisely," said Matthew, "but it is perhaps safe to say that there are between seventeen thousand and possibly twenty thousand on that platform. We have reached that estimate by taking one small square of the platform, counting the birds in the square, then multiplying that number by the number of squares. The result is approximate, of course. The total in the whole sanctuary may easily be over a hundred thousand."

Matthew said there were undoubtedly some American egrets on the platform, such as I had seen in Rhode Island, but that most of the birds were snowies. The American is taller, being more than three feet high, while the snowy is about two feet high. The American has a yellow bill and all-black legs. "The snowy has a black bill, black legs, and yellow feet," Matthew said. "That's why he is often called the bird with the Golden Slippers."

We walked up the road a piece, and came to several large piles of twigs. "Bamboo twigs," Matthew said. "Miz Polly has a couple of men assigned to gather those twigs every day, cutting them off the bamboos and putting them in piles at different points around the pond. The egrets know all about that. When they're making their new nests, after they come here from Central and South America in March, and when they need new material to repair their

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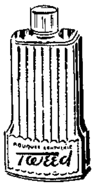

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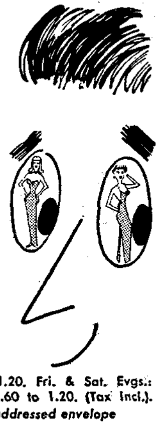

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nests after a storm, they know just where to go—where Miz Polly has had the twigs put."

At that moment it occurred to me that Avery Island, where men spend hours piling up bamboo twigs for visiting egrets, is far, far away, both in miles and mores, from the restaurant on East Seventy-second Street where, ninety-six hours earlier, I'd been shaking some tabasco on some clams.

We got back in the car, and Matthew drove me to a clearing in a small forest of bamboo. "This is called timber bamboo," he said. "It is sold to people all over the country for landscape purposes, such as the building of decorative stockades, and also for other uses. Perhaps you do not know that bamboo is one of the fastest-growing plants in the world?" I didn't know it, of course, and when he showed me a young bamboo, green and erect, about thirty feet tall, and said it was only four weeks since it had come out of the ground as a sprout, I expressed skepticism. "Very well," Matthew said. "Let's choose a shorter and younger bamboo, and check its growth."

It was at that moment 2 P.M. on a Tuesday. We found a younger bamboo (the young bamboos are a tender, subdued green, in contrast to the darker tan of the older ones) and we recorded its height—it came about up to our waists—by making a mark on a full-grown tree a few inches away. (Two days later, at 10 A.M. on Thursday, Matthew and I returned to the bamboo glade and found our young bamboo. It had grown exactly thirty-six inches, or, as we ascertained by doing a little paperwork then and there, at the rate of about four-fifths of an inch an hour in the forty-four hours that had elapsed. That's something like nineteen inches a day. Bamboos in Louisiana eventually get up to around forty or fifty, sometimes even sixty, feet.)

As Matthew and I were riding away from the bamboo glade, we encountered a two-wheeled cart, filled with brush and drawn by a placid mule. Its driver was sitting in comfort beneath a large and dusty umbrella. "That's brush for the New Year's bonfire," Matthew said. "We'll come to the bonfire pile in a minute." The driver, a colored man, tipped his hat as we went by and said, "Good evenin'." It was only midafternoon, but down there they say "Good evening" when the noon hour has passed.

Soon we were on a road skirting the foot of an unwooded hill on our right. To our left was a meadow, and in the middle of it was a vast pile of brush,

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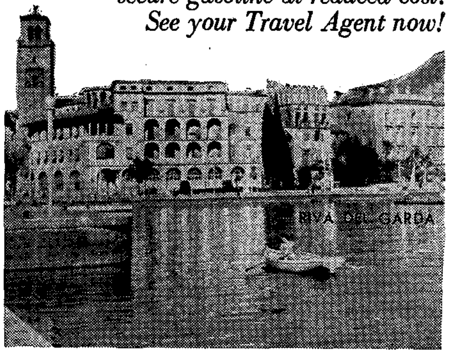

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perhaps twenty-five feet high, perhaps forty feet across. "Every New Year's Eve," Matthew told me, "all the people on the island, white and colored, come and stand on that hill and watch the New Year's bonfire, and the children have a wiener roast. During the rest of the year, the brush that's cleared off the land is brought over here and put on that pile. It is a custom that has gone on since plantation days. I used to come as a child, and, like the others, I used to believe that all the bad demons of the old year were burning up in the bonfire, and that in the new year to come there would be no malevolent demons around. Sheer voodooism, of course, but it was pleasant to believe as a child. On Christmas morning, too, I remember, Mister Ned used to sit on the porch of his house, and all the men on the island came visiting. Punch was passed around. Old-timers used to shake hands with Mister Ned, and some made speeches, I remember."

I said such scenes seemed to me to belong to the distant past, maybe more than a hundred years ago.

Matthew, with the almost apologetic reluctance that beset him whenever he spoke of matters unrelated to the island, said, "Do you recall what Henri Bergson said about the past?"

I said I didn't recall it, because I never knew it.

"Henri Bergson said, 'The present contains nothing more than the past.' "

A few turns in the road through the green shadows of some coolish woods and we paused again, for two reasons. One was that, soundlessly and unafraid, two young deer came out of the woods on legs whose grace would shame the finest ballerina, and stood, big-eyed, not twenty-five feet away, watching us. One was male, one was female, and both were of the most tender shades of brown. The other reason was that on our left, by a smallish pond, were some birds that no one could pass unheeding. Among them was a crane, his plumage shading through four or five tones of gray into black, with what seemed a touch of deep blue along his slender neck. Hanging from the back of his head was a pure-white manelike feathering.

"That white part looks like Einstein's hair, doesn't it?" I said.

"It does," said Matthew. "That white on the back of the head is, I believe, called a *mèche* in French, and I believe Napoleon had a *mèche*. That bird is an African demoiselle. Mister Ned imported a family of them."

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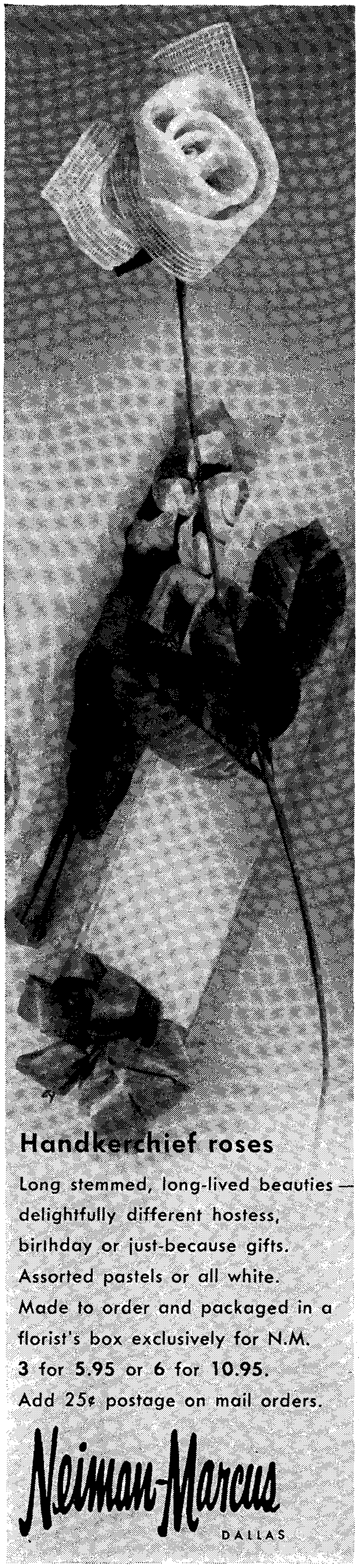

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the demoiselle were two white swans, at least eight pairs of Canada geese, their young waddling around behind them, and a bird that looked fantastically like a gaudily painted hen and had a walk that was chickeny, too. Its neck was purple, its back was green, its legs were yellow, and its bill was red with a yellow tip.

"That is a purple gallinule," Matthew told me. "I often think of him as a swimming chicken. He swims adeptly, even though he hasn't webbed feet, like most swimming birds."

We turned to look at the deer and found them still gazing curiously at our car. A moment later, the female decided to go back into the woods. The male, on the top of whose head were small velvet-covered antlers, or the beginnings of antlers, was bolder, and he was still watching as we drove away.

Just about then, a demitasse seemed to be indicated, so we started back toward the tabasco factory, perhaps a mile off. Driving along, Matthew told me that the island is roughly oval in shape, about three miles long and two miles wide, and that it has thirty-eight hundred and forty acres of "high land." There are also hundreds of acres of marshy land that are regarded as part of the island. "The marshland is quite an asset, too, because of all the furs it produces," he said. "I don't know how many pelts each winter, but it's a great many. Muskrat, mostly, but also mink and nutria. Mister Ned was one of the original breeders of nutria. The Fish and Wildlife people here in Louisiana imported some from South America and gave them to him, so that he could experiment with raising them. The nutria is something like an otter. In fact, I believe I am correct in saying that 'nutria' is the Spanish word for 'otter.' The fur is in considerable demand. I think it was around 1930 when Mister Ned first brought them here. He kept them in an enclosed portion of the marsh. Mister Ned was very upset when he discovered one day that the nutria had broken out of the enclosure and scattered all over the marsh. It worked out well, though, because they survived and multiplied in the marsh, and there they remained, to be trapped in great numbers every year."

A PERSON can get used to anything, even hanging, they say, and this time the "Louisiana roast" coffee tasted better than pretty good and had no shock to it. While we were having a second demitasse, Boss Jim Markey, a white-haired man of seventy, came in for coffee and said that he'd like to show me around a little in the factory. Boss has been working there for forty-eight years, and he's now the man responsible for the making of the tabasco.

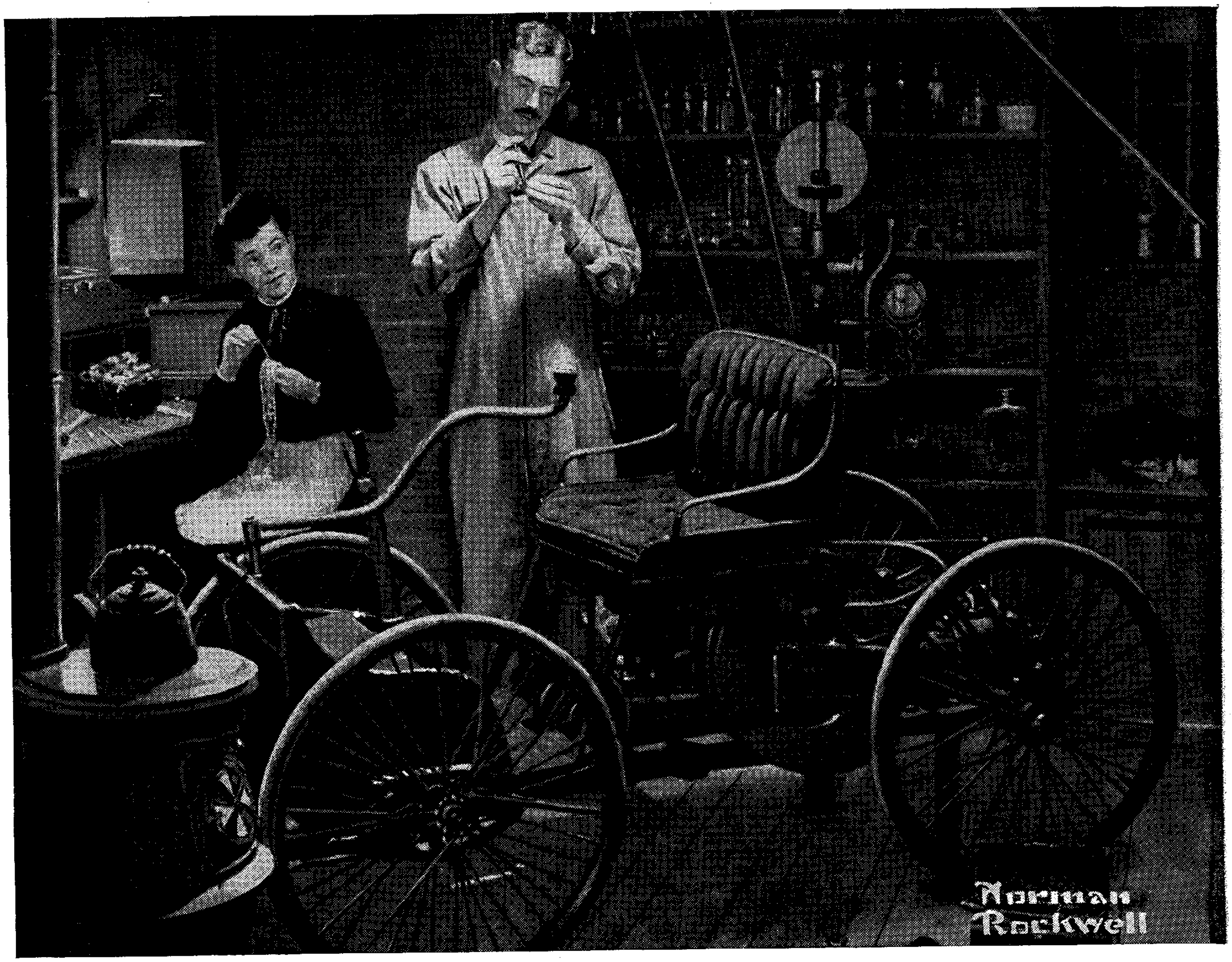
Boss told me that the factory is not big and employs only sixty-two persons. Even so, it turns out five million bottles of tabasco a year. He said the oak casks containing the beautifully red and memorably pungent mixture represented the last three weeks in the process of making tabasco. "The peppers in those casks were harvested almost three years ago," he went on. "I guess you know we grow all the peppers here on the island. After they're harvested, they're crushed, and a small amount of salt is added to them. Next, we put them in oak barrels with covers that have tiny air holes in them, and spread a thick layer of salt on top of the covers. Then we move the barrels into the aging rooms, where fermentation starts and continues for three years, while the juices and gases from the peppers escape through the air holes and the salt above them. At the end of that time, fermentation ends, and the salt hardens and automatically seals the barrels until we're ready for them. Then we remove the covers, add the vinegar, and for three weeks, in this room here, we stir the mixture. After that, we filter it, and it's ready for bottling, upstairs. That's all there is to it—peppers, vinegar, and salt."

"Just as it tells you on the label," I said.

"Just like on the label," said Boss. "But it takes three years and a little bit more."

AS I was leaving the factory a short time later, preparing to go back to the hotel in New Iberia, I came across Mr. McIlhenny, talking to one of the foremen. They were both speaking Cajun French, and when the foreman had left, I asked Mr. McIlhenny if he had any difficulty with the Cajun patois. He smiled and said, "Not in the least." He told me that as a child he had spoken nothing but French at home. Not Cajun, but pure French. His mother, Mrs. Anita Stauffer McIlhenny, a granddaughter of General Zachary Taylor, is of French and German blood. Her family has lived a long time in Louisiana and French is her natural and beloved language. She now lives in Baton Rouge.

"There's a little family story about speaking French that might amuse you," Mr. McIlhenny said. "When I was in the Marines, I got to Melbourne, Australia, and I telephoned to my



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For Henry Ford was passionately curious. Exactly how did steam make wheels go around? In a boyhood experiment he made a steam boiler from an old ten-gallon lard can, and fired up under it. No one was in school to hear the explosion—and the fence was soon repaired. His next experiment was in the village sawmill: how did the valve work? He caught his arm in a cylinder, and was two hours getting loose, but before he left he knew how the valve worked.

First he tried to make a farm locomotive, and then a steam road carriage. Then one day in 1891 he saw a little gasoline engine pumping soda water into pop-bottles. That night he told Mrs. Ford: "Clara, I want to build a gas engine that will do the work of a horse."

Two years later he was still at work, in a little shed behind his Bagley Avenue house. A friendly neighbor moved out his coalpile to give Henry more room. Clara watched, and darned socks.

He got four bicycle wheels. He made two cylinders from a steam engine's exhaust pipe. He put on a tiller, so it steered like a boat. He put a bicycle-saddle on top of the three-gallon fuel tank (the buggy seat came later when he could afford it).

On a wet dark May morning in 1896, at 2 a.m., he was ready. Then he couldn't get the car out of the shed. He seized an axe and knocked out enough bricks to make the first garage-door.

He trundled the car into the alley while Clara watched under an umbrella. The little car ran—clear around the block. One of the two cylinders went dead—but still the car ran. That first Ford is still running, and so are many of its 36,000,000 descendants.

The revolution of those wheels started one of the great revolutions in history. A dream had come true—transportation for everyone. The first Ford helped build the American Road.

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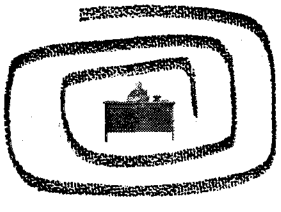
The boys in Pocatello, Idaho, went crazy over crazy haircuts — especially Indian styles, Mohawk, Apache, Cherokee. The report got us to thinking about a silly idea.

"Suppose," we whispered to ourselves as we walked along H Street, N.W., "just suppose all the 800,000 subscribers to Nation's Business got a special kind of haircut, so that no matter where they went you'd know who they were, and how many, at a glance."

Suppose you were at a construction industry convention. You'd look around the hall, and there would be 68,875 men with NB haircuts. Or at a financial and insurance business gathering; 72,079 fellows with that Nation's Business bob. You'd find 111,323 in manufacturing and 72,000 in the service trades. Wherever you looked in industry and business—there they'd be. Retailers, too. Even a few barbers who would have to give themselves haircuts.

Silly? It's ridiculous. And impossible. We have a baldheaded subscriber in Muncie, Indiana and a woman subscriber in Rochester. But distinctive haircuts would be fun, because more businessmen in all kinds of businesses read Nation's Business than read any other business or news magazine. If you read it, watch out—here we come with our comb and scissors. Nation's Business, *a general magazine for businessmen*, Wahington 6, D. C.



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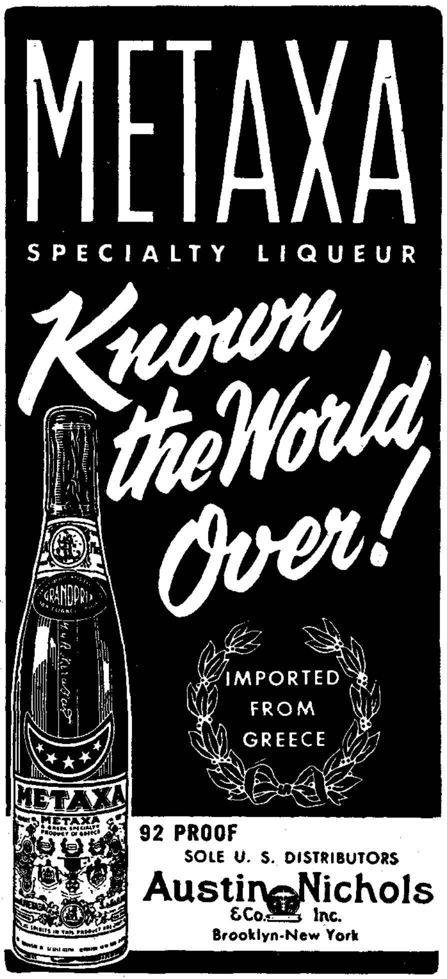
mother in Baton Rouge. It was wartime, of course, and it was quite a task putting the call through. However, after a day or two the connection was made, and I spoke to my mother, with a military monitor listening in, as was required. To my astonishment, my mother hung up on me. After another long wait, the operator got her on the wire again and told her that her son wished to speak to her from Australia. 'That's not my son,' my mother said. 'My son knows better than to address me in English!' I got on the phone again, and spoke to her in French. Immediately, the military monitor cut us off. He couldn't understand French and therefore couldn't let the conversation go on. After looking around some, I found an officer who knew French well. He monitored the call, and I finally talked with my mother."

THE next morning, Matthew and I went back to the pond where the egrets nest. The bamboo platform was still crowded with them. There were also some wading at the edge of the pond, on their long black legs with the golden-slippered feet, fishing for frogs. Matthew pointed to an almost indiscernible wake in the water beneath the platform. I spied an alligator's head. Matthew handed me a pair of binoculars, and through them I could more plainly see the ugly, prehistoric-looking old fellow. "He'd love to have some of those birds," Matthew said. "But only when one dies and falls off the nest, or is pushed off by the other birds, does he get one."

Egrets kept taking off from the nests and flapping away in the sky in the direction of the big bayous, miles from the island. "They go fishing in the bayous," Matthew said. "The males and females take turns sitting on the nests; one stays while the other goes fishing and brings home food. Then the other goes fishing."

At that moment, twenty or thirty egrets soared toward the sky in a group. As we watched them, clouds of smoke rolled over the treetops, momentarily obscuring the birds, and we heard, coming strangely out of the deep woods, the sound of a locomotive. "They're hauling empty cars out to the salt mine to bring back the salt this afternoon," Matthew said. "How'd you like to go see the salt mine?"

I thought it a splendid idea, and so we started for the other end of the island, where the mine is. On the way, I told Matthew that to me the phrase "the salt mines" had always had a sinister sound, because of the many things



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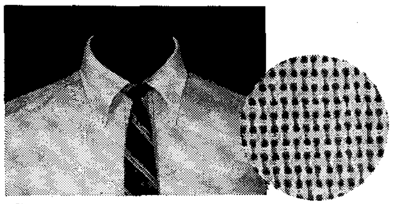

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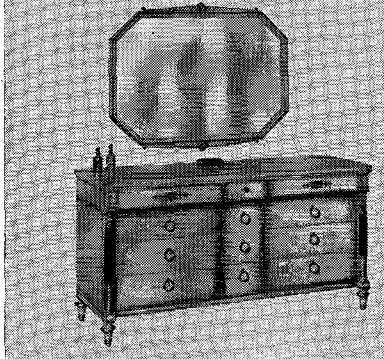

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I'd heard and read about people being exiled to the salt mines of Siberia.

"In reality, it doesn't seem an unpleasant place to work at all," Matthew said. "All year round, the temperature is a steady seventy-two down there, and the ceilings are certainly high enough to permit proper ventilation, with the help of mechanical fans."

At the mine, Lester Jay, a young engineer, took us in hand. He led us to an elevator, on which four-ton carloads of salt are brought up to the surface, and we stepped aboard. There were no lights as the elevator went slowly down the shaft. Mr. Jay's voice came through the pitch-dark. "We're working at around the five-hundred-and-thirty- to five-hundred-and-fifty-foot level," he said. "It's been at that level for about fifty years."

We reached the bottom of the shaft, stepped out, and saw in the light of numerous powerful bulbs, strung on poles as tall as telephone poles, the far-reaching streets of a cavernous underground city. Over our heads, in that particular spot, the roof, of solid salt, was about sixty feet high. The tracks of a narrow-gauge railway fanned out into the distance. Small electric locomotives were hauling trains of dump cars, filled with salt that looked like crushed rock. Mr. Jay picked up a handful from a passing car. Most of it was gray, but there were fragments as clear as crystal. "It's very easy to prepare for commercial use, it's so pure," he told me. "It'll run ninety-nine and a half pure sodium chloride." He said that about thirty persons work in the mine, and that most of them live on the island. The remainder are from New Iberia and neighboring communities.

We climbed into a jeep to tour the mine. I noticed now that, as Matthew had said, the temperature was cool, in comfortable contrast to the ninety-two it was five hundred and fifty feet or so above us. In most mines, you aren't allowed to smoke, but in a salt mine you can, because there are no inflammable gases. The walls, the roof, and the huge pillars that support it are all of almost pure salt—no rocks, no dirt, no other element except that possible one-half of one per cent. "This whole deposit is called a salt plug," Mr. Jay said as we set out through the eerie light. "The theory generally held about it is that millions and millions of years ago, perhaps billions, part of the ocean got trapped in here by some geological upheaval. Then, in the Ice Age, fresh water was added by the melting of glaciers. After millions of years more, all the water evaporated and left the

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salt. That's simplifying it pretty much, but that's a rough idea of the theory most scientists hold to."

At one point in our jeep ride, which took us more than a mile, we turned a bend and came to a vast, lighted cavern, where the ceiling, Mr. Jay said, was more than a hundred feet above us. A large, complicated drilling machine stood against one of the walls of salt, but the crew was working elsewhere. Mr. Jay called my attention to a number of holes that had been drilled in the wall at regular intervals. "They'll blast here this afternoon," he said. "That machine drills four holes at a time, until there are over a hundred of them. Then charges of dynamite are put in the holes and all set off at once. Each blast brings down from a thousand to twelve hundred tons of salt."

When our tour of the enjoyably macabre world beneath the earth's surface had ended and we were again "up top," Mr. Jay explained that the salt from the mine needs only to be crushed and graded to make it ready for industrial use. As for the daintier end product of the mine—the kind of table salt, say, that I had sprinkled on the clams before I shook the tabasco on them—Mr. Jay told me that it is made by an evaporating process, in great tanks that stand not far from the mine shaft. "It's made from the dust that accumulates while crushing salt," he said. "That word 'dust' isn't a good one, because everyone thinks of dust as impure. Really, it is pure, or ninety-nine-and-a-half-percent pure, salt dust. Water is added to it and heat applied, and the evaporation carries off that one-half of one per cent impurity."

NOW, here is the story of the salt mine as I have pieced it together from what various people on the island told me—Mr. McIlhenny, Mrs. Simmons, Matthew, and some others.

One day in 1790, a young man named John Hayes was out deer-hunting on the island, which was then called Petite Anse Island. He stopped at a spring for a drink and found the water briny. He got curious, and he and his family began going to the spring, taking home water, and boiling it off to get the salt. That became a regular thing with them, and with other people of the region, and they went on that way, evaporating water for salt, right up to the War Between the States.

In those days, salt was even more important than it is now, because it was one of the most efficient ways then known to preserve food. When the war broke out, the Confederate States were

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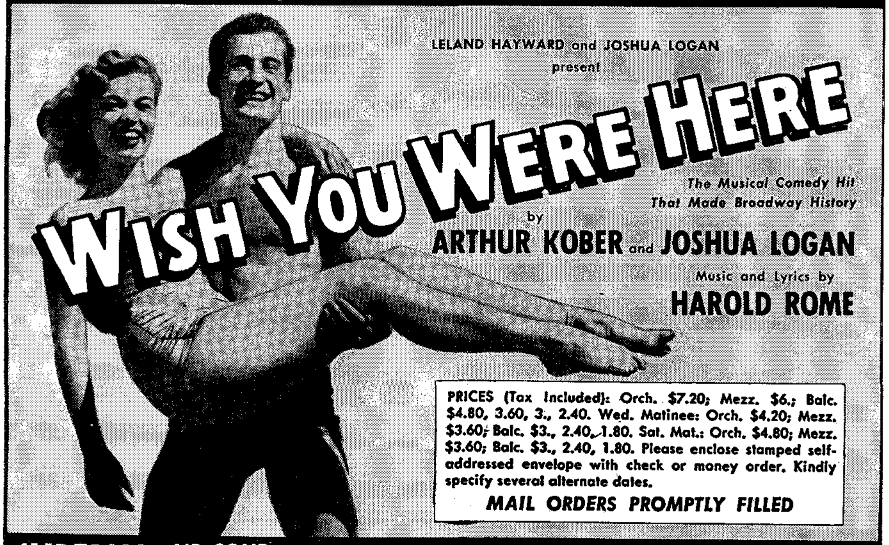

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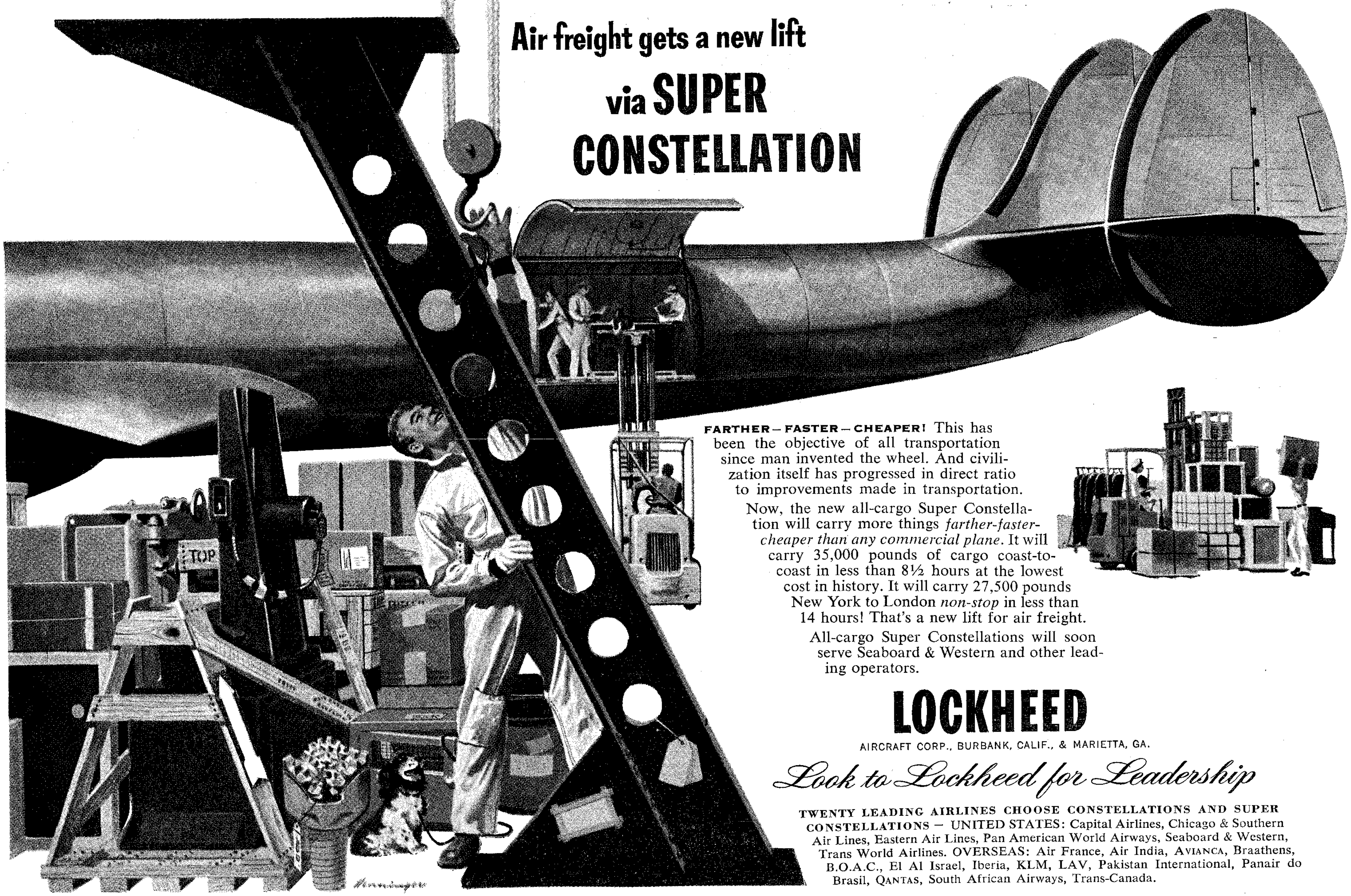

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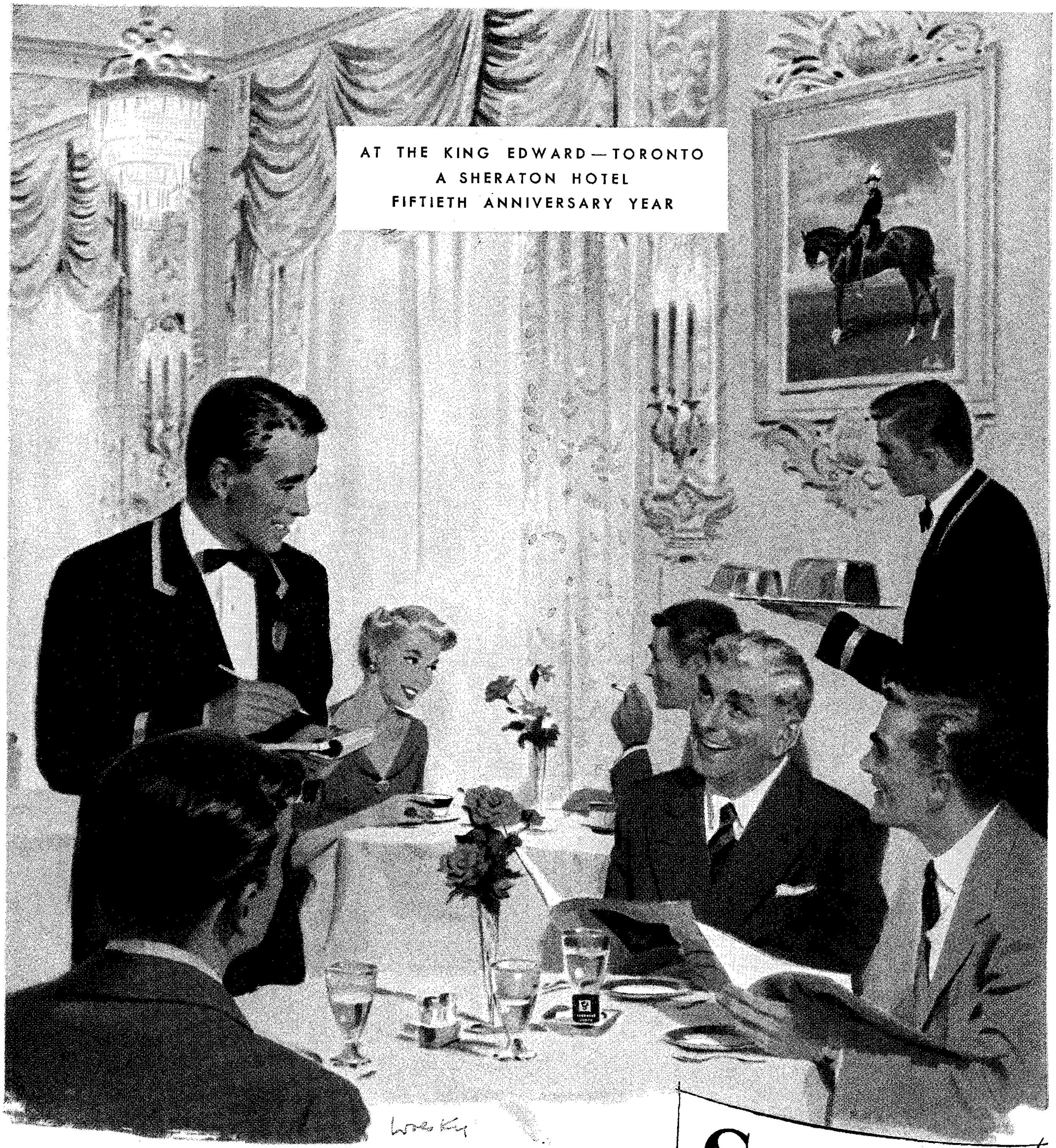

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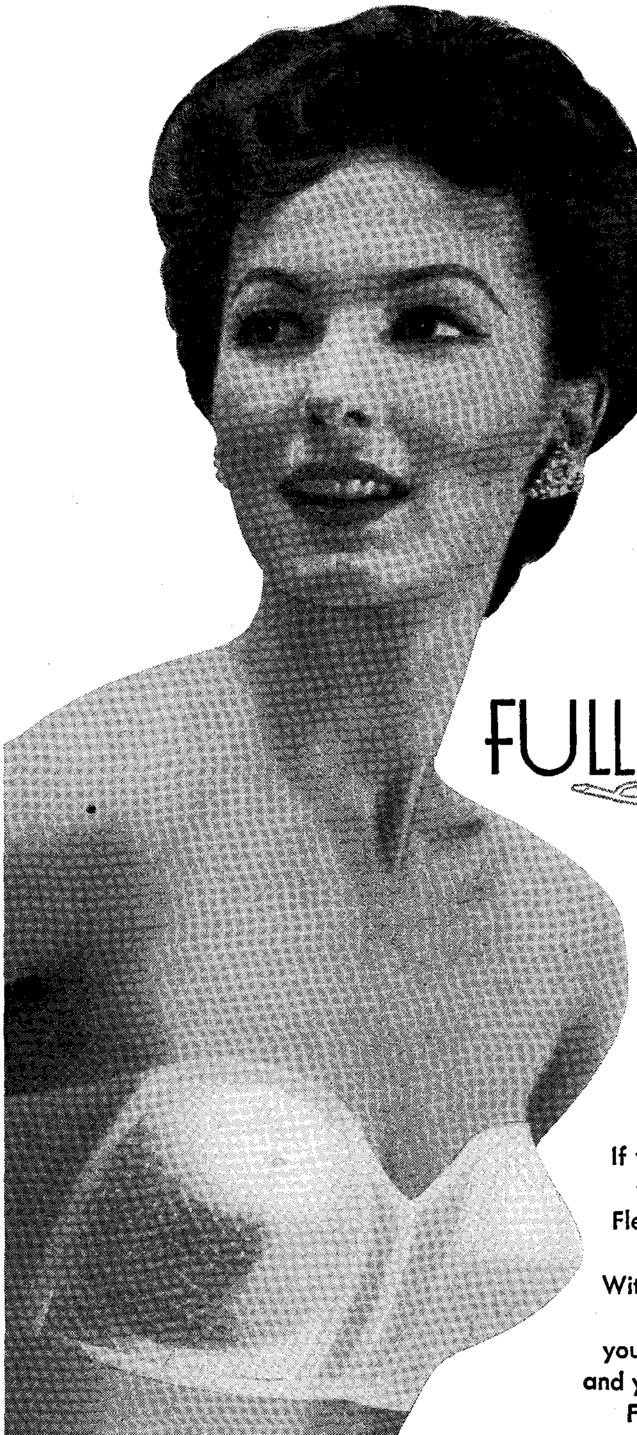
hard put to it for salt, because they were blockaded by the forces of the North. Providentially for the Confederates, a great discovery was made at the spring around 1862, shortly after the start of the war. In that year, Daniel Dudley Avery, a Yale graduate and a district judge in Baton Rouge, moved to the island with his wife, the former Sarah Craig Marsh. She was the daughter of John Craig Marsh, who settled on the island about a hundred and fifty years ago and was the first ancestor of "The Family" to live there. The Judge and his wife had a son named John Marsh Avery, who, being too young to go to war, was given the job of getting salt from the spring. He put some men to making the spring deeper and widening it. In doing so, they ran into rock salt about thirteen feet below the surface. This was wonderful news for the South. Shafts were speedily dug to get at the salt, and each Confederate state was assigned one. With prodigious labor, a "plank road" of cypress logs was built from New Iberia through the marshlands to the island. Along the plank road, oxcarts lumbered day and night, carrying the salt away.

"Then, in the War Between the States, the Federals came and defeated us," Mr. McIlhenny told me. "The Federals came in and seized the salt mines. Then, as they had every right to do under the rules of war, they burned and destroyed everything in the region. They flooded the salt mine to make it unworkable. It was a punitive expedition, and that's what you do in a punitive expedition." At that moment, Mr. McIlhenny appeared to me, admirably, in two roles: He was both the proud descendant of Confederate fighters and the former major of Marines serving the whole United States, North and South.

After the war, the salt mine was restored to working condition, but it was not until 1869 that it was operated commercially. It wasn't very successful, largely because of transportation difficulties, and in the eighteen seventies the mine closed down. In 1880, expanding railway facilities made it feasible to resume operations. Nineteen years later, in 1899, the International Salt Company, then called the Avery Rock Salt Mining Company, leased the mine, and it has been digging there ever since. The island was given its present name at around the beginning of this century.

As we were leaving the salt mine, Matthew said, matter-of-factly, "Perhaps you'd like to see the oil wells,



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too. There are fifty-three of them." I hadn't known there *were* any oil wells on the island, but I replied that I supposed I might as well, so we drove out to the far rim of the island and there they were. I didn't count them, but there were a large number of oil wells, all right. Somehow, though, by that time they seemed to me to be a mere incidental, and later it occurred to me that any island on which fifty-three oil wells seem incidental is an uncommon island. The oil fields, owned by "The Family" and leased to the Humble Oil & Refining Co., have been in operation for about ten years, Matthew said.

THE next morning, Thursday, I again met Matthew on the island. It was a hot yet lovely day, and after we had made our check on the growth of our bamboo, he said he had something altogether unexciting in mind for us—a visit to the old burying ground of "The Family." We ascended a gentle hill, serene and deeply wooded, and came upon a partially cleared grassy circle, about fifty yards in diameter. Neatly bordered with a privet hedge and scented with magnolias, it was indeed a place of peace. There were four magnolia trees growing in the burial ground and five great live-oak trees, all with their pennons of Spanish moss.

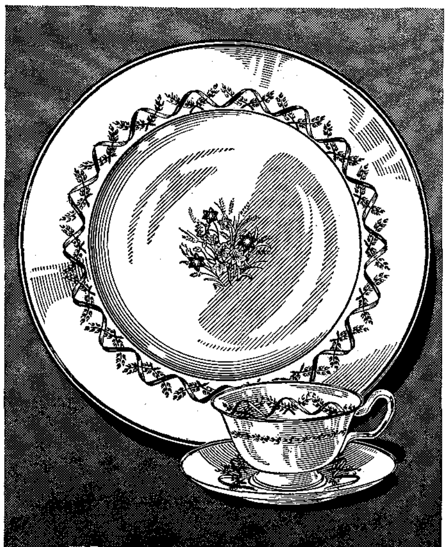
Matthew pointed to one granite headstone and said, "There is the man from whom all the possessions you have seen really came." On the headstone was the barely decipherable inscription "John Craig Marsh. Pioneer. Born at Cherry Bank Farm, N.J. July 28, 1789. Died at Baton Rouge, April 26, 1857."

Below this, near the ground, skillfully set into the granite, was a reddish stone, roughly oblong, into which the date 1703 was chiselled, and over it was a bronze plaque that read:

> This is the cornerstone from Cherry Bank, at Rahway, N.J., home of John Marsh and his wife, Elizabeth Craig, birthplace of his son, David, his grandson, Moses, his great-grandson, Jonathan Alston, and his son, John Avery Marsh, who lies buried here.

I walked a few steps over the silky grass, and examined another headstone. The inscription on it moved me with its grace and gentility, its old-fashioned reverence for the dead. It read:

> Sarah Craig Marsh, wife of Daniel D. Avery. Born New York City, March 30, 1813 Died New Iberia, La., March 29, 1879. Possessed of a vivacity of temperament that no burdens could chill, with a sympathy so tender and steadfast that no appeal seemed able to exhaust it. She was one to whom others turned in trouble with a confidence that was never disappointed.



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We stayed at the burial ground only a little while and didn't talk very much. The headstone for Mister Ned was the simplest of all I saw. It said only:

Edward Avery McIlhenny. Born March 29, 1872. Died August 8, 1949.

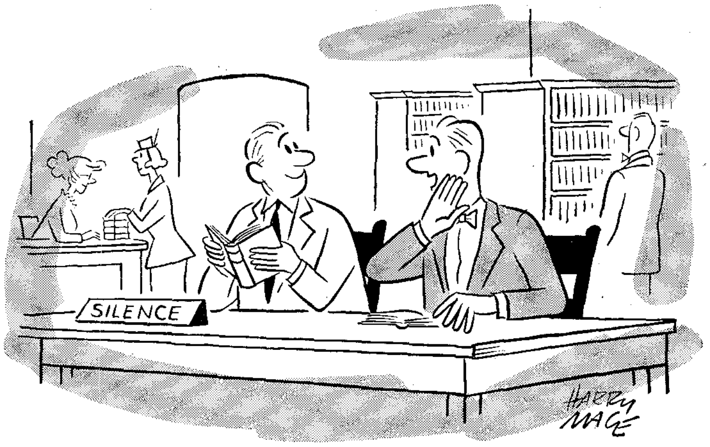
As we were leaving the clearing, we came to an opening in the hedge. Matthew led me through it. Beyond were a number of untended, hardly noticeable mounds. "Here is where the colored folks were buried, from away back in plantation days," Matthew said. Only one had a headstone. It bore no inscription.

Matthew walked over to the grave with the headstone. "This is where Doc Russell is buried," he said. "He was a childhood playmate of Mister Ned's, and worked in the factory for years and years. We always called him Doc. I loved him. He taught me how to tell time. He had a great big watch on a great big gold chain and he was very proud of it. I learned how to tell time on that watch."

ON my last day on the island, I had lunch with Mr. McIlhenny, Mrs. Simmons, and some others at Mr. McIlhenny's air-conditioned home in the slave quarters, where he has a superb staff to care for him and his frequent guests, who most often are former comrades in the Marines. Crawfish Newburg—the crawfish gathered right over in the swamp nearby—was the main dish. In plantation days, rows and rows of buildings constituted the slave quarters. Two of the buildings, constructed of brick, handmade on the island, have survived in fine condition. They are low buildings, and in the century or more they have stood there, sun and rain have given the brick a texture and tint to be acquired by no hastier means. These two houses, overlooking a large pond, Mr. McIlhenny has made into the bedrooms of his home. The two are connected at one end by a newer building, constructed of bricks as like the old bricks as skill can make them, which contains a high-ceilinged, open-beam living room, a kitchen, and quarters for the staff. The three sections of the house face on a patio.

Before lunch, a number of us—Mr. McIlhenny; Mrs. Simmons; her daughter-in-law Lanier Simmons, the wife of Edward McIlhenny Simmons; Matthew; and I—sat around chatting, while a colored boy, Willie, moved quietly about, preparing a buffet table

(Advertisement)



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near a picture window. I asked the host to tell what the other guests would doubtless consider the oft-told story of tabasco.

"It *is* an oft-told story," Mr. McIlhenny said, "and oft-told with some inaccuracies. There really isn't any secret formula. It's just peppers, vinegar, and salt. Of course, the proportions are our own and the patience it takes also seems to be our own. So's the name." The McIlhennys are of Scotch origin, he went on. The family went from Scotland to Donegal, in Ireland, whence Ezekiel McIlhenny, the first of the clan to come to America, emigrated in 1745 to Nova Scotia. He moved later to Hagerstown, Maryland, and then to Philadelphia. A grandson, Edmund, was probably the first McIlhenny to venture into the South. That was around 1830.

"Edmund was a banker, and he married the daughter of Judge Daniel Dudley Avery," Mr. McIlhenny said. "Now, there's a lot of stuff frequently mentioned about the island originally being a land grant from the Spanish king, which is romantic and high-sounding, but we prefer to believe it was obtained by purchase by the Marshes and the Averys, a matter of simple buying and selling. In the early days, sugar cane, corn, and cotton were its principal products. Anyway, Edmund had a friend who went to the Mexican War in 1846, and when it was over, he hung around Mexico for a while. From the state of Tabasco, way down near Guatemala, he brought Edmund back some peppers the people there grind up with spoons on their plates and mix with their food.

"Matter of fact, the McIlhennys started growing these peppers merely because they were so beautiful. Had them in their gardens. Then, more or less for fun, they experimented with making a hot sauce from the peppers, for their own use. They gave a few jars to friends, and gradually it came to be known as McIlhenny's Sauce.

"To make a long story short, the family had to get out when the Federals came in during the War Between the States. The Federals—and I repeat that they had every right to do so—destroyed and burned everything around here. When the family came back after the war, they were impoverished. It happened that the peppers were unharmed. And so it came about that the manufacture and the sale of the sauce, which was started in 1868, was really what held the family fortunes, such as they were, together for those bad years. That's about all."

In the reminiscences that followed, it

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became apparent that Mister Ned was the one who spread the fame and use of tabasco. He was a man of singular energy and interests. He served as a naturalist with an Arctic expedition with Dr. Frederick Cook in 1892, and headed his own Arctic expedition in 1897. He was a friend of Teddy Roosevelt and Jim Corbett, to name a couple of the celebrities he knew. "He was a splendid man with a rifle," Mrs. Simmons said. "Even after he had had a stroke, and was confined to his room, he proved that. He could not leave the room, but one day, when he was seventy-seven and with only a few months to live, he looked out the window and saw a big buck deer eating the buds on one of his favorite camellias. He sent for his rifle, the boy brought it, and ill though he was, Father dropped that buck with a bullet between the eyes at two hundred yards." One of Mister Ned's hobbies, they said, was the breeding of new varieties of camellias, many of which are today sold commercially. His particular pet was a delicately tinted one, which he named Virgin's Blush.

While we talked, the buffet had been made ready. In many homes, there's an awkward moment when lunch is ready and whoever is to serve it tries, furtively, to catch the eye of host or hostess to make known that fact. Not here. Everybody was talking easily, and Willie waited for no gap in the conversation. Instead, he just took his place with his back to the fireplace, set his feet precisely so, put his arms to his sides, and, bowing from the waist, said, "Lunch is served."

Everyone strolled over to help himself at the table. The crawfish looked—and presently proved—delicious. I tossed a dash of tabasco on mine and tried to make a small joke. "No sea food should be eaten without tabasco," I said.

"Quite right!" said Mrs. Simmons. Then Mr. McIlhenny added, "And thank you so much for saying so!"

—JOHN MCNULTY

•

WHAT FAMILY NEWSPAPER D'YA READ?

Her account of Lindbergh's arrival in Paris is a superb piece of straight reporting and her description of a Quatre Arts ball at which she won first prize for reasons that cannot be mentioned in a family newspaper is funny and sad at the same time.—*Review of "The Passionate Years," by Caresse Crosby, in the Times.*

Caresse attended the Four Arts Ball stripped to the waist in the mouth of a papier-maché dragon; Harry wore—simply—a necklace of dead pigeons, though it is true he also carried a bag of live snakes.—*Review of the same book in the Herald Tribune.*

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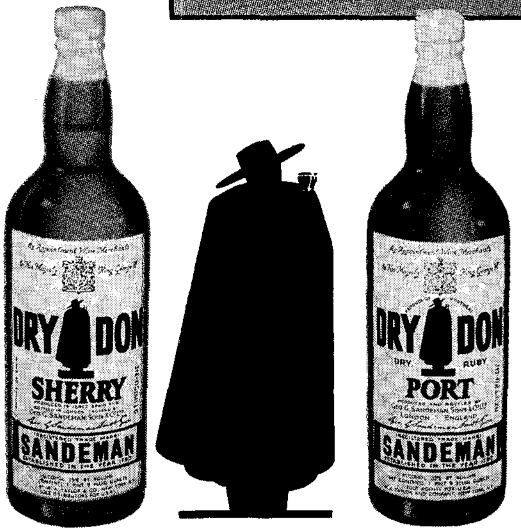

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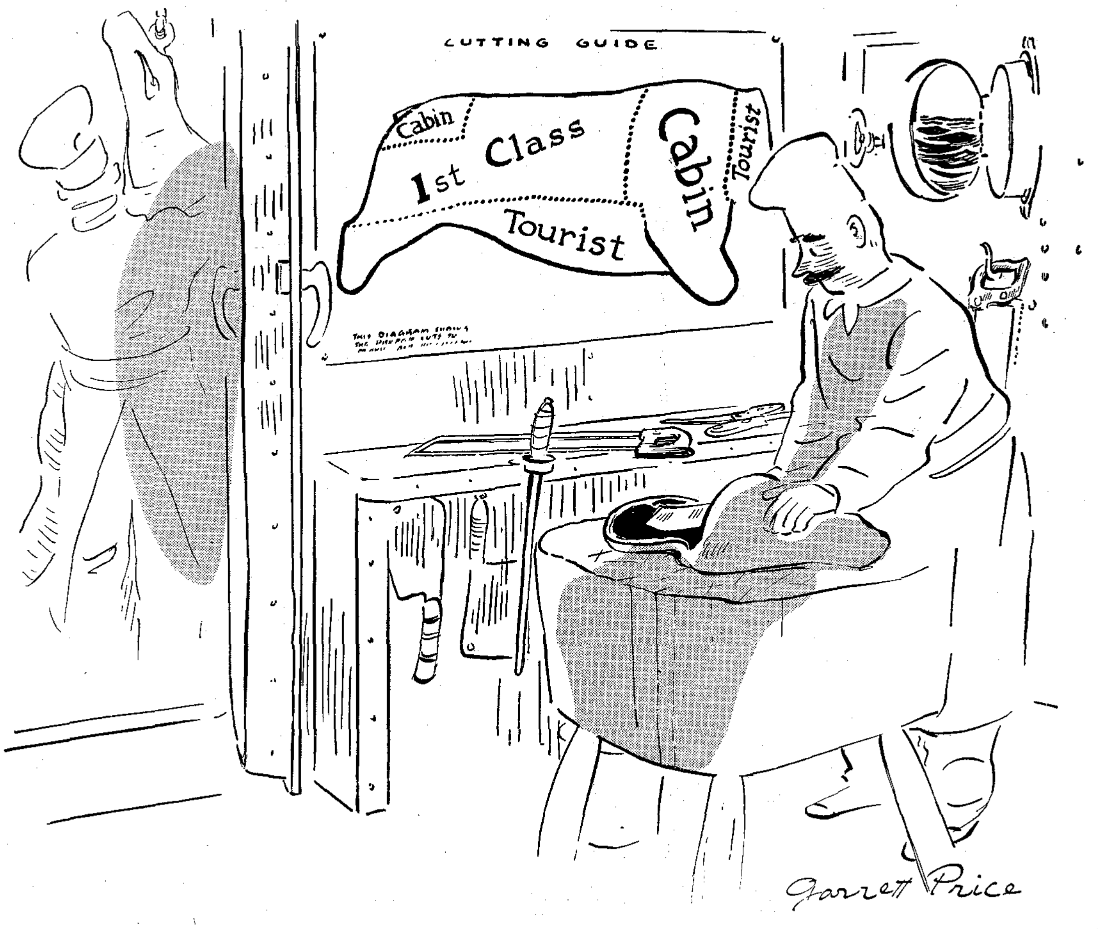
LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 4

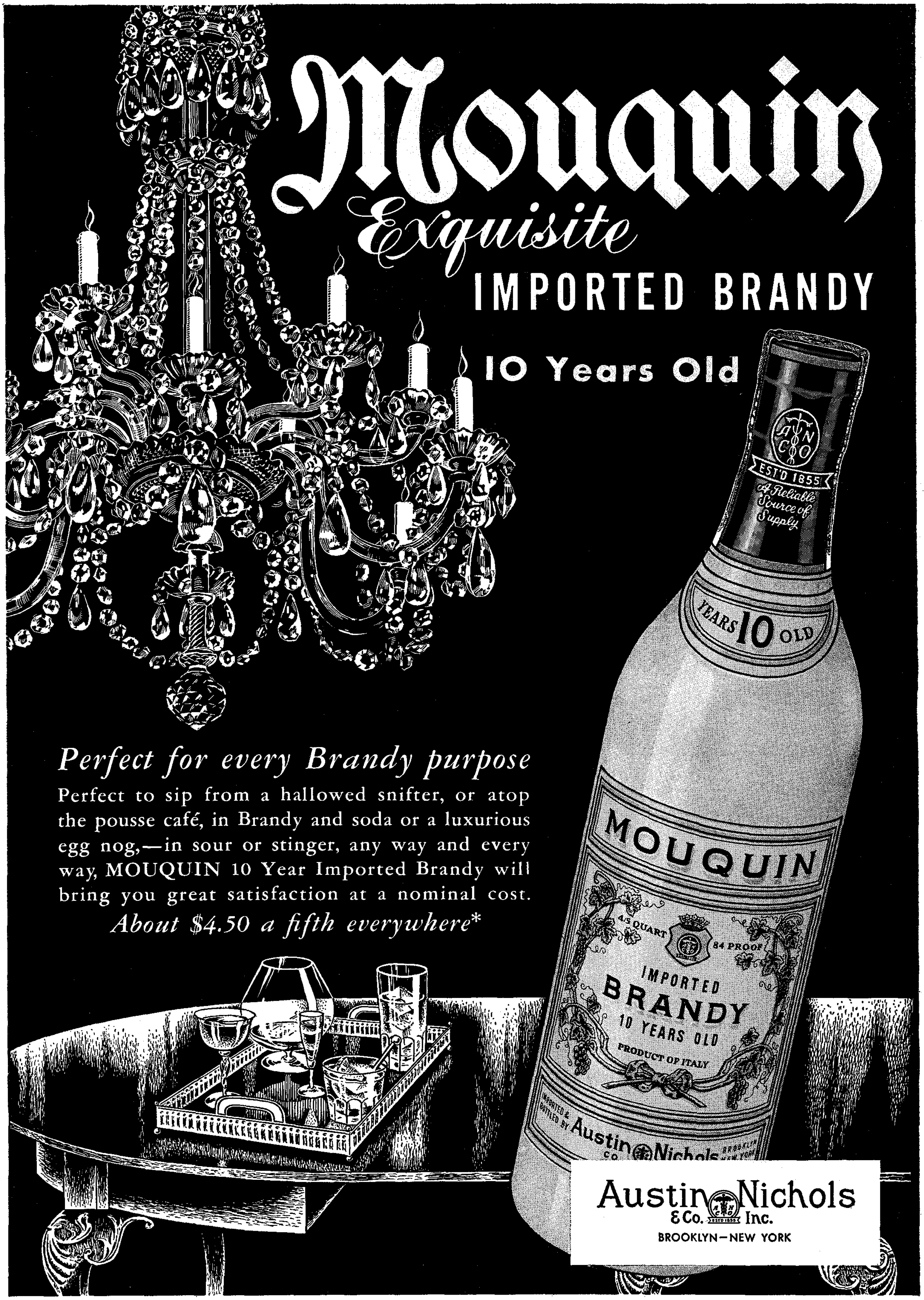
THIS Coronation, the older generation of the young Queen's subjects say contentedly, was the last they ever expect to see. It was probably the most superb and certainly the most moving one that anybody now living has seen. To lots of English, going over every minute of the big day in endless discussions, it seems to have been a vast prize package that made up for the long years of drabness. Its complicated rituals and pageantry contained elements of the ancient magic of the Old Testament, of Hans Christian Andersen, and of "The Golden Bough;" a bit of "Plain Tales from the Hills;" and various antique traditions treated with brilliant modern showmanship, and it turned out wonderful. Everything turned out wonderful but the weather, and even that, Londoners loyally declare between their sneezes, could not spoil it.

On Sunday, the nation asked God to save the Queen in services held in big cathedrals, in the dank Norman chill of little country churches, and on village greens under the undenominational sky. Having made their peace with Heaven, citizens spent Monday stocking up on the big day's bodily needs. There were long queues at all the bakers' shops for bread (which ran out, making it almost seem that housewives had panicky ideas of preparing for a prolonged siege), and other queues for sweets to assuage the pangs of thirst, for bottles to do the same thing more festively, and for plastic raincoats to pop prudently into the basket, along with the thermos flasks and the sunglasses. Right up to the last minute, there was a great bustle of workmen hammering and heaving decorations into place along the route. Householders clambered precariously out on their window sills with their mouths full of tacks and their hands full of red-white-and-blue streamers, and a stroll around the sights was enlivened by the risk of a shower of potted hydrangeas, crashing from the hands of florists' men feverishly fixing shop and hotel fronts with banks of fresh flowers.

Suddenly, after all the doubts and rumors about how many visitors were going to turn up for the Coronation, it seemed that everyone in the world was here. Bus conductors, benignly eying cargoes of passengers who sounded like a Berlitz school with the roof off, bawled "Picc-dilly Cir-cus" to long-haired Dyaks in lounge suits, lovely Indian ladies in dragonfly-colored saris, and unidentified Asian exotics in striped robes and intricately tied headdresses. All day, taxis with their tops down cruised along the processional route (though cruised is maybe hardly the word for the slow crawl through the wedged traffic) with people perched all over them waving Coronation balloons, sucking pop bottles, and gaping up at the banners. By midday, the curbs along the Mall, Hyde Park, Trafalgar Square, and other key spots for viewing the next day's show were crowded with people setting up housekeeping in the gutter among their bundles and their bits of shabby bedding as handily as though they were back in the old blitz days of sleeping in the tubes. ("Run along to the lady two places down, Mavis, and ask her if she can oblige with a tin opener.") They had brought their food, their radios, their cards for patience, their old people, who were swaddled in rugs and leaned against lampposts as though they had grown there, and their infants, who placidly chewed on Coronation ribbons pinned to stout maternal bosoms and stared with interest up at the sky, which unkindly darkened and hurled chilly rain on them. The route instantly sprouted acres of sodden mushroom shapes, as people squatted under small tents of blankets or rubber groundsheets. As a demonstration of damp mass devotion, the huddled Coronation-eve multitudes would have mightily astonished the English of other days, who sometimes lampooned their monarchs and sometimes died for them but would never have thought of risking pneumonia for them. It was sad that the Queen did not get the traditional royal weather, which (as one of the "Golden Bough" touches) is supposed to react to the presence of the royal person with beaming skies.



CORONATION DAY dawned cold and dry, continued cold and wet, and appeared to be about to usher in a new ice age as well as a new Elizabethan Age. It was the meanest June day that anyone can remember. In its glum early light, alarm clocks started to buzz all over London like a swarm of irritable hornets, and the first groups began to traipse through the streets



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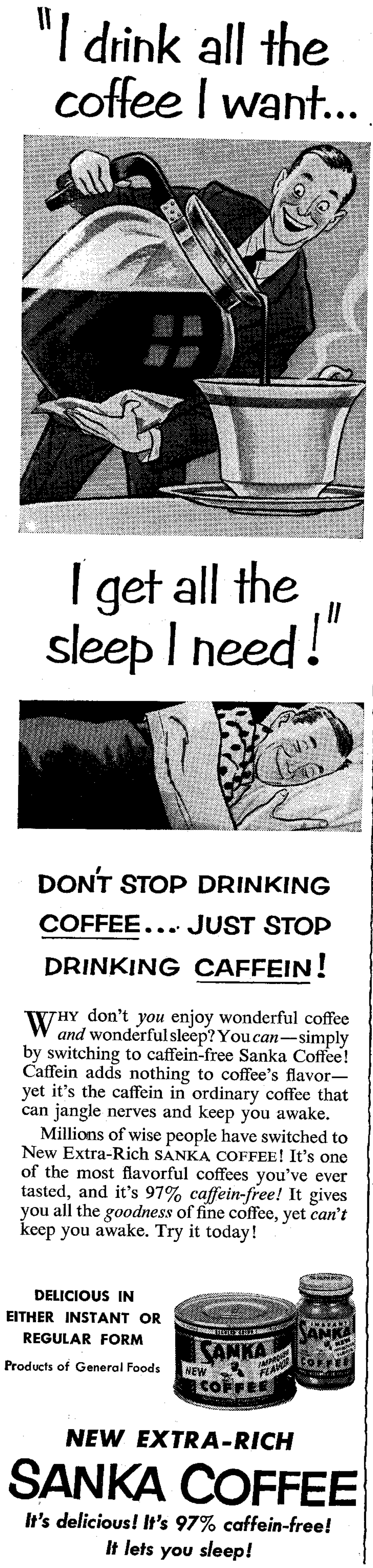

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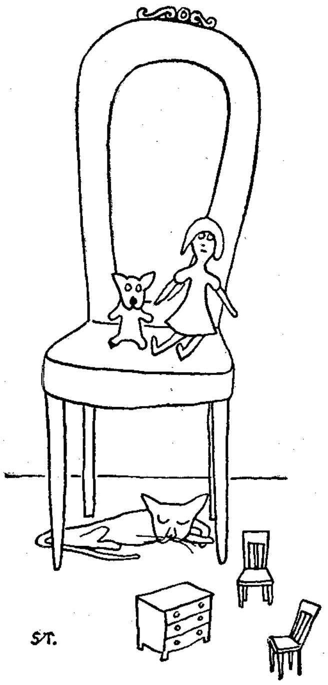
toward the bus and tube stations, where they bought the morning papers and read the great news about the Everest climbers. The police had artfully encouraged citizens to leave their cars at home by ruling off a large Coronation area in which motoring was forbidden, and by issuing passes for various official parking lots that were so far away most people gave up and took to the bus or their own feet. Scotland Yard was also, it developed, extremely canny with its constant propaganda to the effect that if holders of tickets for the official stands did not get along to their places bright and early, they might find it impossible to struggle through the crowds later. This worked fine for everyone but the obedient members of the public, who were in their seats, virtuously munching their breakfast hard-boiled eggs, by six or seven o'clock, as requested, and viewed with no pleasure at all the ease with which less docile late-comers strolled into their seats, cool as cucumbers and pink with delightful sleep, two, three, and even four hours later.

As early as five-thirty, there was a great to-ing and fro-ing outside the Abbey of ushers, officials of one kind and another, and early arrivals in curious, resplendent garments. Loudspeakers were everywhere, and the B.B.C. filled in the moments when there was nothing to look at by relaying jolly dance music and warnings to householders, passed on from the R.S.P.C.A., not to forget to feed their pets in the excitement of the day and to be sure to see that no feathered friends had nested in Coronation bonfire piles to be set alight that evening. At the Abbey and all around Parliament Square were stands resembling the high, scalloped galleries of a medieval tilting yard, painted clear blue and yellow, and decorated with shields and little pennants flying aloft. These stands were full of visitors from the Commonwealth nations, which had sent by air magnificent floral decorations for them. The Canadian and Ceylon sections were banked with masses of strange flame-yellow and parakeet-green blossoms, and from one corner jutted a fabulous floral umbrella (mournfully appropriate to the day) composed of massed lotus buds and orchids, which had been flown in as a present to the Queen from India. In the icy morning air, these lovely things looked as nipped as some of the fine dark faces in the Ceylon stand.

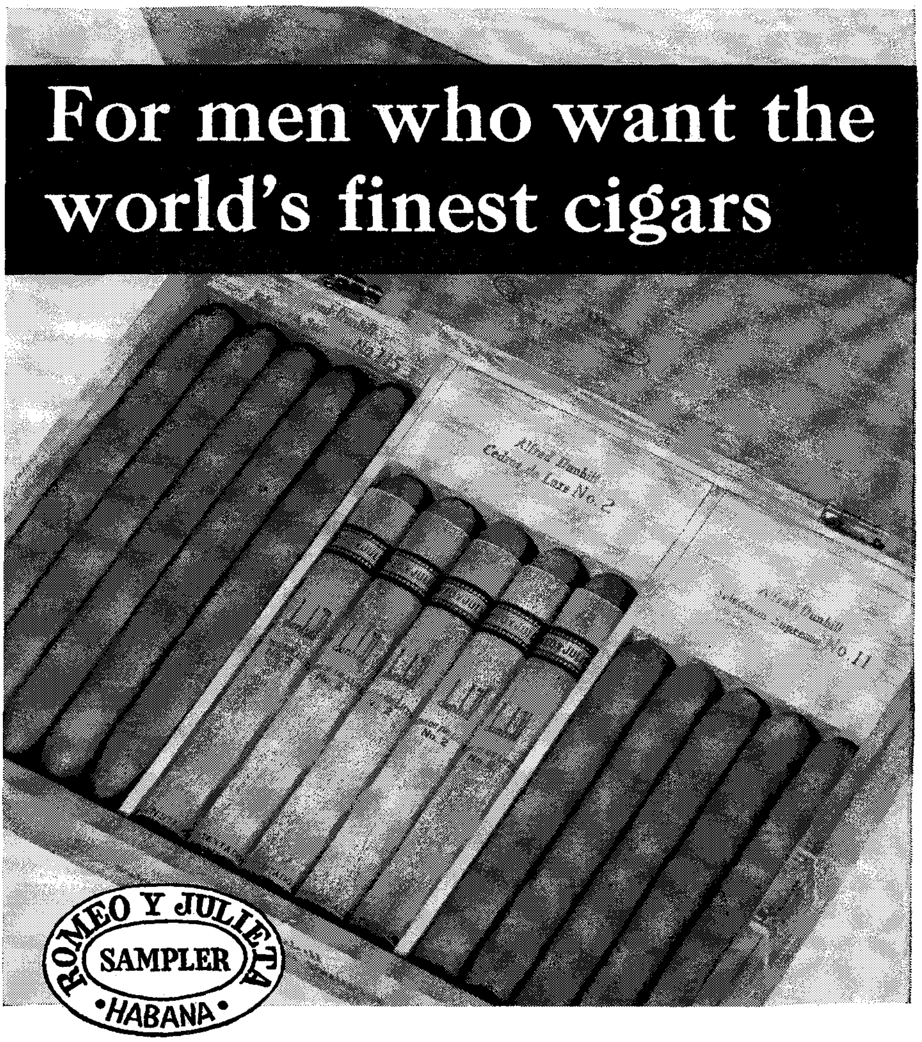
The ladies hurrying into the Abbey also looked fairly unhappy in their regulation gowns of pale brocade; short, stiff matching veils flowing from the backs of their heads; and only brief fur wraps covering their bare arms and bosoms. The warmest-looking, most envied guest was a stout African chief who arrived in a cozy mantle that seemed to be made of colored blankets. The males certainly outshone the females in their splendor, with a perfectly stunning sartorial diversity of scarlet tunics; gold-laced velvet coats; stovepipe trousers showing off thin, horsy legs; Highland kilts showing off brawny ones; blue cloaks blazing with decorations; spurs; swords; and fancy-dress hats, trimmed with bottle-brush plumes or swan feathers, that they nursed tenderly in the crooks of their arms, as though carrying valuable roosters.

The peers and peeresses were pure Tenniel, needing only flamingos and croquet hoops to complete the absurd and gorgeous picture. One peer drove himself and his lady to the Abbey in a small gray car, which appeared to be occupied by two splendid, bulging polar bears. Only the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Marquess of Bath availed themselves of the old privilege of the nobility—rarely exercised now that the stables of the great country houses are either closed or used as tearooms for visiting tourists—of showing up in style in their family equipages. The Bath coach was pale canary, with buttercup-yellow liveries for the powdered footmen and coachmen, and the Shrewsbury turnout was blue and pale yellow. (The Earl's footmen, clinging gamely to the back of the jouncing thing, were his butler and his brother-in-law, going along for the ride.) The hours of waiting for the Queen's arrival at eleven o'clock were



nicely diverted, too, by the spectacle of the various small processions that, by miraculous stage management, passed under Big Ben right at their scheduled moments. At eight-forty-five, the Lord Mayor's gold-and-scarlet coach, which was built in 1735 and looks a mite uncomfortable in 1953, rumbled across the square amid its marching guard of Cromwellian pikemen. At nine-thirty, the Speaker rode across from the House of Commons in his painted coach, a square, rickety vehicle looking like a tea caddy on wheels, which shook abominably on its antique springs and was guarded, according to tradition, by a lone trooper of the Life Guards, jogging in the rear. The person who, apart from the Queen, really stole the show, though, was the enormously tall, powerfully built, and engaging Queen Salote of Tonga, the tiny British protectorate that at the outbreak of the Second World War stoutly cabled the allegiance to the Crown of its thirty-four thousand souls before anyone else had got around to reaching for a pencil. Queen Salote won the spectators' hearts by riding in an open carriage through one of the day's cold downpours, and beaming and waving as though she loved every soaking moment of it. (The three other carriageloads of sultans and sultanas in her procession stopped and cautiously had their tops closed to protect their dazzling jewels and cloth-of-gold garments.) Sir Winston Churchill, beaming like a moon from out of the midnight blue of his Garter finery, also got a big, affectionate hand when he arrived in the carriage procession of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers. Each Prime Minister had his own mounted escort—Pakistan lancers in gauzy black-and-silver turbans for Mr. Mohammed Ali, scarlet-uniformed Royal Canadian Mounties for Mr. St. Laurent, slender, elegant Singhalese in white tunics with white pennants fluttering from their lances for Mr. Dudley Senanayake, of Ceylon, and so on. Mr. Nehru was wildly cheered. Dr. Malan was politely cheered by some. The Queen's approach was signalled by the squealing rapture, high above the great clamor of bells, of the thousands of school children watching her go by along the Thames Embankment. She looked happy and unexpectedly bridal—the white dress, the bouquet of white flowers, and the handsome husband (who was cheered all for himself, and warmly, when he appeared with her later in the day on the Buckingham Palace balcony).

Together with the rest of the world,



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the crowds outside the Abbey heard the immense ceremony begin with the Recognition—the tremendous, thrilling fanfares from the trumpets and the ringing, shouted injunctions, four times called to the four corners of the ancient walls, which indeed had ears, to God to save Queen Elizabeth. Everyone then settled down to listen, which in the wet and drafty stands presented some slight problems. Was it all right, for instance, and not an awful bit of lèse-majesté, to gulp a surreptitious cup of coffee while the Queen's hands were being touched with the golden spurs of chivalry and she was receiving from the Archbishop the "kingly sword" with which to protect the right and punish the wrong? But at last it was over. The Queen had been crowned with the huge, hideous, sacred St. Edward's Crown (and there was an astonishing emotional silence in the packed streets when this moment came). The trumpets shrilled again and the Tower guns roared, to the alarm of the neighborhood pigeons, and hundreds of Her Majesty's subjects uncoiled themselves thankfully out of approaching rigor mortis and struggled along for a nip of something strong and reviving at the bar beneath the Abbey stand.

The return parade began in pouring, relentless rain, which turned khaki uniforms to greenish black as they clung to the soldiers' backs, took the crispness out of the marvellous Pakistan turbans, and so bedewed the Foot Guards' bearskins that they looked as gray as the grizzled mops of the elderly Fiji chieftains. The stout white-stockinged calves of the footmen on the royal carriages were pale-strawberry pink with the dye from their crimson velvet pantaloons. But the rain could not dampen the mad excitement of the crowds camping out on the sidewalks and watching the old glamorous, Kiplingesque trimmings of Empire swing by—the dark faces and the white, the smart scarlet tarbooshes of the Africans, the turned-up Australian hats, the wild-looking men from Papua and Samoa, the small, neat Gurkhas, and the Pakistan pipers hung round with leopard skins. The British regiments were also quite a sight in their various bottle-green or scarlet frogged tunics, their plaids, their colored pants and their fur caps, and with their standards decorated, by tradition, with bouquets of fresh white roses or laurel wreaths or sprigs of bay. The most comical sights in the parade were the mounted Navy and Air Force officers, who joggled along unhappily on their restive horses, which they patted beseechingly from time to time. It was the first really remarkable show of men marching wonderfully in all their wonderful-looking prewar finery that London had seen since the war. It culminated in the expected but somehow extraordinary spectacle of the gleaming, barbaric coach, slowly rolling along like a ponderous golden juggernaut, with (as it appeared to some sympathetic onlookers) its dedicated sacrifice inside—a young woman looking pale, grave, and extremely small under a crown which, as a painful reminder that uneasy lies the head that wears one, blazed with more than three thousand weighty, luminous stones, including the great, rough ruby that Henry V wore in his helmet circlet at Agincourt.

THE end of the day was celebrated with floodlighting, fireworks on the river, champagne flowing expensively at gala dinners in all the big restaurants, beer and community singing flowing in the pubs, and people flowing down the Mall and Constitution Hill to floodlit Buckingham Palace, before which they squeezed together and swayed and shouted for the Queen. An innovation that brought the age of the *palais de danse* right up to the Palace gates was loud, raucous dance music, broadcast with an intensity that must have shattered the nice quiet evening the maternal section of the crowd was audibly hoping the Queen was having with the "Jook" after their tiring day. There was not much dancing. Here and there, a couple jived under the trees to something called a Coronation samba, and a ragged conga line determinedly shuffled along the Mall, under the arches and the suspended golden crowns that, when floodlit, are certainly the most beautiful sight to be seen in London. The crowd was good-tempered and orderly, wildly cheering the Queen when she appeared on the balcony, and then grabbing the children and starting to trudge home to bed.

The bitterly cold evening and the showers probably kept thousands of people off the streets. St. James's Street, where the clubs were hung with brilliant heraldic trappings, behind which their members were, no doubt, toasting Her Majesty in their cellars' remaining vintage port, was soon as silent as on a wet Sunday afternoon, and in Berkeley Square, pretty as a Watteau *fête champêtre* with its rain-soaked rose garlands looped among the trees, the canned nightingale, installed for the season, gurgled to only a few peacefully strolling lovers. Groups of white-coated workmen began to appear and started pulling down the wooden traffic gates. The great day for Elizabeth and for England was over—or maybe, as people seem emotionally to believe, it had just begun.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

SUMMER RETURN

The house was full of summer
when we finished
the morning's work:
Rags of sun
littered the scrubbed floors,
and the leaves'
gossiping shadows
flickered over walls
where cobwebs had been
the night before.
Outside we saw
the children
march like bears
across the yard
and vanish into
the solid hedge.

And then, as though
they had taken it
to use in some shadowed,
secret rite,
the brightness dissolved.
A yellow stillness
circled down to make a spell
where day had been,
held a moment,
and was broken against the hill
by the first hoarse rush of wind
and the crash of steps
across the porch.

Before we could jump
to catch the doors,
and the morning papers
skidding through
the darkening room,
the house was taken,
and the warm screens
clogged with rain
that spluttered
over the dustless sills.

Now in twilight
we sit where the air
is damp and close,
as if the house were still shut,
and we had yet to come
and open it.
But we are here, of course,
our winter-slow hearts afire,
listening to the house hum
the sound of rain,
like a man deeply at his work.

—Whitney Balliett

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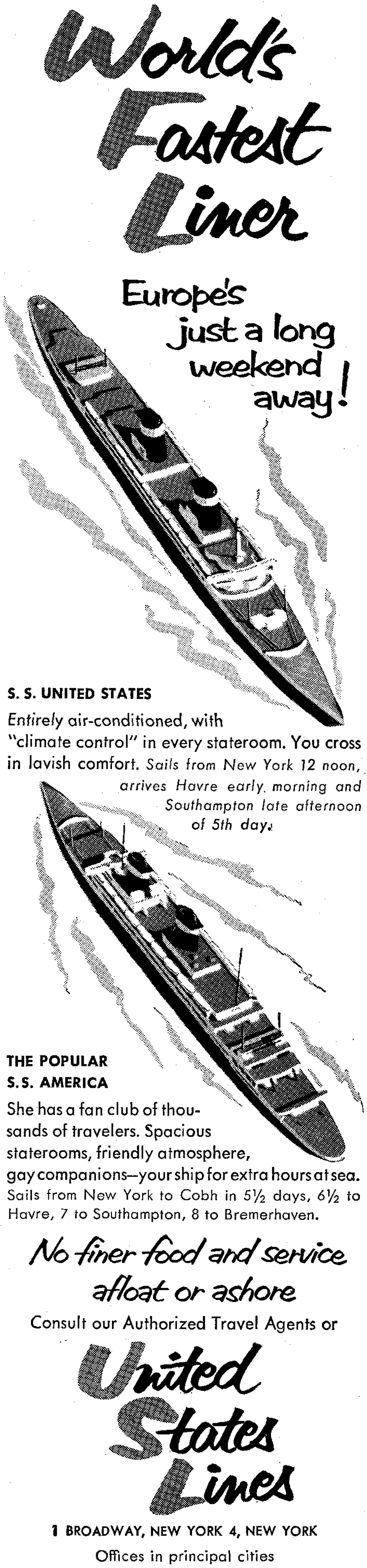
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THE RACE TRACK

Place aux Dames

IF anybody were to ask me who was the best three-year-old filly, I'd have to say Grecian Queen. As a matter of fact, I thought she was the best of her age and sex last year, and even made a minority report to that effect in the autumn. The race that won me over this season—if, indeed, I needed winning over—was the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park last weekend, her fourth victory in her last six starts. Although she beat Sabette by no more than the width of a race program, with Ming Yellow a fast-closing third, I don't believe that Grecian Queen would have lost in another jump, as a few grumbling curmudgeons said she would have. (I suspect they bet on the odds-on favorite, Cerise Reine, who finished fourth. And didn't we hear the same sort of wailing after the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Suburban?) Grecian Queen is one of those runners who do no more than they have to. So halfway down the stretch, after she had disposed of Cerise Reine on the turn for home, and was in front by lengths, she began to shorten her stride, and Guerin had to put in extra licks to get her going again when Sabette came up with a rush. Of course, Grecian Queen was tired, but she had a right to be after going at top speed for a mile and three furlongs.

Guerin has done all right with Grecian Queen. Every time he has ridden her, he has brought her in first, which ought to be some sort of record. Apparently, Atkinson started something when he kissed Tom Fool for winning the Suburban. (You can't blame him. I daresay I'd have done the same thing if I'd been in his place.) Anyway, when Guerin rode into the weighing-in enclosure after the Oaks, the crowd around the hedge fence began to shout, "Kiss her! Go on, kiss her!" and kept it up till Guerin complied. Grecian Queen is not precisely my idea of a kissable horse. To tell the truth, she's rather plain and on the small side, but I venture to say almost any stable would trade a couple of picture horses for her. Such a deal would be difficult to bring off, however, for Mrs. B. F. Whitaker, her owner, is pretty proud of Grecian Queen. So is Jim Conway, her trainer, who does so well with all the Whitaker horses. At any rate, Grecian Queen has won the Coaching Club Oaks, the most important race for three-year-old fillies. She can stand on that.

Sabette quite dumfounded me. I didn't dream she could turn on speed like that. It looked to me, though, as if she crowded a couple of the runners, particularly Script, in her dash through the stretch. As for Cerise Reine, I never thought she was any great shakes. Bubbley beat her much too easily in the Kentucky Oaks, and Bubbley certainly didn't look up to snuff that day. I'm told that the reason Cerise Reine won the Delaware Oaks by a dozen lengths a couple of weeks ago is that the track was sloppy; she is especially fond of that kind of footing, and the others were not.

I WON'T swear that Canadiana's performance in the Queen's Plate last week was the best I ever saw at the Woodbine, in Toronto, but looking back at it, through a cloud of pleasant recollections, that's the way it seems. Nineteen three-year-olds went to the post for the ninety-fourth running of the classic, and for nearly half a minute, or as long as it takes to run from the starting gate to around the first turn, Canadiana raced head-and-head with Virginia Fair, the best filly in the prairie provinces; then Canadiana drew away, by five lengths or so. Arcaro, who went up to Toronto to ride her, said he has seldom had an easier time winning. A useful colt named Blue Scooter was second, and Lively Action, a stablemate of Canadiana, was third. As you've probably heard, Canadiana is a long-legged, sway-backed bay filly; she was bred and is owned by E. P. Taylor, the leading figure in Ontario racing—or in the Dominion, for that matter; he bred the last five Plate winners, three of whom ran in his name and colors. And, if I may be permitted a small gloat, I saw Canadiana make her first start at the Woodbine a year ago, and suggested in these random notes that she might be one to keep an eye on. She was, for she has won nine of her eleven tries. The other afternoon, a fellow asked me if I wouldn't pick another Canadiana. Well, I'd love to oblige, but you don't find fillies like that every year, or even every leap year. You'll have a chance to see her in action—in the Gazelle Stakes at Aqueduct, on June 24th—and you can judge for yourself.

It's fun to go to the Woodbine and

have tea in the directors' room after the sixth race. Besides, the Queen's Plate is always a good show. There's a dignity and glamour about it that no other race run this side of Royal Ascot seems to have. The Woodbine also has innovations this season. The one I liked best was the walking ring; it's in the paddock. George Hendrie, who thought it up, is my favorite clerk of the course.

A FORTNIGHT ago, I would have said that the chances were better for somebody to climb Mount Everest than for Gordon Richards to ride a Derby winner. Not that I was cynical about England's leading jockey; I just doubted that his abominable luck in that particular race would ever change. He had made twenty-seven good tries in it, and failed to click, and when a rider gets to be forty-nine years old, well . . . However, as you know, both achievements came off last week. A New Zealand beekeeper got to the top of Mount Everest, and Sir Gordon, on whom knighthood had been conferred a few days before in Queen Elizabeth's Coronation honors list, won the Epsom Derby by four lengths on Sir Victor Sassoon's Pinza. Queen Elizabeth's Aureole was second, and Pink Horse—with a name like that you'd guess he was from France, and you'd be right—was third. Twenty-seven horses ran the mile and four furlongs. Unlike the tracks in this country, all of which are circular and flat, the racecourse at Epsom Downs is roughly the shape of a horseshoe, and full of gradients. It rises slightly for the first half mile, it's downhill to Tattenham Corner, about half a mile from home, and then sharply uphill from there to the winning post. And horseplayers here complain about the Widener Course!

IF you're looking for tips on the Belmont Stakes this weekend, that's easy. Native Dancer will run up another dandy little minus pool in the mutuels, and Royal Bay Gem will finish third. . . . After several trips from the paddock to the top of the stands last weekend, Colonel Martingale suggests that the biggest improvement at Belmont Park would be an escalator.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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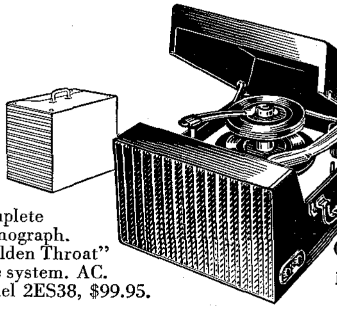

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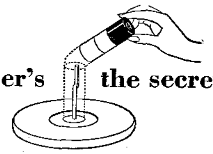

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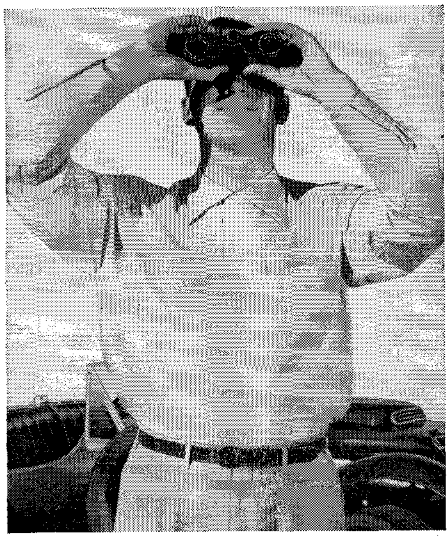

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Et Tu, Mankiewicz

WE probably should all throw our hats in the air when Hollywood takes hold of a classic drama like "Julius Caesar" and abides by the ground rules that demand a proper respect for the English language and its greatest practitioner. There can be no doubt that Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director of the film version of Shakespeare's study of politics in ancient Rome, and John Houseman, the producer, have gone to extensive lengths to be sure that the picture holds true to the Master's pattern. Nevertheless, what they have wrought is a very chilly exercise; there are some extremely apt demonstrations of the art of elocution but little to indicate that the movies command visual resources that Shakespeare never dreamed of.

Since there is not much point in commenting on the script or outlining the plot, we may as well take a look at the actors involved. In the case of two of them, it is rather a pity that they attempted to tangle with the Bard's iambics. Louis Calhern, as Caesar, reminds one of a nervous ward heeler awaiting Tammany Hall's O.K. on his arrangements for a testimonial dinner, and Marlon Brando, as Mark Antony, plainly shows he needs a bit of speech training before he can graduate into an acting league where the spoken word is a trifle more significant than the flexed biceps and the fixed eye. On the other hand, we should be grateful to have James Mason as Brutus, John Gielgud as Cassius, and Edmond O'Brien as Casca. The first two are, of course, actors on whom we have learned to rely, but Mr. O'Brien's abilities came as something of a surprise to me, since I've usually seen him enmeshed in tales told by Hollywood idiots which are mostly concerned with private eyes and all that. He didn't seem to be at all overwhelmed by his translation to higher things; indeed, he read lines grown gray with familiarity as if they had occurred to him on the spot, and I suppose he deserves special commendation. Still, the two outstanding performers in this slow-moving enterprise are Mr. Mason and Mr. Gielgud. Even though the film heads for its dénouement at a pace so funereal that it's hard to remember that we are watching a depiction of an extraordinarily agitated political situation, Mr. Mason and Mr. Gielgud are a pleasure to watch and listen to. Mr. Gielgud's gaunt and calculating features almost wipe out all the sins committed in the name of the closeup since it was invented by David Wark Griffith, and Mr. Mason gives us a Roman right off the Tiber. In the way of feminine relief from all this masculine company, we have Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr. Miss Garson plays Calpurnia, and Miss Kerr Portia. Both of them are attractive but somewhat negligible.

Having dwelled this long on the acting in "Julius Caesar," I guess it's time to say a word about Mr. Mankiewicz's direction. Apparently, he had a laudable determination to avoid the excesses of such horrors as "Samson and Delilah" and "Quo Vadis." This may account for the scene in which Mr. Brando renders "Friends, Romans, countrymen" to a crowd that wouldn't overtax the facilities of a supermarket. I never expected to be pleading for more extras in Hollywood mob scenes, but more extras were certainly required on this occasion.

AS a contrast to Mr. Mankiewicz's stately maneuverings in "Julius Caesar," we have the lively activities of Elia Kazan in "Man on a Tightrope." This picture concerns itself with the escape of a Czechoslovakian circus from behind the Iron Curtain and is highly diverting. The methods employed to get out from under the Comrades are so bizarre that they strain belief, but Mr. Kazan has arranged his film with such ingenuity that before it winds up, you are willing to put credence in almost anything. The actors assembled to do his bidding are first-rate. The head of the circus is Fredric March, his wife is played by Gloria Grahame, and running through the subplots and incidental contrivances are Terry Moore, Cameron Mitchell, and Paul Hartman. The script is the work of Robert Sherwood, an old hand at these European affairs, and it is always adult.

CURZIO MALAPARTE, the politically ambidextrous Italian novelist and journalist, is responsible for the script and direction of "Strange Deception," and for the music that goes with it as well. The film has to do with an Italian soldier who, after several years in a Russian prison camp, arrives home in Tuscany seething with the desire to murder the man, identity unknown, who betrayed his brother to the Germans during their occupation of Italy. Mr. Malaparte, whose mental processes are always intricate, utilizes this soldier to demonstrate the proposition that if one man is made to pay for the crimes of all guilty men, things will improve everywhere. Presumably Mr. Malaparte thinks this distorted variation on the sacrifice of Christ is vital to our time. To point up the analogy with the Nazarene, he sees to it that his hero mistakes a carpenter, who is his friend, for the betrayer of his brother, and dispatches him.

The chief virtue of Mr. Malaparte's movie is its photography, which was supervised by Gabor Pogany. Its chief defect is its relentless reiteration of a theme that is firmly established early in the proceedings. As a sort of Laocoön, struggling in the coils of Mr. Malaparte's ideas, Raf Vallone spends most of the picture brooding heavily, as does Elena Varzi, who plays his sweetheart. Alain Cuny has the role of the carpenter, which, considering its implications, offers monumental difficulties. He resolves them by acting like a simple village mystic *not* very aware of the intimations of divinity that encompass him. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

There is no occasion for public alarm or regret at the news that commencing July 1 the City of Charleston will cease spending money on a civil defense office.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SEEING THE FACTS MADE

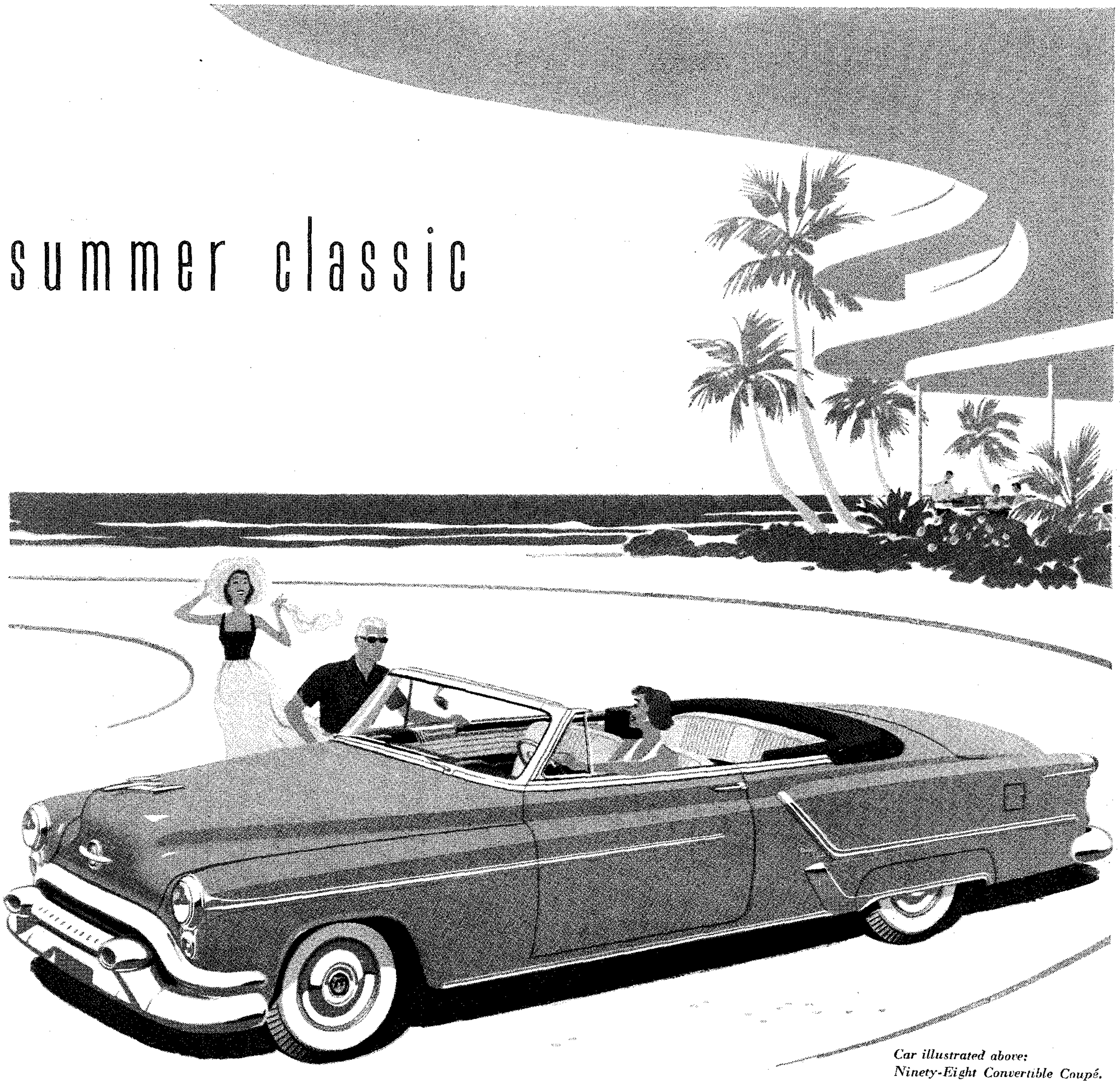
SERGEANT WENDELL HERBERT TREFFERY, one of the hundred and forty-nine ailing American prisoners of war released by the Communists late in April at Panmunjom, spent eight hundred and seventy-seven days in the custody of the People's Republic of China. Treffery, now twenty-five years old and a resident of Terryville, Connecticut—where I visited him recently while he was resting up at the home of his mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Hawksley—was captured by the enemy at six o'clock on the morning of November 30, 1950. He was a medical-aid man assigned to Company B of the 31st Infantry Regiment of the 7th Division. A couple of days before, Treffery and some three hundred and fifty other infantrymen and Marines had been organized into a task force with the mission of going to the aid of some United Nations troops who, as one result of the heavy Chinese assault that had just been mounted in northern Korea, had been trapped at the Chosin Reservoir, about forty miles south of the Yalu. The rescue party boarded a convoy of trucks and jeeps and started north along a dirt road that constitutes the main highway between the reservoir and Hamhung, near the east coast of the peninsula. The mission failed. The task force itself was trapped on the night of November 29th, in a fire fight during which Treffery, as he moved up and down the roadside ditches tending the wounded, was hit in the chest by fragments of what he thinks was a mortar shell and seared on one leg by bullets. He was not seriously hurt.

The Americans didn't know how bad off they were until daylight, when they could see Chinese on all sides of them, some no more than a hundred yards away. An English-speaking Chinese officer presently shouted to them that their position was hopeless and that if they would surrender, their wounded would be returned to friendly hands. It was snowing, the temperature was extremely low—Treffery judged it to be about twenty below zero—and many of the wounded needed immediate attention. The Americans decided to accept the enemy terms. While a Marine major walked toward the Communists to work out the details of the surrender, the remainder of the men in the task force did their best to damage their weapons irreparably. A few minutes later, the Chinese closed in on the group, and, in orderly fashion, lined up those who could get to their feet. The prisoners were stripped of all their weapons, ammunition, rations, heavy clothing, and, in most instances, personal possessions, including cigarettes. As a medic, Treffery was carrying an aid kit containing scissors, tweezers, and six small tubes of morphine. (He had long since exhausted his supply of bandages.) Before he was searched, he stuffed the morphine under his belt. His captors left him his boots; a lightweight shirt and a pair of pants (but took some outer layers of clothing); a thin parka, one shoulder of which had been ripped out the night before by a bullet that had knocked him flat but hadn't broken his skin; and a pocket-size New Testament he had bought in Tokyo. Just the day before, he had written a letter on a flyleaf of the Bible to his fiancée, Dorothea Asplund, whom he had met while both were employed, from 1945 to 1948, in the shipping department of the Peter Paul candy factory in Naugatuck, Connecticut, fifteen miles from his home. In the letter, which Treffery hoped would be found and delivered to her in the event of his death, he had urged her to forget about him and marry somebody else.

Of those in the task force, a hundred and twenty men were able to walk. Leaving the remainder—about half of them dead and half of them wounded—in the ditches where they were lying, the Chinese marched this group up a hill flanking the road and herded them into three log cabins at the summit, where they spent the rest of that day and that night, without food or water. During the day, the Chinese took down every prisoner's name, rank, and serial number, but made no particular effort, so far as Treffery knew, to obtain any tactical intelligence. The following morning, the prisoners were marched back down the hill past the spot where they had been captured. The wounded who had been left there were still lying in the ditches, frozen to death. The hundred and twenty survivors were kept moving all day long. At nightfall, they were halted beside a haystack and told to bed down. A couple of hours later, each man was given two little pieces of boiled potato.

WALKING sometimes by day, sometimes by night, the prisoners were on the march for eighteen days. Except for one night when they occupied several mud huts whose tenants were evicted to accommodate them, they slept in haystacks, cow stalls, and pigpens. They got a ball of maize to eat each morning, and another in the evening. Thirst was no special problem; there was plenty of snow on the ground. The second morning after he was captured, Treffery realized on awakening that his toes were numb. He knew what

summer classic



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that meant—frostbite. He started to take his boots off to massage his feet, but the guards wouldn't let him. His toes froze. First, the skin peeled off them, and then the flesh fell off, and by the end of the eighteen days there was nothing left of his toes but bones. He kept walking anyway, urged along by an occasional prod of a rifle butt or bayonet, and goaded on even more forcefully by the realization that each time someone in the group dropped out, the sound of a single shot was quickly heard to the rear. When he first became aware that his toes were frozen, Treffery contemplated using some of his secret hoard of morphine on himself, but he decided against it, reasoning that if he took one dose he'd want another, and if he took another he'd want all six, and that if he took all six he might become addicted to the stuff and, with his supply gone, be saddled with an insatiable craving for dope on top of his other troubles. So he gave the morphine to six other men who were suffering from wounds and seemed desperately in need of solace. They all died on the march.

Each day, the men walked about fifteen or twenty miles. A couple of times, they narrowly missed being shot up by American fighter planes dipping down to strafe enemy trucks on the road near them. Some days and nights, they walked in one direction, some days and nights in another; they could tell which way they were going by the position of the North Star. Treffery can think of only one purpose behind this seemingly aimless marching—that their captors, who weren't eating any better than they were, hoped most of them would perish, leaving fewer mouths to feed. In any event, when the trek finally ended, on December 18th, the Americans found themselves in the town of Kanggye, only fifty miles from where they'd been taken prisoner. Treffery couldn't have walked much farther; after reaching the town, he didn't stand up again for six months.

In Kanggye, where the hundred or so men who were still alive stayed nearly two weeks, the Chinese gave each prisoner a cotton-lined comforter. On January 1, 1951, the men were informed that the sick and wounded among them, none of whom had yet received any medical attention, were to be taken to a hospital. Those in this group—close to eighty, including Treffery—were loaded on ox-drawn sleighs and hauled to a valley some ten miles distant, where they were dumped in a Korean village that had the usual cluster of mud, wood, and thatch huts, but nothing

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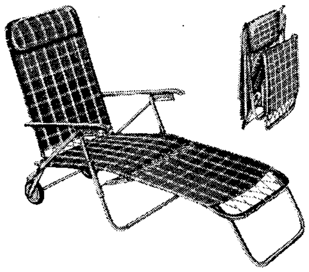

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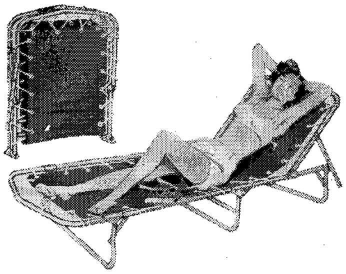

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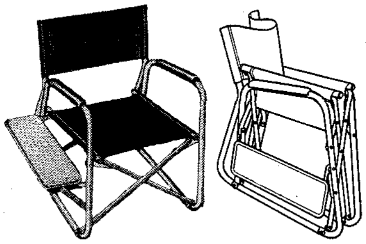

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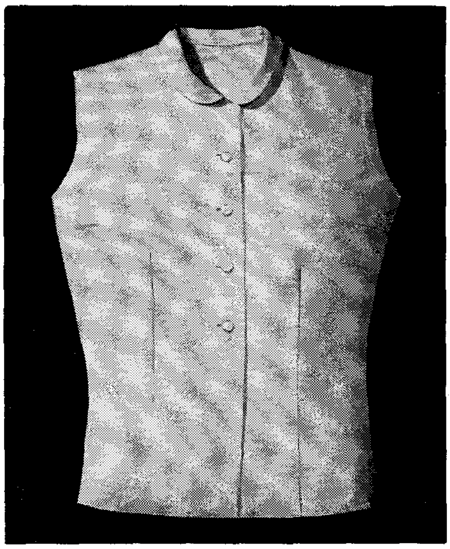

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else—no doctors, no beds, no medicine. Treffery was unconscious the first three days he was there, and, according to what two Marines and an infantryman who shared a hut with him told him later, delirious most of that time. There was only one armed guard in evidence in the valley, but even he was hardly necessary, since there was not much likelihood of anybody's trying to escape from the place. It was all most of the men could do to crawl out of their huts to relieve themselves.

FROM January 1st to April 27th, Treffery and his fellow-prisoners remained in the valley. Mostly they just lay under their blankets, huddled up to try to keep warm. By the end of this period, Treffery couldn't straighten his legs out. The prisoners all had dysentery; they were foul with filth and vermin. Their beards had grown long, and their hair reached their shoulders. There was no water to bathe with or, for that matter, to drink. After the snow melted off the ground, Treffery asked an old Korean woman, who more or less supervised his hut, for water, and she pointed to a small stream that flowed between two nearby rice paddies. But he knew that Koreans fertilize their crops with human excrement, and he decided it would be dangerous to drink that water, even if he could manage to get to it. The only liquid he and his hutmates got for a while was the water in a corn mush that the Korean woman brought them twice daily. In mid-April, however, dandelions began to sprout in the field outside, and Treffery crawled out, dug them up, and cooked the greens in a metal pot. The men drank the juice. Inevitably, they talked about food. "What are we going to have today—ham and eggs, or bacon and eggs, or hotcakes and eggs?" one of them would say, and the others would take it from there. "Sometimes when one of the men died," Treffery told me, "he would announce, 'I'm going to get my eggs now,' and then you'd hear the death rattle, and that would be that." All three of Treffery's hutmates died; in each case, the villagers let the body lie for two days and then carted it out and buried it. Treffery stands five feet ten inches, and his normal weight is around a hundred and fifty-five pounds. A couple of weeks after he left the valley, he got a chance to weigh himself. He weighed sixty pounds.

Once, in mid-January there in the valley, a Korean woman dressed like a nurse came around. When she got to Treffery and asked him what was wrong with him, he showed her his feet, with the bare toe bones. She had a pair of shears with her, about the size of hedge shears. She told him to lie face down on the floor, and, without further ceremony, she snipped off all but his two big toes. Then she bound up the stumps of his feet with old newspapers and string. Soon after she went on her way, Treffery removed the paper and rebandaged his feet with strips torn from his pants, and with cotton from his comforter. In the weeks that followed, he ripped all the padding from the comforter and used it to absorb the pus seeping out of his feet. He believes that by thus getting the poisonous matter out of his blood stream, he saved his life.

ON April 27, 1951, five months after they had surrendered, the captive men were finally moved, by oxcart and truck, to an organized prison camp. It was at Changsong, in western Korea, five miles south of the Yalu River, and it was known as Camp 1. The camp was simply a village of huts that had been emptied of civilians and surrounded with barbed wire. But it was incomparably better than the valley. Treffery was put in a mud hut with fifteen other men; it was just large enough for all of them to lie down at once. He got a shave and a haircut from a fellow-prisoner who had scrounged a pair of clippers somewhere, and the Chinese gave him a summer uniform—jacket, pants, and hat. The food wasn't anything sensational—rice, sorghum, soybeans, cabbage, turnips, and, every couple of weeks, a piece of pork the size of a walnut—but he gradually began to regain some weight and strength. By midsummer, he was feeling well enough to try to learn to walk again. Another prisoner made a crutch for him, and Treffery was soon able to hobble about with it. The first few times he tried to stand, though, he tumbled on his face, and one fall dislodged two front teeth from a dental plate.

Camp 1, which housed around seventeen hundred United Nations prisoners, had a hospital attached to it, and soon after Treffery arrived, a Chinese doctor, examining his feet and observing that his big toes had not been amputated, told him he'd have to go to the hospital and have them cut off. As far as the inmates of Camp 1 knew, nobody sent to the hospital had emerged alive. Treffery was determined to avoid going there. When the doctor had left, he dug into the rotted joints of his own big-toe bones with his fingernails and he loosened the bones enough to snap them off with his hands. The doctor returned in a couple of days, and, seeing that Treffery's toe bones were gone, agreed not to hospitalize him. After July 10, 1951, when the peace talks began at Kaesong, the Chinese adopted what they described to their prisoners as a "lenient treatment" policy, and conditions at the hospital improved somewhat. A year later, Treffery went there and had the shell fragments taken out of his chest. For this operation, he got an anesthetic—three shots of novocain—and he also succeeded in stealing a package of cigarettes and a box of matches from his surgeon's pocket, a feat that, all in all, gave him more satisfaction than having his wound looked after. He had been carrying the shell fragments in his chest for nineteen months.

After the armistice negotiations started, conditions improved all around. For instance, each prisoner was issued one egg—and got one egg at six-month intervals thereafter. Each man was permitted to have his egg prepared any way he liked. "Everybody had his boiled," Treffery told me. "Some of us would have preferred them scrambled, but having yours boiled was the only way you could make certain you got your whole egg." Furthermore, the men were allowed to write home. Treffery's family had been notified by the Army that he was missing in action; their first news that he was alive came in a letter he wrote in July, 1951, which they received in October. (He got his first letter in prison camp in January, 1952.) The United Nations delegates to the armistice talks had not yet been informed, however, precisely where the enemy's prison camps were, and that same October, American planes bombed Camp 1, killing several of the prisoners. The Chinese considered this misfortune to have high propaganda value, but the damage was not extensive enough to suit them, so a couple of weeks later they lugged some dynamite into the camp, exploded it, and took numerous photographs of the resulting craters. When the prisoners pointed out that such pictures, however impressive, would be considerably less than truthful, the Chinese were indignant. "We no lie," one of them said. "We make facts. You see the facts being made."

Some real facts that the prisoners constantly saw and heard being made were dogfights between American and

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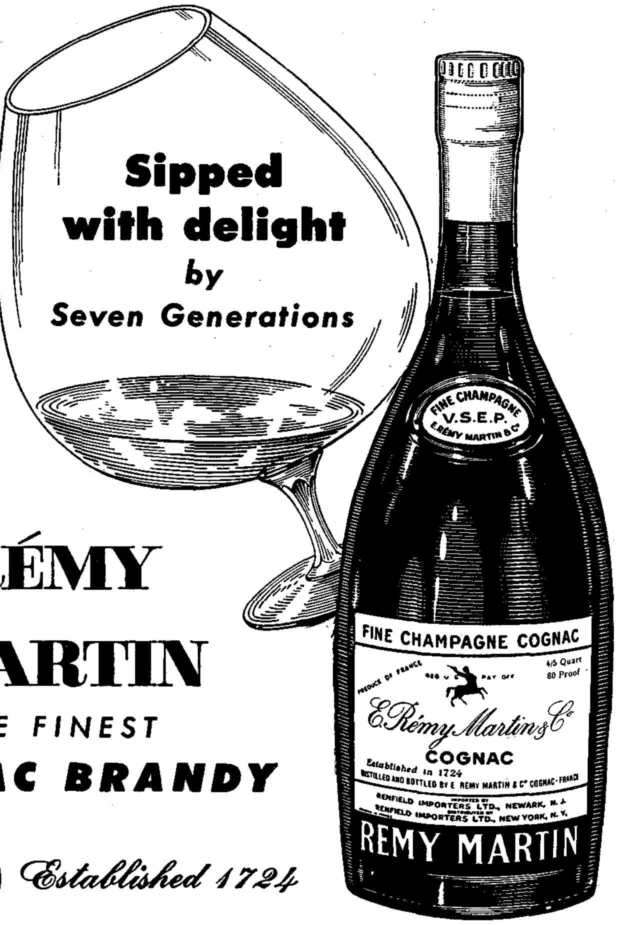
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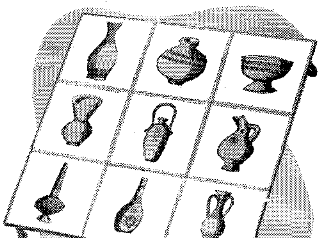

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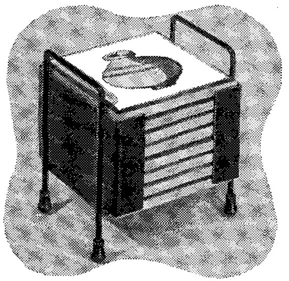

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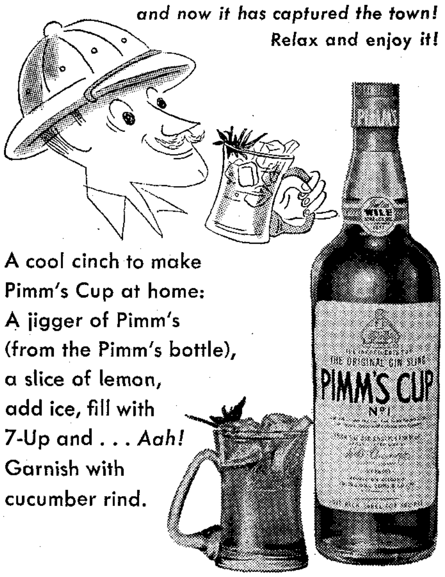

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enemy jets, which took place over their heads every clear day. These contests brightened a routine that was otherwise dull and monotonous. In the course of this routine, the men were aroused by guards' whistles at five-thirty every morning and fell out for roll call. Then came half an hour's calisthenics under G.I. leaders (Treffery was excused from this exercise because of his feet), followed by a cleaning-up period and, at eight o'clock, breakfast. Dinner was at noon and supper at five-thirty. Between meals, there were work periods—gathering firewood, building stone walls, digging latrines, and so on. Nobody worked any harder than he had to. There was some sports equipment in the camp, and at the end of the day those prisoners who were up to it occasionally played volleyball or basketball or soccer. Nobody played very hard, either. After lunch, during warm weather, there was a compulsory nap time.

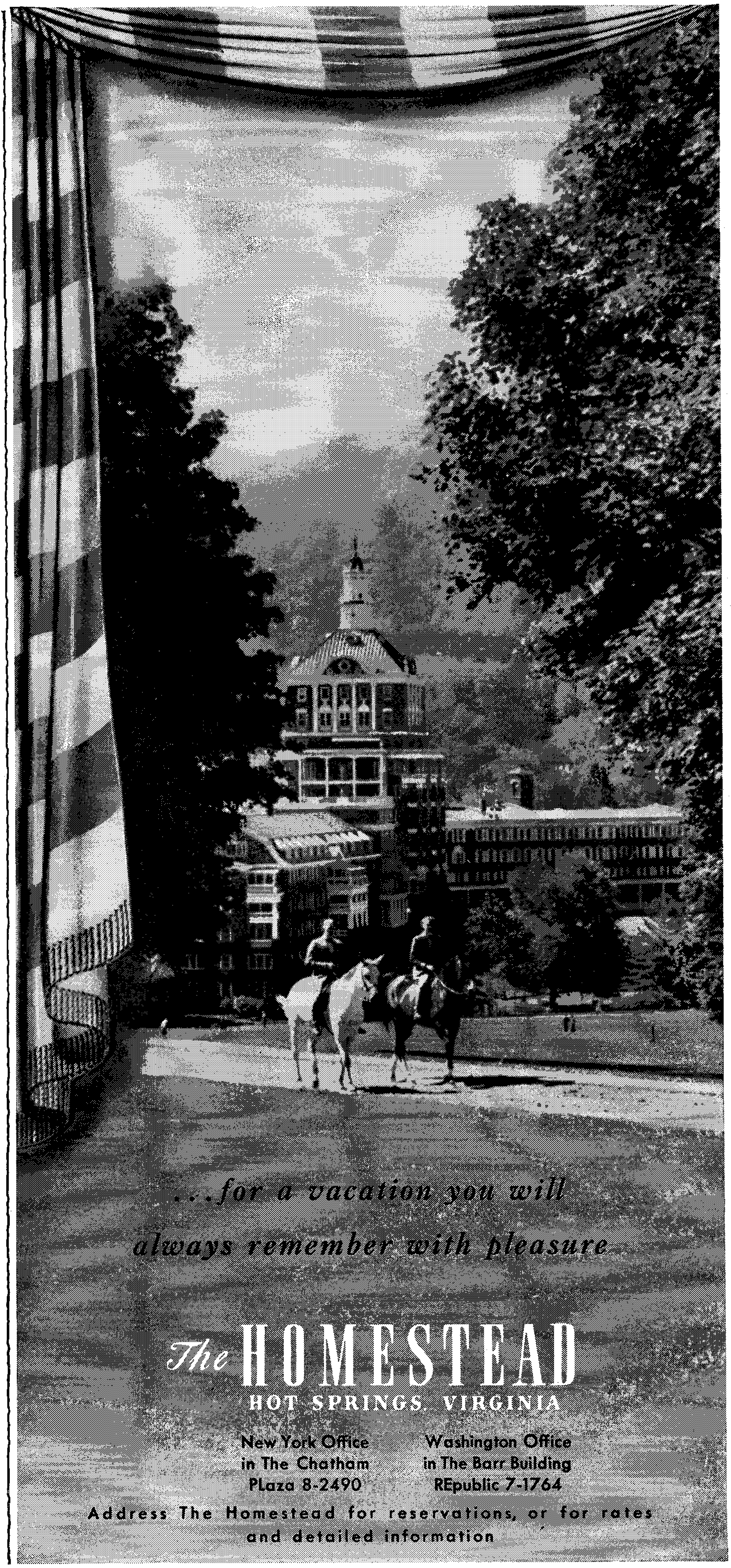
In 1952, the Chinese became increasingly concerned about the state of their prisoners' health. Treffery thinks this was because they realized that sooner or later they would be faced with the necessity of exchanging prisoners, and they wanted to be sure of having a reasonable number of living prisoners when the time came. The camp officials issued warm, cotton-padded winter clothing—jackets, pants, overcoats, hats, mittens, and sneakers—and they began distributing modest quantities of soap, toothpaste, toothbrushes, and towels. Each man got one needle and, from time to time, a length of thread. Early in 1953, the Chinese even passed out combs and mirrors. The mirrors had a hammer and sickle painted in bright red on the glass, so a man couldn't look at himself without seeing the symbols superimposed on his features.

In Camp 1, the Chinese tried almost every day to influence the prisoners' political orientation. This effort was made by special commissars rather than by the guards who patrolled the camp, because few of the guards knew much English; whenever they were roundly cursed by some exasperated G.I., they would rush to an interpreter and, by repeating phonetically what had been said to them, try to find out how gravely they had been insulted. The commissars spoke fluent English. The one who came around to Treffery's hut for an hour or so nearly every morning after breakfast usually wore a black fur hat, and he was quickly given the nickname Blackhat. He was an amiable Chinese who claimed to have once led a dance band in San Francisco. (Treffery never saw any Russians in the camp, but he did see a detachment of anti-aircraft troops who were patently neither Chinese nor Korean drive by just outside the barbed wire. The Americans inside yelled "Russky! Russky!" at the soldiers, and the ack-ack men waved back, possibly in acknowledgment of their nationality.)

Blackhat professed to know a good deal about living conditions in the United States, which he considered dreadful, and he continually lectured his students on the subject. He said that only capitalists could afford to send their children to school (Treffery, whose father, a common laborer, died some years ago, finished all but one year of high school), he talked interminably about race discrimination (the Negroes and whites among the American prisoners were at first confined together, just as they had fought together, and they got on splendidly, but later the Chinese segregated them), and he had a good many angry things to say about bacteriological warfare and the way he claimed it had been used in Korea. One day, an American bomber, trying to neutralize the enemy's radar network, spewed tinfoil over part of North Korea. Some of it drifted down into the prison compound, and a G.I. picked up a piece as a souvenir. He was at once hustled off to the camp dispensary by a guard, who explained to a Chinese doctor on duty what had happened. The doctor began dabbing frantically at the prisoner's fingers with alcohol, muttering about the inhumanity of germ warfare.

There was a library in the prison, and it was liberally stocked with English-language books and magazines, printed in China and the Soviet Union, which resolutely supported Blackhat's anti-American arguments. There was also a scattering of non-propaganda works, but no book of any kind could be borrowed unless its reader agreed to write a report on it for the camp authorities, and Treffery decided not to avail himself of the opportunity. Once, all the men in the camp were ordered to compose detailed autobiographies, and were provided with pencils and sheets of paper. They were told that if they failed to come up with satisfactory articles, they would be put in a damp, dark pit that was used to punish prisoners who tried to escape, offended their guards, or otherwise violated local regulations, and that was known to the prisoners as the turnip hole. Rather than be confined in the turnip hole, the men wrote their autobiographies, but they demanded vast quantities of paper first, some of which they used to make cigarettes out of the handful of tobacco each of them was given every week. Treffery produced merely a one-page autobiography, in which he stated where he had been born (Mars Hill, Maine), listed his relatives (three sisters, one brother, and three stepbrothers), told how long he had gone to school and when he had enlisted in the Army (July, 1948), and revealed that he had volunteered for duty in Korea. When Blackhat read the paper, he first expressed disappointment at its skimpiness and then asked Treffery why he had asked to be sent to Korea. "I like wars," Treffery told him sarcastically. "You are a warmonger," replied Blackhat, and he stalked off.

Every so often, the prisoners would be assembled in a courtyard and shown a motion picture. They saw one—which, to the distress of its exhibitors, they loudly cheered—depicting the effects of an American bombing raid on Pyongyang, the capital of North Korea. Another movie, a Russian-made love story, concerned a L'il Abner type of hero who persistently refused to let a beautiful girl kiss him. The Americans alarmed their guards by the ferocity with which they shrieked at the ascetic leading man to stop being such an idiot. If there was supposed to be a propaganda angle to that movie, Treffery never caught on to it. He remained singularly impervious to his guardians' viewpoint. In only one small respect do they appear to have indoctrinated him: Whereas American soldiers fighting in Korea commonly refer to the Chinese enemy as the C.C.F., standing for Chinese



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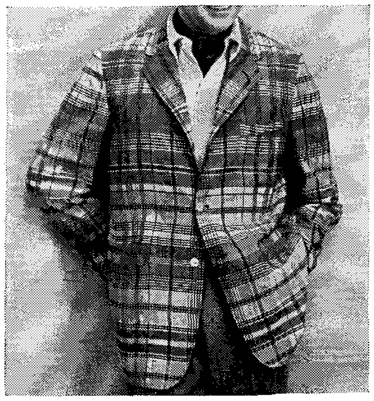

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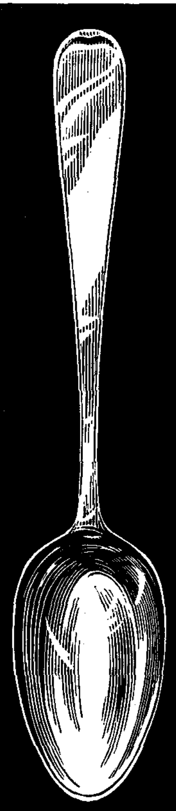

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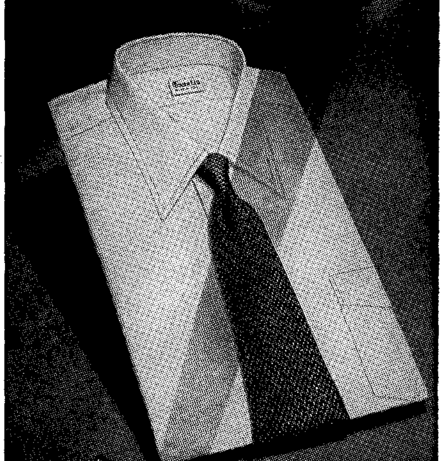
Communist Forces, Treffery calls them the C.P.V., standing for Chinese People's Volunteers.

BY August, 1952, the prison officials had concluded that Treffery was beyond ideological redemption. Moreover, he and like-minded men were interfering with the prison educational program by counselling other Americans to reject the Communists' theories. Accordingly, Treffery and a number of others were tranferred to Camp 4, at Wiwon, some distance to the east. This was a camp reserved for men considered by the Communists to be reactionaries. Soon after Treffery and his companions arrived at Camp 4, their convictions were put to the test when they were informed that they could write letters home only if they would inscribe on the outside of the envelopes "Resist American Aggression." The newcomers wrote no letters, and after two months the Communists rescinded the rule. By that time, the Presidential campaign was well under way at home. Through month-old copies of the *Daily Worker* that came into the camp, the prisoners knew who the candidates were. As Election Day drew near, the commissars kept touting the chances of Vincent Hallinan, the Progressive Party candidate—a hope that had possibly sprung into their minds from reading the *Worker* themselves. After Election Day, the Chinese declined to reveal who had won, but the prisoners were fairly confident that Hallinan hadn't, knowing that their captors could hardly have waited to tell them if he had. Treffery did find out about Eisenhower's victory before he was released, and he knew that Stalin was dead—all the prison guards donned black armbands for that—but there were, and probably still are, enormous gaps in his knowledge of recent world history. When he was exchanged, one of the first gifts he received was a booklet got up by our Army entitled "What Has Happened Since 1950," containing a résumé of important events in international affairs, as well as a section devoted to sports. He thus learned of the death of King George VI and Mike Jacobs.

Treffery spent three Christmases as a prisoner. By the time the third one rolled around, the lenient-treatment policy was flourishing to such a degree that the prisoners were permitted a mild celebration. They were each issued a one-ounce tot of *soju*, an extremely potent local beverage, and a pair of Amer-



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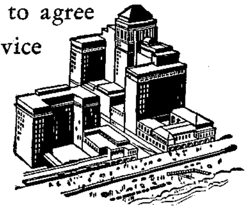

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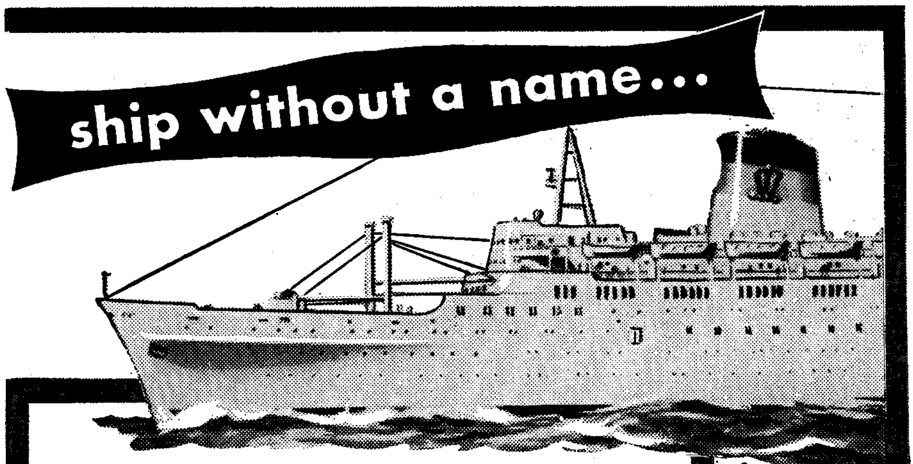
ican-made socks, which the Chinese had extracted from Red Cross packages whose other contents, so far as Treffery and his friends could make out, went undistributed. The prisoners put on a play about a shotgun wedding—a drama written in the camp—and they sang carols and hymns. When it came to the singing, Treffery was of considerable help. He has been a faithful churchgoer all his life, and from memory he wrote out the words of twenty-seven songs, mostly religious—"Glory to His Name," "Yield Not to Temptation," "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," "Wake Me, Lord," "Shake Hands with Mother Again," and others. He set them down—along with a poem he composed called "A Young Man's Fancy After Four Springs"—in a notebook a commissar had given him on the off chance that he might be inspired to set down some pro-Communist sentiments in it. The book had a dove on its cover and a full-page photograph of Mao Tse-tung inside. Treffery tore the picture out and threw it away.

On April 11, 1953, Treffery began to keep a diary in his little book. Rumors of an exchange of sick and wounded prisoners were in the air. In one entry, he noted that he had been examined by four doctors, an unprecedented event, and had been given a fountain pen. "*Ding ho!*—Very good!," he wrote. The following day, all the prisoners were assembled and were addressed through an interpreter by a visiting Chinese general, who confirmed the rumors and called out the names of two men who were to leave at once. The general said that more men would be picked in the future, and then departed. On April 16th, Treffery was one of those selected. After nearly two and a half years of hoping, he suddenly went limp, and a fellow-prisoner had to support him. That day, Treffery abandoned his diary. It took ten days for the group he was in to be transported down to Freedom Village, and at practically every stop the Communists, evidently wanting the prisoners to leave them in a friendly mood, lavishly plied them with food and liquor.

TREFFERY arrived in the United States on May 2nd, and the next day, after checking in for a brief physical examination at Murphy General Hospital, in Waltham, Massachusetts, went home for a month's furlough. He is now back at Murphy General, to have an operation on his left foot, which is still draining, to be equipped with artificial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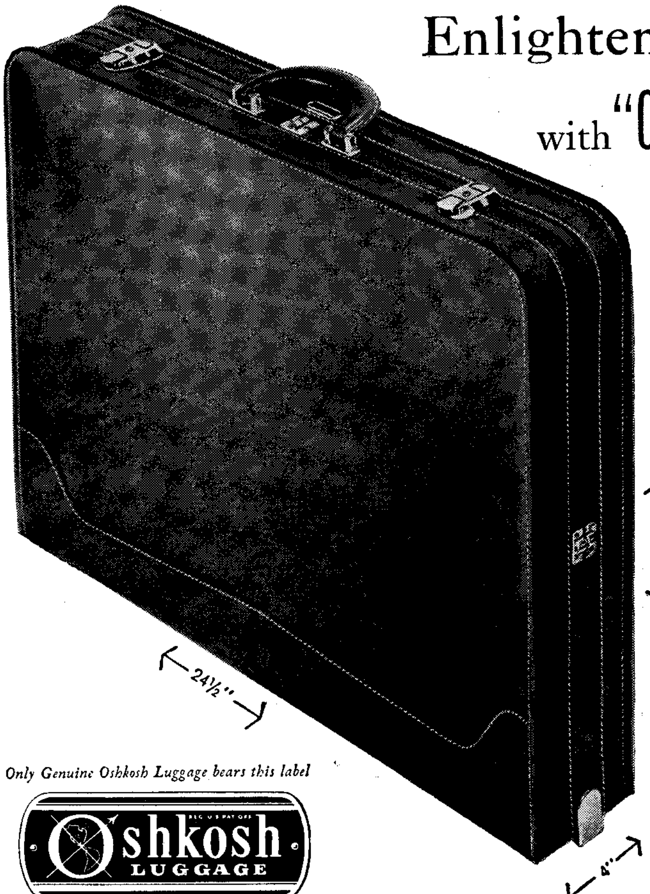

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toes, and to have a good deal of dental work done. In addition to breaking his plate, he lost the fillings out of several teeth by biting on stones that his jailers inadvertently mixed in with the soybeans. He has been drinking vast quantities of milk but otherwise has eaten sparingly; to his dismay, he finds his stomach unable to cope with all the delicacies he dreamed so long of cramming into it. His fiancée was still waiting for him, and they are to be married in October, by which time he expects he will have been released from the hospital and discharged from the Army. He has been promised his old job in the candy factory, and has made the down payment on a five-room ranch house in which his wife and he will live. He has been troubled by nightmares, but hopes they will pass. He is able to speak with equanimity about such odd facts, now part of his memory forever, as that the skin of the human foot proves, on examination, to be one-eighth of an inch thick, and he is also quite knowledgeable on certain aspects of the relations between the Communist and non-Communist worlds. "The Geneva Convention says that if you can't take proper care of your prisoners, you should turn 'em loose," he told me. "They sure as hell weren't prepared to take care of us." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

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American friends have passed me some facts about the Williamsburg. . . .

"Moored alongside a dock," one friend says, "or lying at anchor in a quiet harbour the Williamsburg presents a picture of absolute strength and solidity.

"She does have a touch of rakishness about her but not enough to dispel the impression that she would be as cozy and snug in the sea as she is in an unruffled bay."—*Sefton Delmer in the London Daily Express, April 27, 1953.*

•

Unless he is to be a salon-teacher, Buddha-squatting among disciples, the teacher of a writing course must be wary of all formulas, and above all of his own. He must try to make writers as one would peel an onion . . . —*From "The Writer's Art."*

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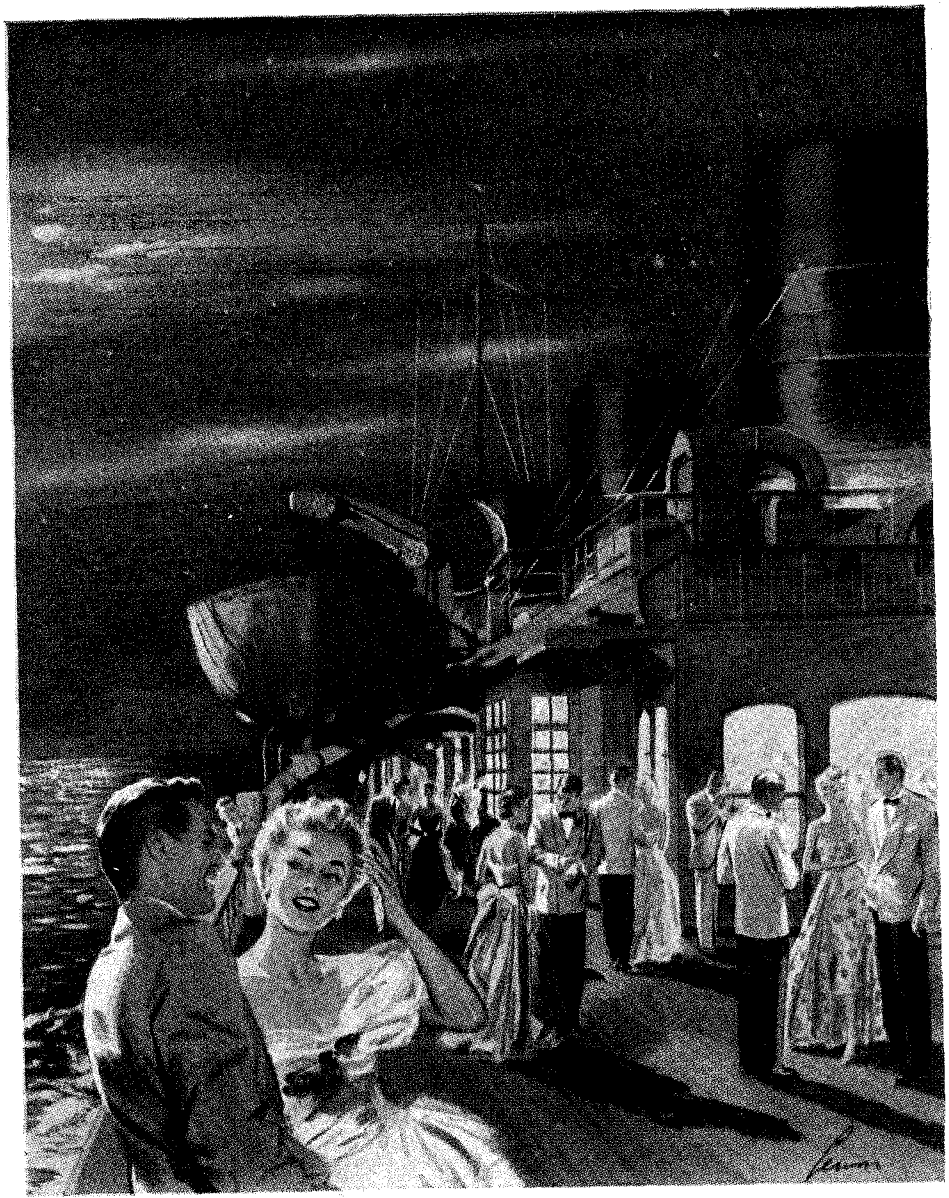

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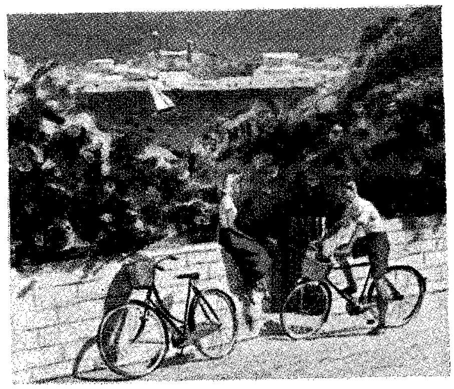

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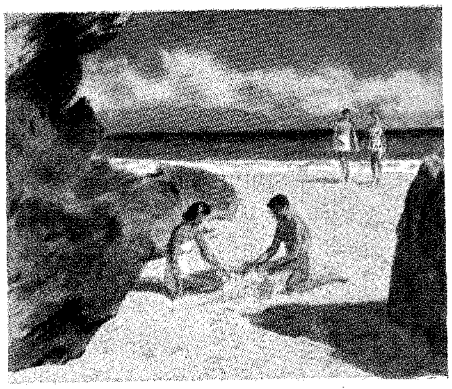

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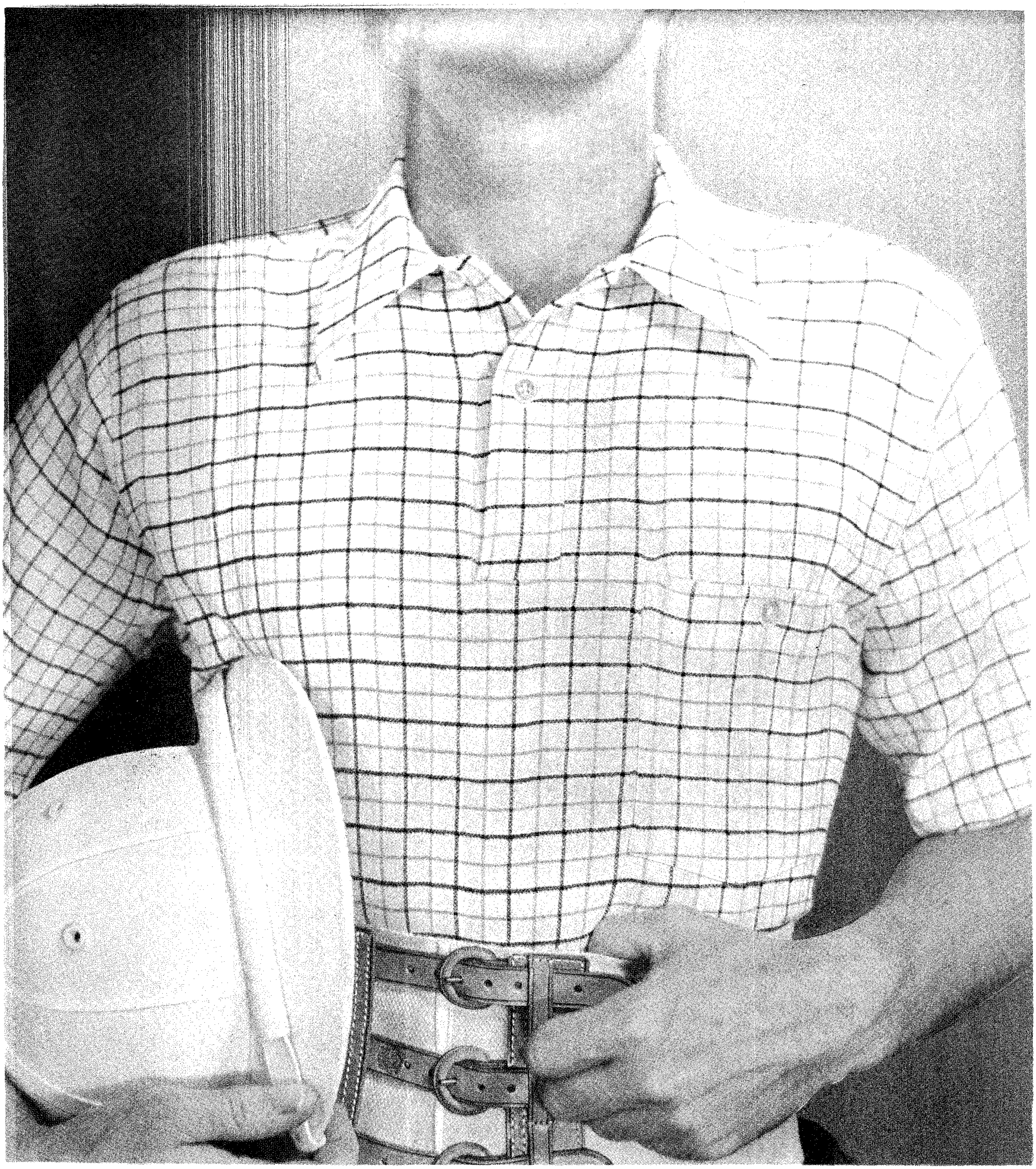

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THE BELL BUOY

IT was about four in the afternoon when John Dayton fell overboard. The wind had died down, and as his sloop neared the approaches to Vineyard Sound, he saw a low gray fog bank approaching from the southeast, and he decided to switch to the auxiliary engine. He started the engine, then loosened the mainsail halyard, and as he did, he lost hold of the sheet; the boom swung outward, and Dayton lunged for it, missed, and toppled over the side. The boat chugged on, its half-empty sail flapping casually.

When Dayton came to the surface, choking and strangling, he tried to call out, but his throat was clogged with salt water and it was all he could do to breathe. He realized that his wife, asleep in the cabin, would never hear his feeble chirps over the noise of the engine, and he therefore concentrated on trying to regain his breath, while he treaded water with feet that were becoming increasingly heavy. Finally, when his lungs had cleared and he was once more able to breathe deeply, he called as loudly as he could, and waved, but there was no response, so he ducked underwater and tore at his shoelaces until he could kick his sneakers from his feet; then he undid his belt and struggled out of his trousers. He was again gasping for breath when he finished, but he felt much lighter, and it was less of an effort to stay afloat. By this time, the boat was several hundred yards away, and so small that he could barely see it over the swells. Dayton looked around for something he might hang on to, but all he saw was gray, undulating water and, above him, two sea gulls that circled and swooped and soared, uttering raucous jeers as they inspected him. He had a brief, sharp moment of panic, then regained control of himself and tried to think what to do next.

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He remembered passing a bell buoy a little while before, and with its general direction in mind, he turned and swam slowly toward it, using the position of the sun as his guide. He noticed, with a certain amount of nervousness, that the fog was coming in fast behind him and that the sun had already taken on a yellowish tinge, but he resisted the impulse to swim faster, knowing that he was going to need all his strength to reach the buoy, even by swimming a leisurely breast stroke and stopping frequently to rest. He plodded along, listening for the sound of the buoy and refusing to think what would happen if he didn't find it. The fog grew steadily thicker.

After about three-quarters of an hour, he heard the slow, hesitant clanging of a bell, faintly at first, and then more and more distinctly as he changed direction and headed toward it. Finally, the buoy apeared, looming dimly through the cold white fog. Dayton shouted and laughed; he took a mouthful of water and spat it into the air, and then, with what remained of his strength, he swam to the buoy and clung lovingly to its cold, barnacled sides. He rested that way for ten minutes or so, then gripped the rim of the buoy and hoisted himself up onto it. The buoy rocked with his weight, and the clappers jangled frantically against the bell for a moment and then resumed their spasmodic cadence. Dayton lay face down across the base of the buoy and closed his eyes.

He had no idea how long he lay there, but after a while his pulse returned to normal, and for the first time since he had fallen overboard, he wondered what would happen to his wife, asleep in the cabin of the moving boat. He wasn't particularly worried about her, because even if she should continue to sleep, the worst that could happen would be that the boat would run aground on Martha's Vineyard or one of the Elizabeth Islands. He thought of her reaction when she awoke and found him missing, and he thought of all that had gone on earlier in the afternoon, and suddenly he smiled. Still smiling, he sat up and braced himself against the struts and supports of the buoy, and then he began to chuckle, and finally he laughed out loud. His laughter echoed back out of the silent fog, in strange contrast with the hollow, mournful ringing of the bell.

THE afternoon had started off pleasantly enough. Dayton and his wife, who had been cruising for several days, were headed for Martha's Vine-

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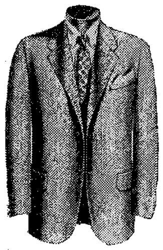

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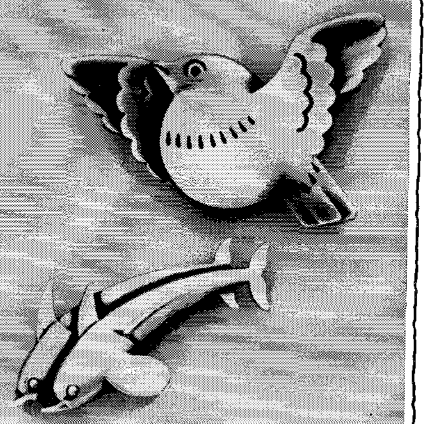

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yard, where they were to pick up two friends and continue the cruise along Cape Cod. The weather was clear and they had good winds, and most of their trip had been made under sail. When, around noon, they saw the thin strip of land that told them Cuttyhunk was ahead, Dayton suggested that his wife break out some lunch.

"And why don't you make a couple of Martinis, too?" he said as she ducked down into the cabin. "Cold ones," he added. "Freezing cold." He looked up at the sail and trimmed the sheet a little, and imagined a Martini with crystals of frost on the outside of the glass.

After a few minutes, his wife reappeared, carrying in one hand a plate of sandwiches and in the other a pitcher full of cracked ice and Martinis. She set everything down on the seat next to Dayton, then returned to the cabin and came back with two thermos-bottle tops, into which she poured the Martinis.

"Here," she said, handing him one of the cups. "I hope that's cold enough."

Dayton took the drink and sipped it, and smiled and nodded. Holding the cup in his tiller hand, he adjusted the sheet again, then looked under the boom toward Cuttyhunk. His wife sat across the cockpit-coaming and sampled her drink in silence. She finished it fairly quickly, then poured herself another, and picked up a piece of sandwich and nibbled at its edges.

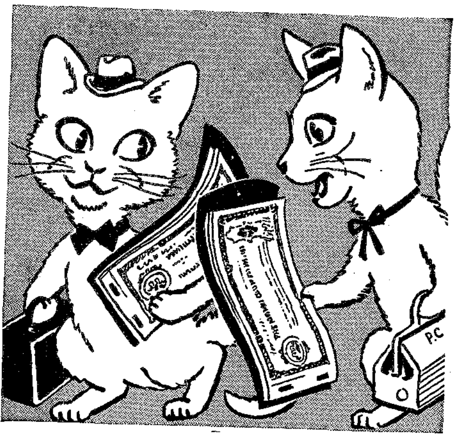
A fine, warm glow began to creep over Dayton, and he crunched happily on a piece of ice that had slipped into his cup. "Hot damn," he said. "At this rate, we'll be there before supper." He held out his cup to his wife, who poured another drink into it. Then she finished her drink and refilled her cup, and stared out at where the first outlines of Gay Head were becoming visible.

"Yes, I guess we will," she said, and was quiet again. After a long silence, she added, "And then everybody will have a good time."

Dayton looked at her in mild surprise but said nothing. He finished his Martini, and reached out and took a sandwich. He chewed on the sandwich while he watched the top of the sail, moving the tiller and the sheet every now and then to take the fullest advantage of the wind.

"In a way, it'll be a relief just to hear you talk again," his wife said suddenly, and poured another Martini into her cup.

Dayton stared at her, his eyes wide



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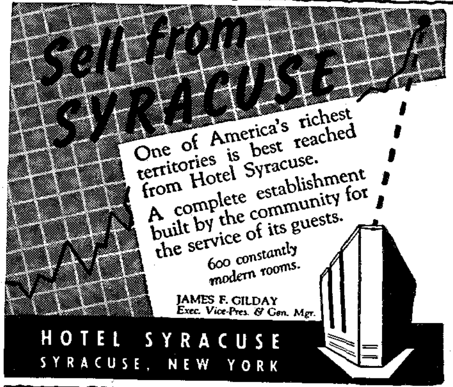

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with astonishment. "What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," said his wife. "Let it pass."

"Well, you must have meant something," Dayton said. "What do you mean, to hear me talk again?"

"Forget it," said his wife, looking out at the horizon. "It should be fairly obvious, anyway."

"*What* should be obvious, for God's sakes?" Dayton said. "I don't know what you're talking about."

His wife shrugged. "Oh, skip it," she said. "I'm tired of talking about it." She tossed her half-eaten sandwich over the side.

"Tired of talking about *what*?" Dayton said. "What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I wish I knew," said his wife, and poured another drink into her cup.

Dayton sighed and looked up at the masthead. "Oh, Jesus," he said softly.

"I don't know why *you* should sound put-upon," his wife said. "*You* have nothing to complain about."

Dayton took a deep breath. "All right," he said. "Let's have it. What's gnawing at you?"

"It's very simple," she said. "It's as simple as the fact that you never talk to me when we're alone. When there's company around, you're fine—full of jokes and gags and witty sayings—but when we're alone, what kind of conversation do *I* get? Nothing. Not one single word."

"Oh, that's preposterous," Dayton said. "I talk to you all the time."

"You do not. Just what have you said to me today, for instance? Think back, and tell me one word you've spoken to me today."

"I can't remember word for word," Dayton said. "I'm not a dictaphone, you know."

"In the last half hour, what have you said, then?" she asked. "You ought to be able to remember that."

"Well—" said Dayton, and thought for a moment.

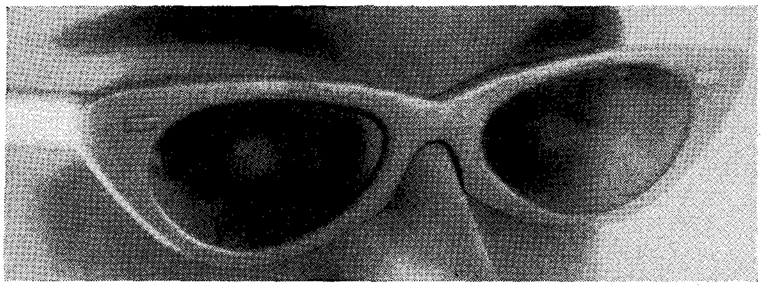
"You asked me to get lunch," she put in. "You said, 'How about breaking out some lunch?' And those were the only words you spoke. The only single words."

"That's not true," Dayton said. "That's a gross exaggeration."

"What else did you say? What other single word?"

"Well, I said about the Martinis," Dayton said hesitantly. "That's several more words. And I—"

"That's pretty stunning conversation, isn't it?" she broke in. "That's to



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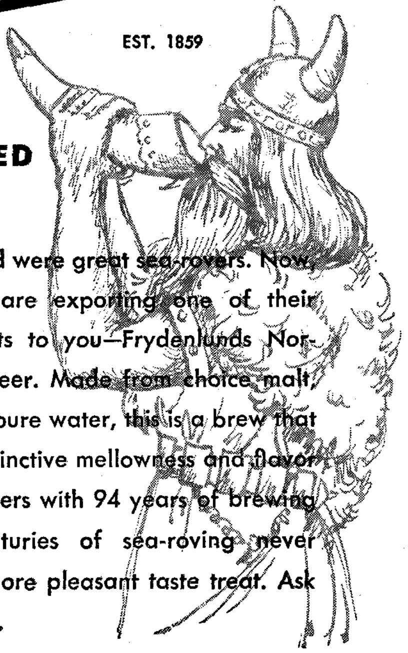

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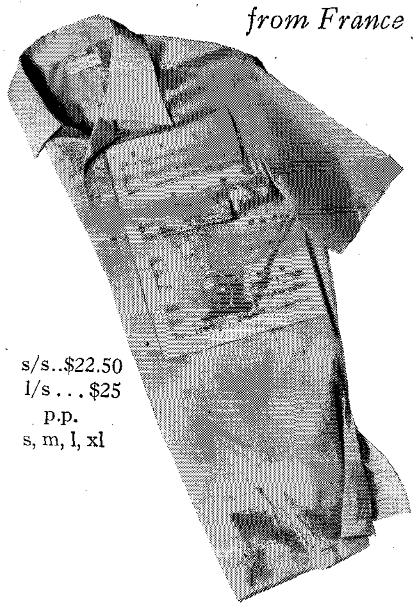

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"And I also said we ought to get there before supper," Dayton said. "Remember that? I said, 'At this rate—' "

"Yes, I know very well you said that. That's another conversational gem, too. I should keep a diary, to write down remarks like that."

"I'm not saying it was brilliant," Dayton protested. "I'm only pointing out that I've said more than you said I said. You said I—"

"I know very well what I said. You don't have to remind me. I'm not a moron, you know—although you seem to think I am. You seem to think I'm a child, or an idiot, or something."

"I think nothing of the kind," Dayton said. "What in the hell gives you *that* idea?"

"And what's all this rush about getting there before supper?" she went on. "That's a pretty flattering remark, if I do say so. You just can't *wait* to get there, so you can see other people again, and talk to them and have fun with them. What's the matter with talking to me?" She stared at him, but her eyes were focussed somewhere beyond him.

"Oh, now, really," Dayton said. "This is getting absurd."

"You see what I mean? You're treating me like a child. Isn't anybody allowed to have an opinion around here except you?" Dayton opened his mouth to say something, but before he could find the words, she went on, "And I know perfectly good and well what's going to happen when we *do* get there. You'll suddenly be bright and charming and gay, and after supper you and Alice Martin will go off in a corner for a nice little chat, and then you'll have to tell everybody all the funny things Alice said. It'll be like that all the rest of the trip."

"Alice Martin happens to be a very funny dame," Dayton said. "What do you want me to do—freeze up on her?"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of asking you to do *that*," she said. "By all means, I want you to make her feel as much at home as possible. If you encourage her properly, she'll be the life of the whole cruise, and we'll all have a million laughs. I'm sure that she'll do it for *you*, if for no one else."

Dayton looked at her for a moment. "Oh," he said slowly. "Now I get it. Now I see what this whole thing is about."

"That's nice," she said. "I always said you were the perceptive type."

"Well, if it will ease your mind any,

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Alice Martin means absolutely nothing to me," Dayton said. "Nothing whatsoever."

"Oh, no," said his wife. "Of course not."

"I'm telling you, she *doesn't*," Dayton said. "My God, you don't think that I'd—"

"I'm not allowed to think—remember me?" his wife cut in. "I just sit around and get the meals."

"I wish that just once in a while you'd come to the point without all this preamble," Dayton said wearily. "Then we could get things cleared up without so much fuss."

"That's a nice word for it—fuss," she said. "You always find such pretty names for things."

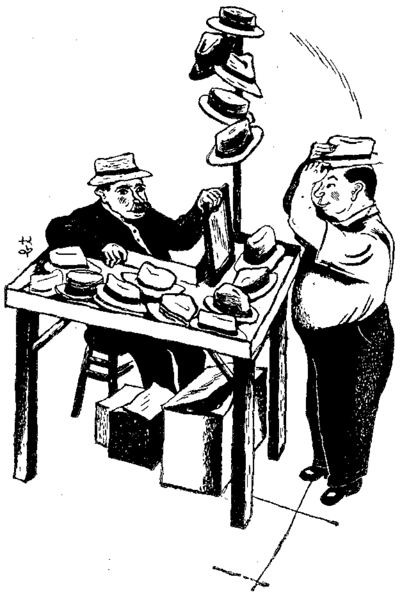
"Listen, how many times do I have to tell you that you're wrong?" Dayton said. "Wrong—mistaken—incorrect—misled—"

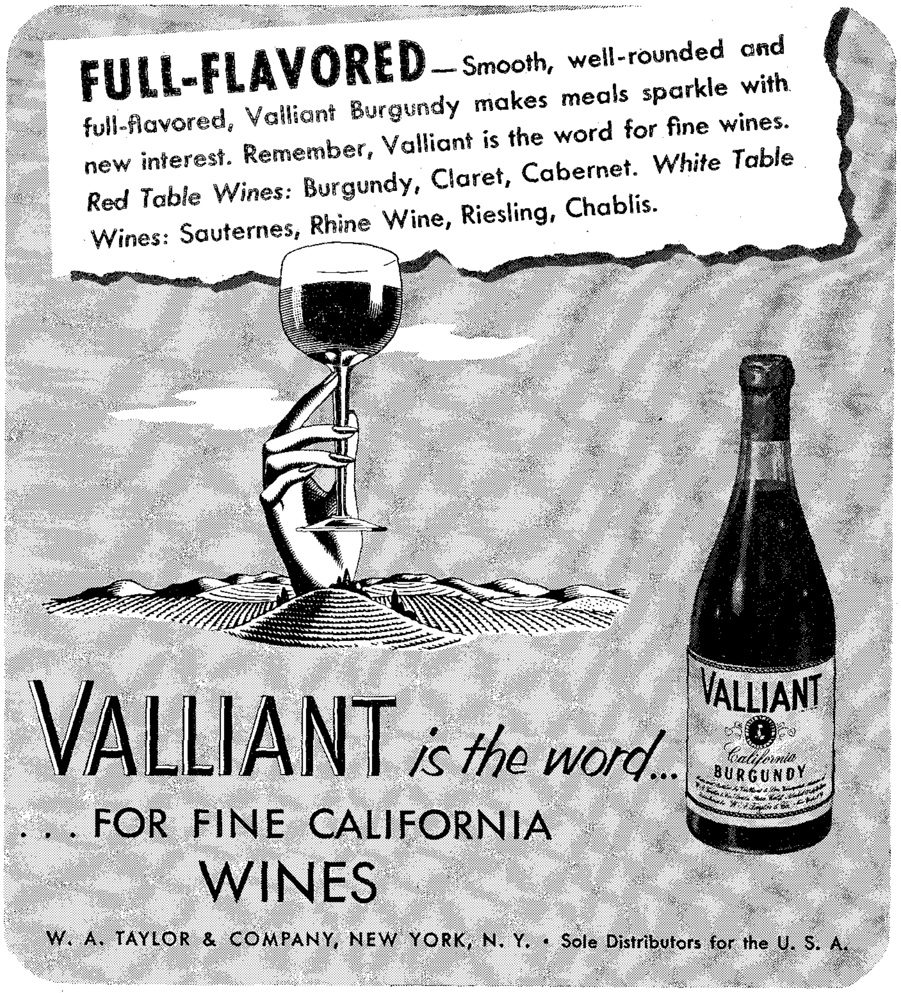
"Oh, why don't you step straight to hell?" said his wife, and got up and went down into the cabin.

Dayton sat for a while, staring at the sail, and then he looked around and saw the nearly empty Martini pitcher. He put it to his lips and upended it, and held the last few pieces of ice in his mouth until they melted.

CAREFULLY, so as not to lose his precarious hold on the buoy, Dayton stretched his cramped legs, then folded himself into a new position, keeping one arm crooked around an upright support. He stared out at the darkening fog, and realized that he was probably going to have to spend the night on the buoy.

I wonder how much she actually knows, and how much is guesswork, he thought. She can't have anything





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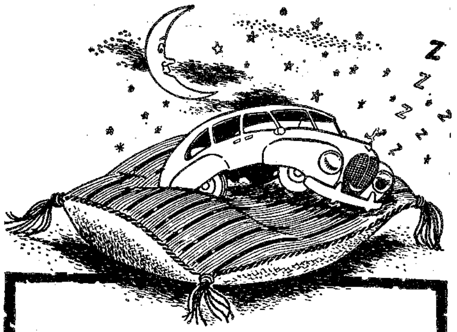
definite; otherwise, she'd have sounded off long before this. Still, she *seemed* pretty definite, the way she talked. . . . Well, the hell with it. There's nothing I can do about it now. Anyway, the thing is never going to get out of hand again. We don't see enough of each other for that to happen. Just every now and then . . .

Suddenly, Dayton felt a stabbing ache in his legs, and he realized that he had fallen asleep. He sat up straight and clutched about in the darkness; the bell rang excitedly, and something sharp tore into one of his hands. He could see nothing except the dim black outlines of the buoy around him, and he clung to the nearest support until his head cleared and his heart stopped pounding. The bell resumed its slow, weary beat; and somewhere, far off in the wet gloom around him, a foghorn sounded.

I can't afford to do *that* again, Dayton thought. Somehow, I've got to keep awake here. The bell rang, and then it rang again, and then there was a long pause, and then it rang twice, lightly and in quick succession, and Dayton found that his consciousness was slipping into gear with the ringing of the bell. He reached out and grasped one of the clappers, pulled it back, and then let it fall with a resounding clang against the bell. He did it again, and then he took a second clapper in his other hand, and by using both hands he managed to beat out a ponderous kind of rhythm against the sides of the bell. He stood up, to get a better purchase on the clappers, tripped on something, and fell into the black water.

When he had pulled himself back up on the buoy, Dayton wrapped himself around a support and sat still, shivering. The unpleasant thought occurred to him that the fog might last for several days, and he knew that his strength would never hold out that long. He was bone-tired and stiff, and his legs and hands stung from the cuts and gashes inflicted by the barnacles on the sides of the buoy. This isn't funny, he thought. In fact, this is one hell of an unfunny situation. The bell clanged, and he screamed "Shut up!" at it and felt a little better. The bell clanged again, and then once more, and Dayton's head began to ring with it.

In order to keep awake, he reviewed everything that had happened during the afternoon, and it all seemed dim and rather pointless to him now. His wife had been right; he *had* been looking forward to seeing Alice Martin. In fact, it had been his suggestion that the Martins be invited on the trip, and he



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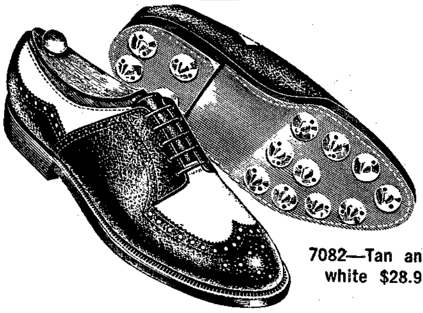

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should have been able to tell by his wife's reaction that it was a poor idea. She had said, "If you want," and then had let the matter drop. And, now that he came to think of it, what had he expected to gain out of the arrangement? There was no denying that Alice could be funny, but that wasn't the reason he had invited the Martins to come along. What was the reason, then? Nostalgia? The hope that somehow, perhaps . . . No. That was impossible. Sheer idiocy. "Dayton, you're a goddam fool," he told himself. "All you wanted was a nice, warm jog for your ego, and it's not worth it. It couldn't be worth it, the way things have worked out." He spat over the side of the buoy, and longed for a cigarette. If I ever get off here, I'll make it up to her, he thought. I'll straighten things out somehow.

Once, during the night, a ship's foghorn sounded nearby, and Dayton banged furiously with the bell clappers to try to attract attention, but the sound of the foghorn became fainter and fainter, and finally the night settled back into silence, broken only by the sounds of the buoy, which Dayton no longer heard. Once or twice, he dozed, but he had no idea for how long, and he almost welcomed these times, dangerous as they were, because they brought relief from the gnawing ache in his legs and body. At the first faint brightening in the fog, Dayton stood up and painfully climbed once around the buoy, to try to work some of the stiffness out of his limbs, then remained standing, holding on to one of the uprights, and wondered what had become of his wife. I hope she's all right, he thought. I hope she isn't still out in this fog. He felt depressed, and sorry for her, and also disgusted with himself. "You silly goddam fool," he said. "Anything that happens to you, you've deserved it."

FINALLY, around noon, the fog began to lift. At first, it became brighter, and then Dayton noticed that he could see more and more of the surrounding water, until at last only the horizon was blurred and the sun was shining hotly overhead. Then a small, squat fishing boat emerged from the haze in the distance, and Dayton beat the bell and waved and shouted, and with a blast on its horn the boat turned and headed toward him.

Two men in dungarees and hip boots helped Dayton step from the buoy onto the boat, and when his feet touched the deck, his legs buckled like rubber hoses, and the men carried him to the top of a hatch and sat him down. One of them

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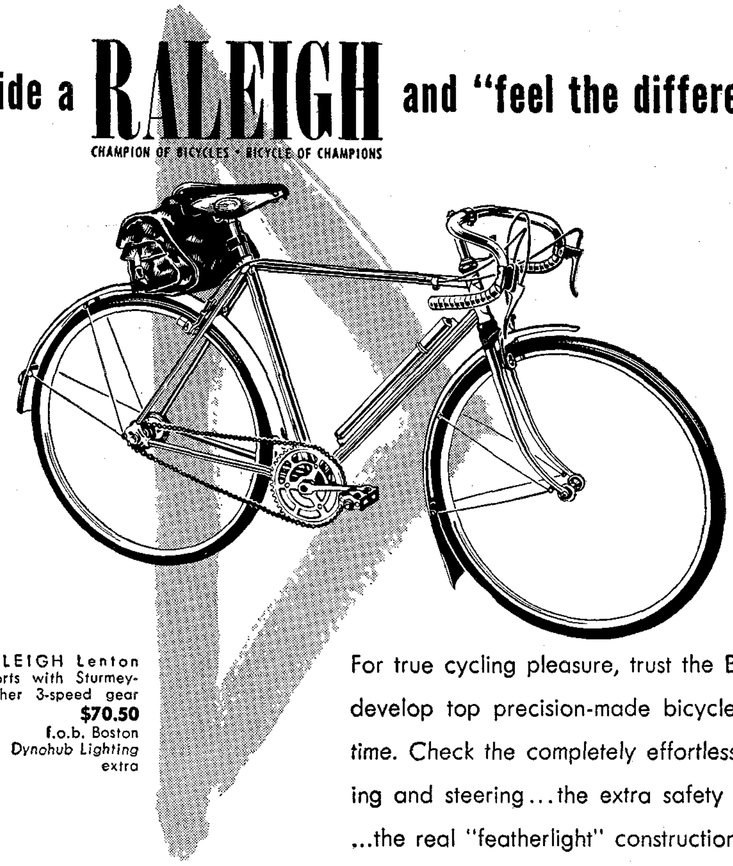
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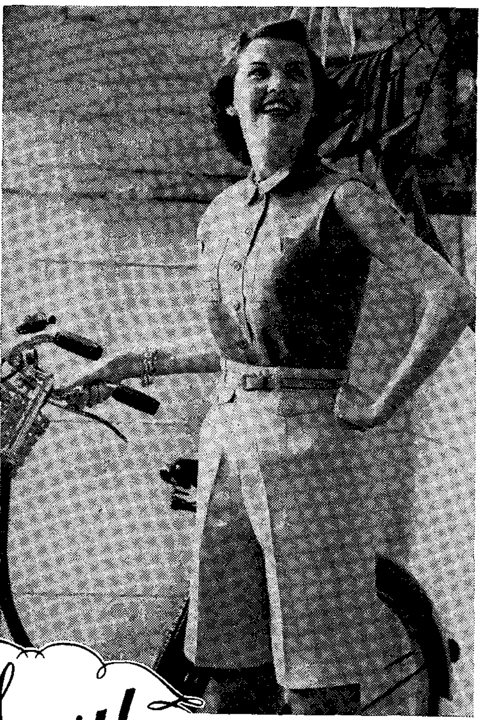

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brought him a mug of steaming coffee that tasted heavily of rum, and the other gave him a cigarette and lighted it for him, and for several minutes Dayton said nothing while he gratefully inhaled, in turn, the cigarette and then the coffee. His strength came back in a warm rush, and he looked up at the men, who were watching him in silence.

"Thanks," Dayton said, and smiled.

"Guess you're the one they were lookin' for," said the taller of the men, who wore a swordfisherman's hat with a long black visor.

"Could be," said Dayton. "I hope so, at any rate."

"Alarm went out last night," the man said. "All over the radio. Coast Guard was lookin' for you, only they couldn't do much in that fog. Your name's Dayton, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Dayton. "How about my wife? Is she all right?"

"Wouldn't know about that," the man said, and turned to the other. "Charlie, get on the phone and tell them we got him," he said. "Where you goin'?" he asked Dayton.

"Vineyard Haven," Dayton said. "If that's all right with you."

The man nodded. Dayton drained his mug and looked back over the stern, where the buoy was becoming a slim speck in the distance. By this time, it looked like any other buoy; in fact, Dayton couldn't be sure that the buoy he saw was the one on which he had spent the night. In the wheelhouse he heard a man talking on the radio, and the crackling, spluttering replies from the shore station, and he realized that his wife must be all right, because nobody else would have known that he was missing. She had probably awakened in time to take the boat into Vineyard Haven and give the alarm. The buoy was gone now, and ahead of the boat he could hear the ringing of another one, but for some reason it sounded different.

The tall man, who had disappeared, came back with a pair of salt-stained dungarees and held them out to Dayton. "Guess you may want these," he said. "Don't want to go ashore nekked like that."

It was only then that Dayton remembered that he had torn off most of his clothes in the water, and he smiled and stepped into the dungarees, which were about two sizes too big for him. "Thanks," he said. "I'll give them back after I get ashore."

"Don't make no odds," the man replied. "They're kind of out at the tail, anyway. You want some more coffee?"

Dayton nodded, and when the man brought him the coffee, he sipped it slowly and watched the outline of Martha's Vineyard loom larger on the horizon. He visualized the scene that would take place when he went ashore; his wife would be there, and probably the Martins, and there would be a great to-do and tears and embraces, and he would go back to the Martins' and sleep for the rest of the day, and then tomorrow they could go on with the trip. Tonight, they'd have cocktails before dinner, and everybody would want to hear about his experience, and for a while he'd be a minor-league hero, and nothing that he could do would be wrong. He thought about his falling off the buoy during the night, and what a good story that would make, and he could hear Alice Martin laugh when he told about trying to make the bell ring in rhythm to keep himself awake. She'd love the whole story, he thought, and he began mentally to sift out the details that would make the best telling. Then he paused, and thought again. Well, why not? he asked himself. You're in the driver's seat now—for a while, at any rate—so why not make the most of it? You've just got to be careful, that's all. Just be very careful.

He put his coffee down, and lay back on the hatch and fell into a deep, contented sleep. He was still asleep when the boat docked at Vineyard Haven.

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

• •

TRY COUNTING SHEEPSKINS

This is the end. Tonight at eight,
Across this flawless sward,
With stately academic gait,
In gown and mortarboard,
My child will decorously go
(While fathers weep like mothers)
A Bachelor of Arts—and so
Will seven thousand others.

For this is the modern Commencement,
With graduates measured in acres:
The Aarons, who lead them,
The Atkinsons (speed them!),
And maybe, by midnight, the Bakers.
We crawl through the Collins . . . the Kingsleys . . .
And round about dawn through the "P"s . . .
The Smathers . . . the Smithers . . .
And what was that—Withers?
What dreadfully slow degrees!

Somebody plays. Somebody sings.
Somebody snaps a prize up.
Somebody does some other things,
But nobody props my eyes up.
Somebody gets an LL.D.,
And out in the middle distance
Some big shot speaks. Ah, who was he—
The lion of least resistance?

Dear heaven, the wholesale Commencement,
The two-ton economy size,
On a bench behind rows
Of befeathered chapeaus
With binoculars pressed to your eyes!
Whatever became of my offspring?
(I dozed, I admit, around Hicks)
But it's standard behavior—
Who's conscious by Xavier?
Only the zz-
zz-
zz-
Zwicks.

—KAY HOSKING

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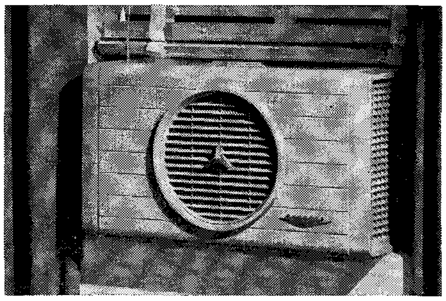

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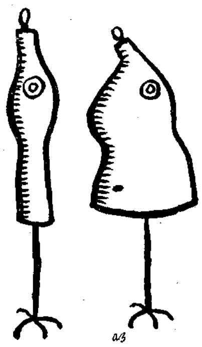
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT



LORD & TAYLOR'S collection of cotton sports clothes—mostly separates—were all designed in Italy and made here. One slender shirt of pale-blue, red, navy, or yellow cotton sateen has a standing collar across the back of the neck and opens slightly in front to show a presumably tanned throat. Another shirt, of white bedticking widely striped in blue, red, or charcoal, is equipped with a bateau neck and short sleeves. There are snug shorts to match both shirts. If you want a complete beach outfit, what about a Capri fisherman's shirt, a pair of tapered trousers, and a pair of shorts, all of white bedticking striped in blue, black, or pink? The price range for these clothes is from $9.95 to $22.95. Women who want to keep the sun off their shoulders through the summer might try a good-looking two-piece beach dress of blue, yellow, pink, or lavender cotton, with a collarless, short-sleeved top. The billowy fringed skirt can be turned into a straight one by a hook-and-eye arrangement. The whole thing is $55. A sleeveless shirt and slender slacks of heavy cotton cord with very wide stripes of green, blue, and white is $59.95. For cocktails and dancing, there's a flamboyant three-piece dress—a strapless, boned bodice, a bell skirt, and a nipped-in bolero—made of cotton painted red or royal blue and decorated with painted-on black swags and a border of black-and-white ruffles; $49.95.

The American designers are represented here, too. Brigance has turned out linen slacks that match a tailored blouse of putty, pink, or red dotted swiss, which he also uses to make a strapless sheath dress whose lumberjacket is bound in linen. Brigance's one- and two-piece wool tartan bathing suits, ending in modified bloomers, are $25.

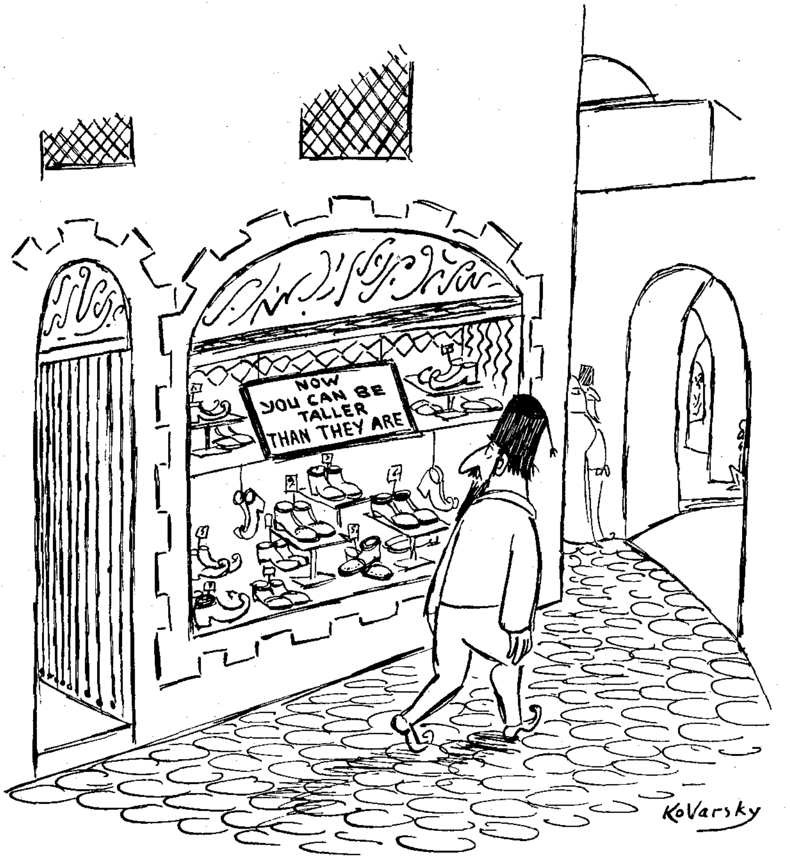
AMONG the Vera Maxwell dresses in Bloomingdale's Green Room is a slim silk sheath printed with multicolored medallions and stylized water lilies, plus a wrap-around jacket of slate-blue flannel to huddle into on the ride home. This is $69.95 all told. Another Maxwell dress, of blue-and-white seersucker, has a wrap-around jacket of navy Tootal linen. Elsewhere on the premises are black-and-white checked cotton suits and suit dresses. The fitted jacket of one suit is piped with black rayon satin, and the full skirt is stitched into fine pleats; $35. A sheath dress of black cotton is paired with a fitted black-and-white checked jacket that's bound in black rayon velvet. This, too, is $35. Another black cotton dress is touched up with black-and-white checks that match its tiny bolero; $22.95.

The play clothes here deserve a special look. Among the most notable ones are a pair of patchwork cotton shorts, a checked cotton shirt that matches some of the patchwork colors, some cotton bloomers in a leopard print, and some tapered pants of black cotton, either crisscrossed by bands of varicolored cotton or encircled by a Guatemalan sort of embroidery. There are décolleté tops of black elasticized cotton to go with the bloomers and the pants.

GUNTHER JAECKEL are paying extra attention to separates. A skirt of glazed white chintz is all zinnias, stock, cosmos, iris, and peonies; one of taupe chintz, cut in a huge circle, is all spreading branches of pink and white dogwood; one of white piqué is embroidered with field flowers and sprays of wheat; one of white upholstery cotton is strewn with kitchen utensils and suchlike household objects. A golden-brown jute skirt (there's an attached petticoat of gold rayon taffeta) is painted here and there with immense oranges and orange blossoms. Most elaborate of all is a white cotton skirt in a print of bright-pink roses and green leaves; a latticework of shiny black straw covers it all. These skirts cost from $14.95 to $49.95, and there are appropriate blouses at from $11.95 to $17.95.

In a less exuberant humor and a much higher income bracket, there's an accordion-pleated surah skirt in a blue-and-white or watermelon-pink-and-white necktie print; a pale-blue or watermelon-pink cashmere pullover comes with it. A box-pleated skirt in oyster-white silk, printed with berries, fruits, and roses, is topped by a navy cashmere cardigan that's lined with the print. A beautiful bouffant skirt of black silk organza has a bare black cashmere bodice, with an organza bow resting lightly on the bosom, and shoestring shoulder straps of organza.

THE Cotton Shop, at 711 Fifth Avenue (55th), shows cotton dresses with plain wool cardigans bound to match. The dresses come in sizes 10 to 20, and are $14.95 and $19.95. A pink plaid one is mated with a pink sweater that has a frill of the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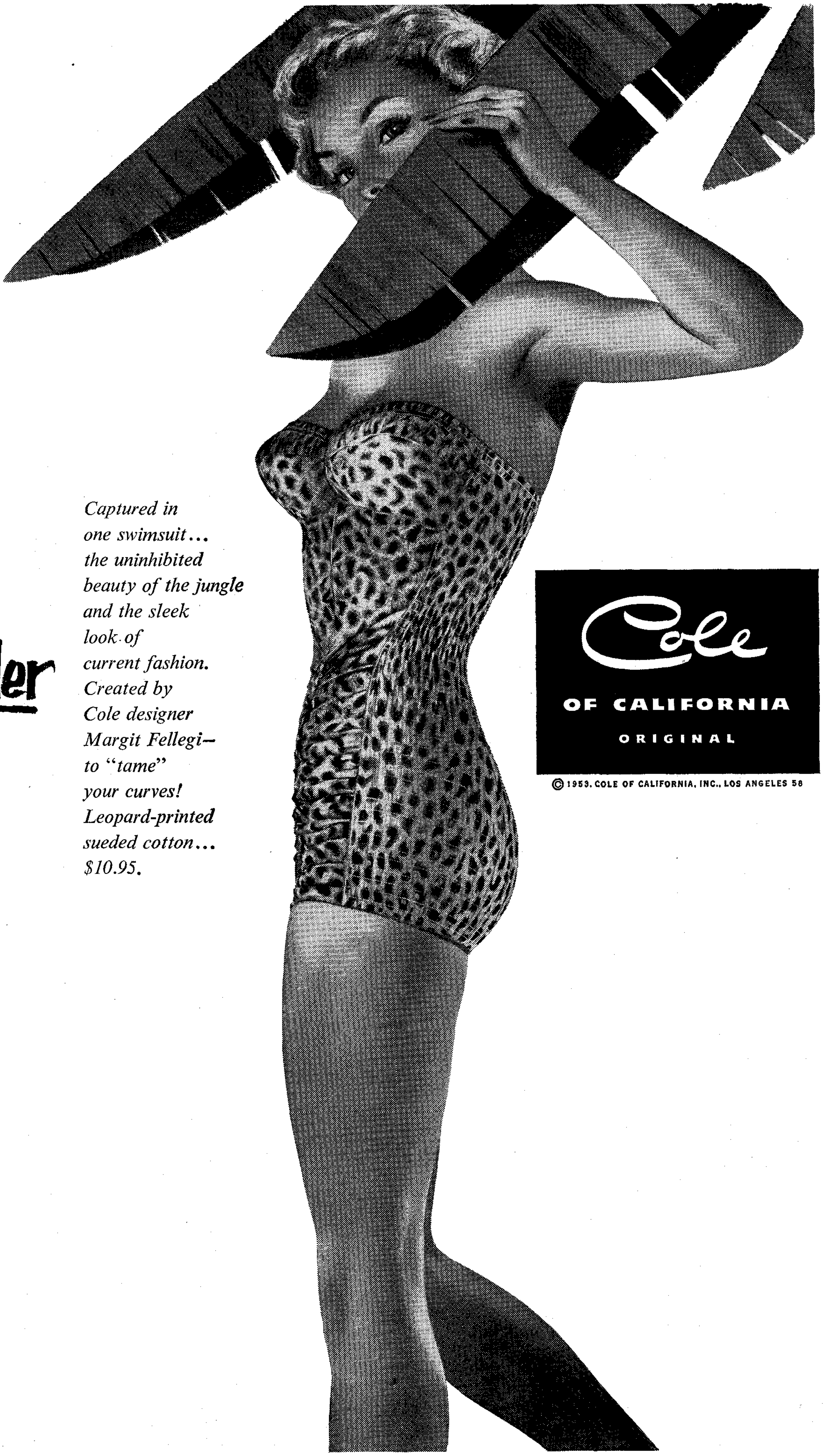

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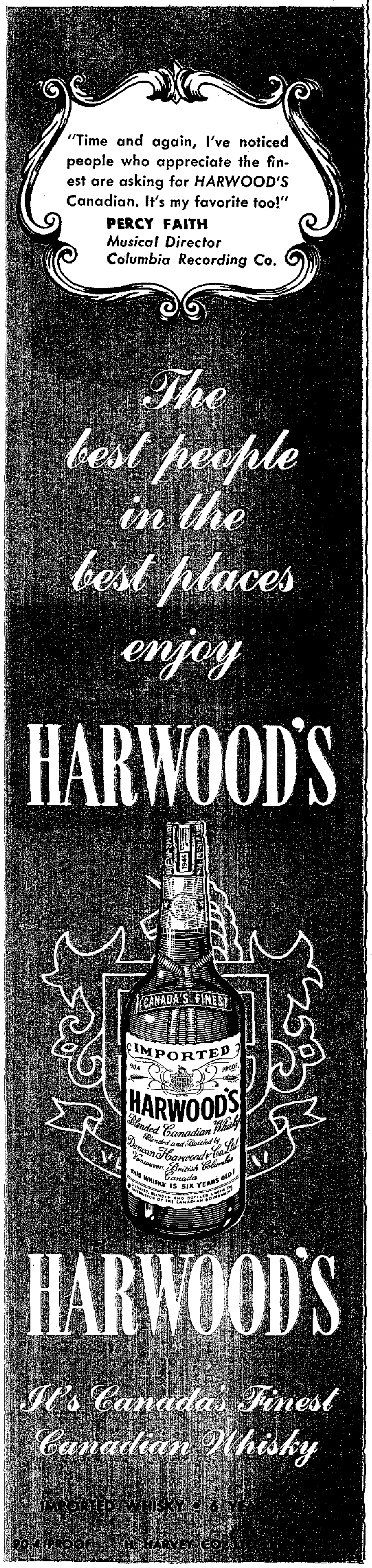
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plaid down the front. A black-and-white polka-dotted cotton, edged with black cotton at the neck and the hip pockets, goes with a black sweater equipped with a detachable white linen collar; a very pretty dress of a checked gingham into which contrasting Chinese pagodas are woven is designed to be worn with a pastel sweater fastened with tiny buttons covered with checked cotton.

WOMEN who like to look exotic by the seaside might inspect the Calypso clothes, printed with African tribal signs, at Bonwit Teller. There's a whole wardrobe in cotton batik—a strapless beach dress, a one-piece bloomer bathing suit, a one-piece pleated-skirt bathing suit, a pair of tight, tapered slacks, a make-believe sarong skirt (it zips part way down one side), and a surplice beach jacket lined with white terry cloth and fastened at the waistline with a double row of buttons. In solid-color cottons, there are slinky pedal pushers, as well as shirts that allow you to expose as much of your middle as you wish. A beach dress of black cotton sprinkled with pink chrysanthemums has a wildly plunging neckline and an extravagantly full skirt; a straight, button-down-the-front dress of white cotton printed with great black flowers has a square neckline and a crimson cotton sash. Prices start at $7.95; the dresses run up to $25.

The straw beach hats here come from all over—Hawaii, Ecuador, Italy, and Panama. Sheaves of raffia are draped across the upper brim of one floppy straw hat, which is decorated on the underside with sea shells tipped with gold beads and sewn on with colored yarn; $12.95, which is as expensive as these hats get. Among the others is a natural straw in a wavy weave and embroidered with raffia flowers, an overgrown mushroom that turns back to make a soaring sombrero, and a coolie hat of shredded straw tied under the chin with braided straw bonnet strings. Warning: everyone is wearing this job.

THE tropical cotton separates at Abercrombie & Fitch include Bermuda shorts, a gored skirt, and a sleeveless blouse, all in sea green, bright navy, or dull red. There are also fishermen's jackets with long, cuffed sleeves, and pants that reach to just above the ankle and fasten with pearl button studs. The blouse and shorts are $10.75 each, the jacket is $15. White cotton drill striped in pink, blue, or charcoal makes a cardigan jacket and very short shorts with a

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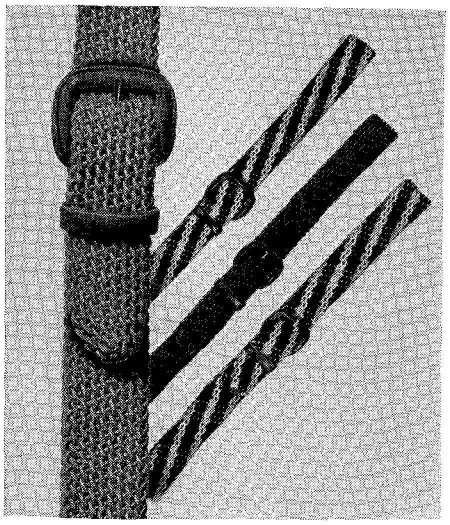

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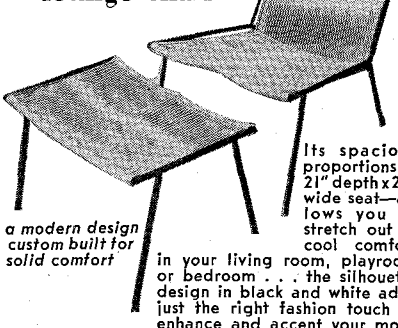

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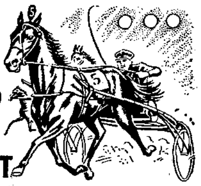

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

wide white elasticized waistband. A white cotton T shirt has a turnover collar embroidered to match one of the colors of the stripes in the cotton drill. Bermuda shorts in hydrangea-blue, strawberry-pink, or navy linen are $10.75, and for the same price there's a white cotton shirt printed with deep-blue, strawberry, or red carnations. A blouse made of white cotton tea towels printed with red roosters is $12.75, and a box-pleated skirt to match is $15. Abercrombie's newest white cotton golf dress is printed all over with golfing clichés and is buttoned with plastic tees. For tennis, there's a white seersucker bloomer suit with a detachable side-pleated skirt. Cotton bathing suits in an undersea design (lemon, charcoal, and gray, or coral, moss green, and brown) are $11.75. Nylon bathing dresses, which run up to size 40, have a square, pleated décolletage and wide shoulder straps. They come in turquoise and black, navy and white, or black and pale blue; $22.75.

TALL APPAREL, at 20 West 38th Street, provides bathing suits for girls from around five feet eight to six feet two, in sizes 12 to 20. Elasticized ones in any of half a dozen colors, with or without skirts, are from $10.95 to $19.95.

FANCY FREE, at 152 East 70th Street, offers a delicious dotted-swiss dress in white or charcoal lined with white lawn. Its neckline is wide, its midriff is high, and garlands of delicate, contrasting woven-in flowers adorn it; $14.95. A dress of black seersucker sprigged with red and white rosebuds has a shoulder-tip décolletage, push-up sleeves, and a black patent-leather belt; $16.95. A dress of rough navy linen, with a plunging neckline and an easy gathered skirt, is tied about the waist by a thick cord sash; a gay red-and-white cotton kerchief can be threaded through the slots in the bodice of a bare-topped black piqué dress when you want to cover your shoulders.

THE shop of Fred Leighton, at 15 East 8th Street, is stocked entirely from Latin America. A copy of a toreador shirt is $23.50; an adaptation of a Mexican wedding shirt, in cerise, deep-turquoise, or orange cotton, is $22.50, and a sleeveless version of the same thing in unbleached muslin is $12. Unbleached muslin is converted into a middy with a reversible two-toned dickey; $8.50. For the same price, there's an unbleached muslin jacket with arrow-

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shaped frogs of heavy striped cotton. Patio dresses of hand-woven turquoise cotton, with white braid embroidery around the top and just above the hemline, are $45. Other patio dresses appear in chartreuse or eggshell embroidered in black. A white cotton peasant blouse, embroidered in a cross-stitch, has short wing sleeves that puff up when you pull a drawstring; $13.95. Calf-length pants of bright cotton covered with sequins and laced with ribbon are $22.50. Street-length pleated cotton skirts are tied at the side and woven in beautiful muted stripes from the knees to just above the hem. Wedgie espadrilles with plaid, checked, or striped cotton uppers and natural or colored sisal soles are $5.

Macy's Little Shops have assembled an astounding collection of big bags for the beach and so on. There is a huge carryall of pastel plastic tweed, banded and lined with white plastic leather; a deep feed bag of duck, denim, or quilted plastic, mounted on a reed hoop and lined with yellow plastic; and a voluminous drawstring pouch in black, green, navy, or red duck, with a petal top of white duck. Among the smaller bags is a burlap pouch with red and navy nautical motifs. From Japan, there's a lantern-shaped bag made of strips of wood swathed in fish net; it folds flat as a fan when you want it out of the way. A natural wicker basket has a cover of fringed straw cloth strewn with bachelor's-buttons and white sweet peas. These bags cost from $1.55 to $8.96, including the federal tax. For the beach, or for travelling, there are crocheted elastic slippers in pretty pale colors, massed with rayon rosebuds; $8.99. And, if you like, there are rubber *leis* and bathing caps to match.

Plummer's giant beach bag of braided natural raffia looks like a scooped-out log and is really quite roomy. It's $19.20, including the federal tax. —G. J.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

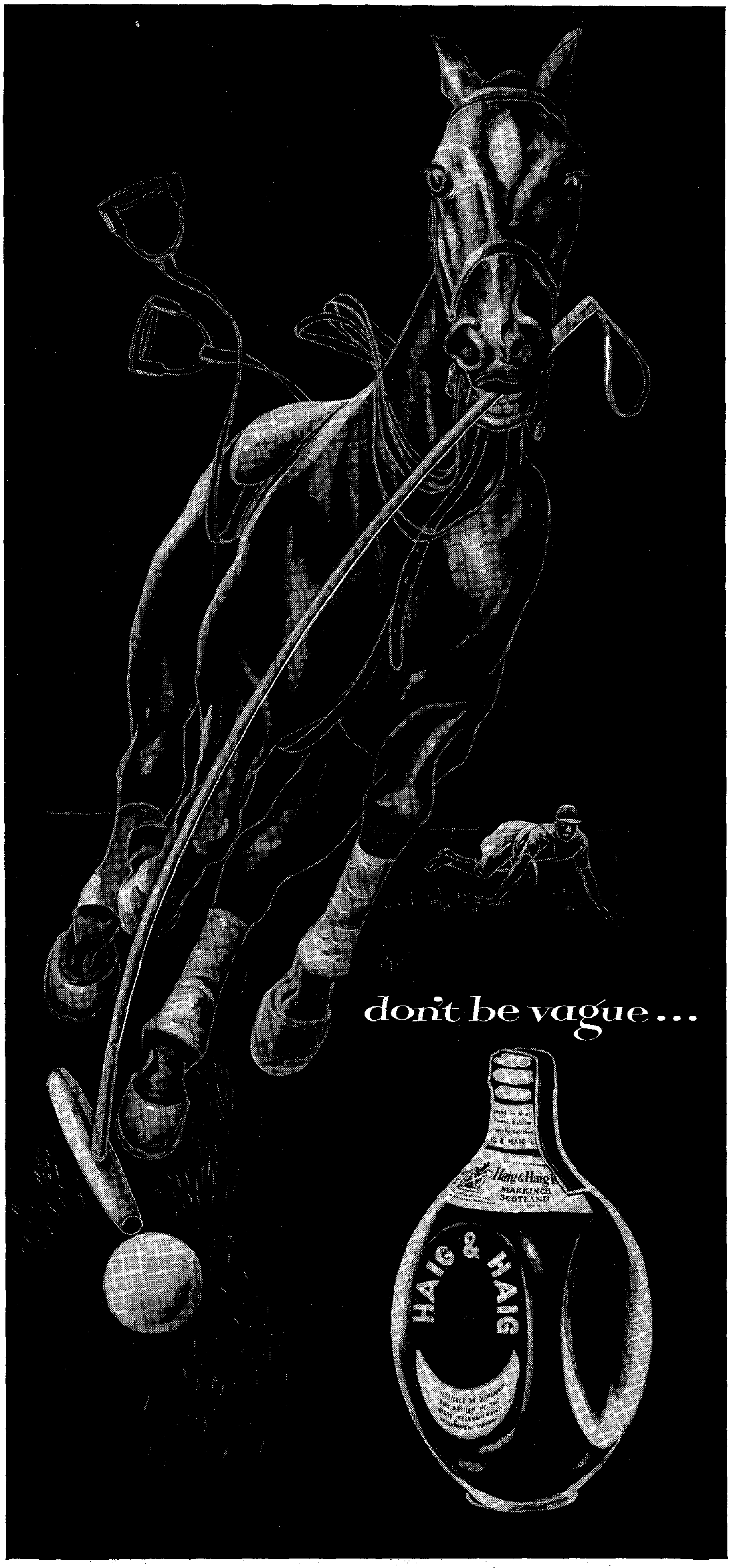
[*From the Leesburg (Fla.) Commercial-Ledger*]

The annual breakfast, or brunch meeting, of the Woman's Club when new officers are installed each May is a lovely custom. The meeting is informal, yet most insignificant.

•

Thousands Getting Married: Statistics show that 64,462 persons were married in Finland during 1952. Of these, 32,230 were women.—*Finlandia Pictorial.*

Go ahead, we're listening.



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TELEVISION

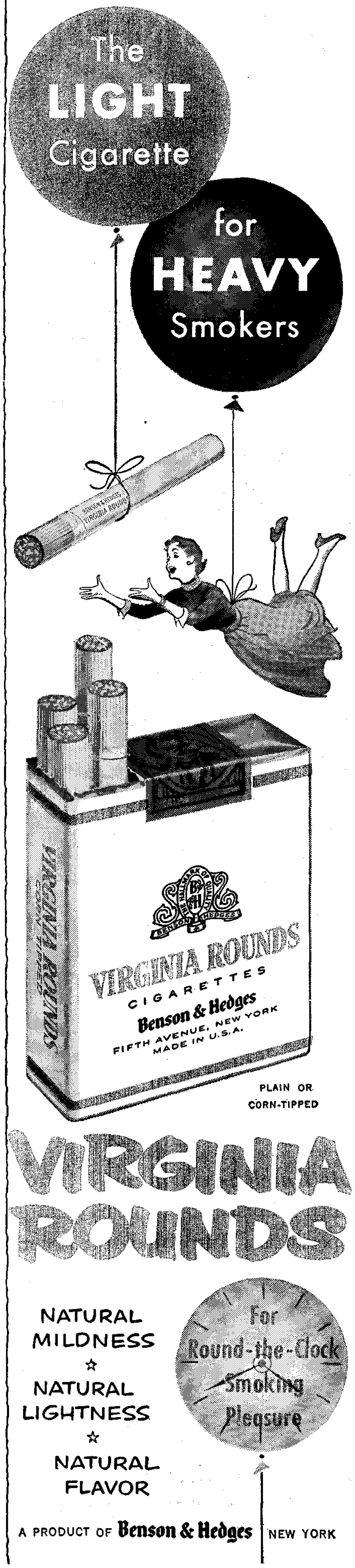
The Queen

A FEW minutes before 5:15 A.M. D.S.T., on Coronation Day (10:15 A.M. British Summer Time), I rose, drank a toast of tomato juice and coffee to the Queen, and padded into the television room to light up the tiny screen. England was about to crown a new monarch, and two of the American networks, N.B.C. and C.B.S., in a royal frenzy of competition, were about to joust one another to the death in an effort to crown her first. C.B.S. made the initial lunge at five-fifteen, when a British voice, speaking from London, said that the Queen would not leave the Palace to go to the Abbey for another eleven minutes. The voice was pictorially accompanied by still shots of public buildings in London. A moment later, an extremely wide-awake young man named Allen Jackson appeared before the cameras (he was in New York) and introduced an equally wide-awake young woman from the British Information Services (she was in New York, too). She was wearing a refined afternoon dress, and she expressed the opinion that we were in for a remarkable day. At 5:26 A.M. D.S.T. (10:26 A.M. B.S.T.), the overseas British voice announced that the Queen was leaving the Palace and was on her way "to meet the world." I could hear the hoofs of the horses drawing the royal coach, and I could see a still picture of one of the coach's wheels. "She is serene and untroubled," the voice went on. "She is the symbol of all our hopes. The Queen is on her way, and so her journey begins."

At five-thirty, I switched to N.B.C. Dave Garroway was walking jauntily into the N.B.C. newsroom at Radio City, wearing a bowler and carrying an umbrella, but somehow he didn't look very British. He put both the hat and umbrella on a coat rack and expressed the opinion that we were in for a remarkable day. He said that N.B.C. had a good many tricks up its sleeve, all right, and suggested that we listen to the B.B.C. broadcast from London. This was promptly piped in, while we were allowed to look at Garroway. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were drawing up at the Abbey annex, the B.B.C. man said, and then we heard a band playing the British national anthem. At five-thirty-four, Mr. Garroway, wearing a what-hath-God-wrought expression, announced that, thanks to a facsimile receiver called Mufax, still pictures taken a mere nine minutes before in London would be upon us in a moment, having been miraculously transmitted by radiophoto across the broad stretches of the Atlantic. Sure enough, at 5:35 D.S.T., nine minutes after the Queen had left the Palace at 10:26 B.S.T., a barely distinguishable royal coach, the Queen, and the Duke of Edinburgh appeared before us. Garroway was beside himself, as well he might have been, I guess. He established contact with a gentleman called Gibson Parker, who was at the transmitting point for the radiophotos, forty miles from London. Mr. Parker asked Mr. Garroway if we could see the Yeomen of the Guard. We could not. "You can see the magnificence of the coach," said Mr. Parker, across the ocean. At this point, someone placed a map of England and Wales before the cameras.

In a matter of minutes, the Mufax picture of the coach, Queen, and Duke was returned to the screen. Simultaneously, Garroway permitted us to listen again to the B.B.C. broadcast. The Queen was passing through Trafalgar Square. Another B.B.C. voice, evidently from within the Abbey, now spoke eloquently of "the stillness of expectancy, the loneliness of dedicated sovereignty." Several more Mufax pictures arrived—crowds outside the Palace, a mounted Guardsman, and so on. When the Queen reached the Abbey (6 A.M. D.S.T.), N.B.C. began, in a sense, to fall apart. It forgot that people might want to hear the ceremony of the Coronation, and concentrated on those Mufax pictures. "Gibson—can you hear me, Gibson?," said someone standing alongside Garroway. "We are looking at A-One—A for Adam—on the Mufax." A man called Romley Wheeler was piped in. He was at Blackbushe Airport and was witnessing the departure of a Canberra jet plane, under N.B.C. charter, which he said would arrive at Boston in about six and a half hours. Garroway announced that N.B.C. had scooped the world—it had laid its dark plans, unbeknownst to C.B.S., and was dispatching this special plane with the first motion pictures of the day's events. The Coronation itself, I suddenly realized, was proceeding, N.B.C. miracle or no N.B.C. miracle, and I switched to C.B.S.

C.B.S. didn't have Mufax but it did have old still pictures of Coronation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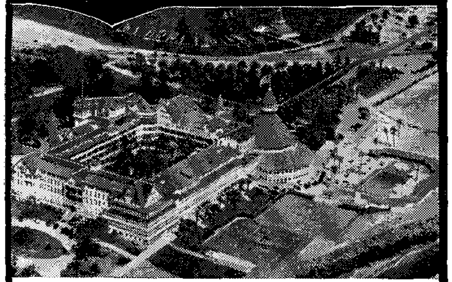

Picture Pattern
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scenes, presumably obtained from libraries and files. I could hear the B.B.C. announcer describing the Coronation ceremony, and I could hear the glorious service, the great organ, the massed choir, the unbelievable trumpet flourishes, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Queen. Perhaps this was not precisely television coverage of the Coronation, but it was moving and impressive. From time to time, I switched back to Garroway. He was talking to H. V. (Dean) Kaltenborn, who allowed that the day was a remarkable one, or he was calling for a "recap" of the Mufax stills. For the remainder of the service, I stayed with C.B.S.

ABOUT 4 P.M., both N.B.C. and C.B.S. reached new heights of frenzy. The N.B.C. Canberra jet had developed engine trouble over the Atlantic and been forced to turn back, but Royal Air Force planes had brought pictures to Goose Bay, Labrador, from which point both C.B.S. and N.B.C. were flying them to Logan Airport, in Boston, in souped-up P-51 Mustangs. Both networks had set up shop at Logan Airport, and both networks expected their planes to arrive shortly. "Joe DeBona in his souped-up C.B.S. P-51 Mustang is now flying over Bangor at an altitude of twenty-two thousand feet at four hundred and twenty-five miles per hour," said Bill Downs of C.B.S. He was on a runway at Logan, scanning the sky. On N.B.C., Ben Grauer, also standing on a Logan runway, said that Stanley Reaver, in his souped-up N.B.C. P-51 Mustang, would arrive in about forty-five minutes. C.B.S. hung around the airport waiting for DeBona. N.B.C., happily, went up to Ottawa and looked in on a Dominion audience in front of the Canadian Houses of Parliament listening to the Queen's speech. It was followed by a call, from an elegant, bemedalled antique, for three cheers for the Queen. "Hip, Hip, Hip!" he cried. At four-twelve, back on C.B.S., Joe DeBona zoomed over Logan, and at four-thirteen, he landed on the deck. "A clear victory for C.B.S.!" cried Bill Downs, but at four-fourteen (this *was* a tense time), N.B.C., having decided that its pilot had lost the race, hooked its network into that of the American Broadcasting Company, which, having rather maturely made no promises and run no races, was transmitting films of the Coronation through an arrangement with the Canadian Broadcasting Company, in Montreal. The Canadians had clearly won the race. Royal Air Force

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planes flying to Goose Bay and Royal Canadian Air Force planes flying from Goose Bay to Montreal had brought the first pictures from London. They were the B.B.C. pictures the British had seen that morning on *their* television sets, and they were the real thing. For several hours, I watched the ancient service, and my admiration for the cameramen and commentators of the B.B.C. is unbounded. We have a great deal to learn from them, technically and aesthetically. The British had set up their cameras at strategic points along the procession route, and at strategic points in the Abbey. The commentary had dignity and beauty. Every step of the ceremony was explained, every picture was part of the drama, and the cumulative effect was wonderful. As far as I was concerned, this was the Coronation, and when, later in the evening, both C.B.S. and N.B.C. came along with their competitive souped-up versions, complete with exhausted commentators and rude and intrusive commercials, I soon switched them off, drank a Black Velvet to the Queen, and went to bed.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

HISTRIONIC VISTAS

[*From "Baker's Plays," catalogue of the Walter H. Baker Company*]

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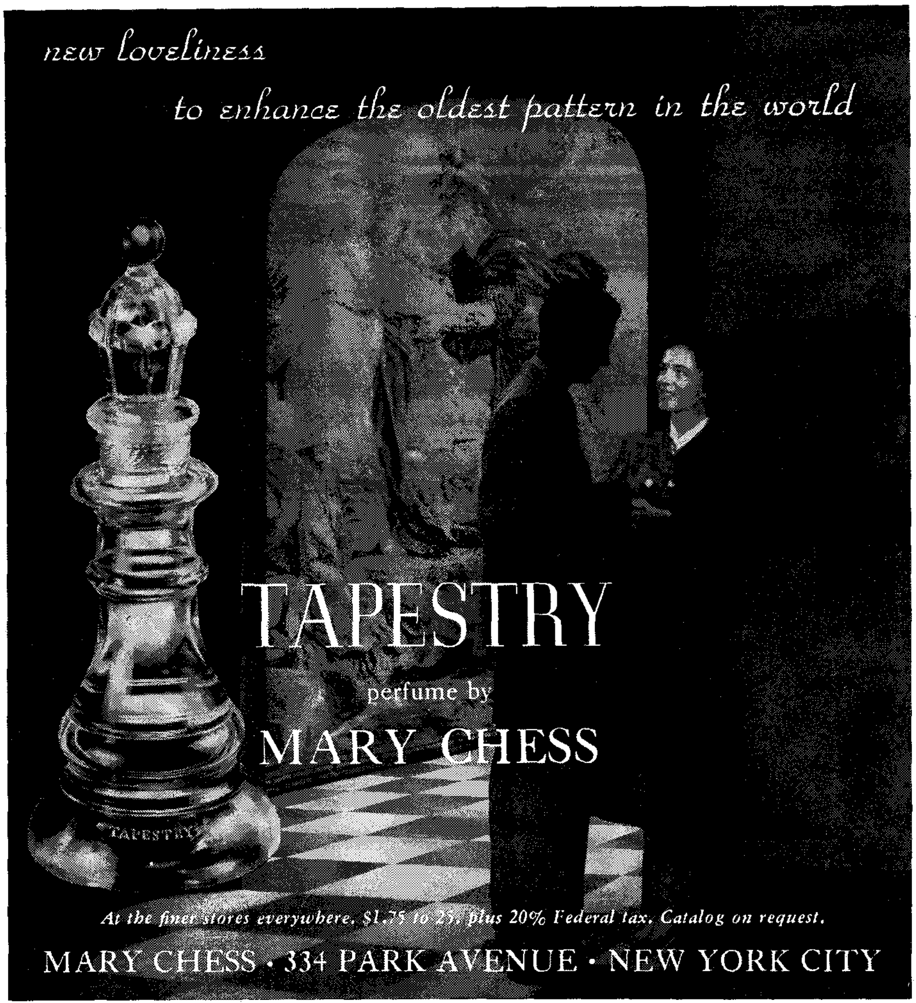
•

Farrington himself recognized that he was faced with a dire crisis. It was on such occasions as this that he had been known to blow up, literally.—*From "The Stellar Missiles," by Ed Earl Repp.*

Hang on, Farrington, until we find those earplugs!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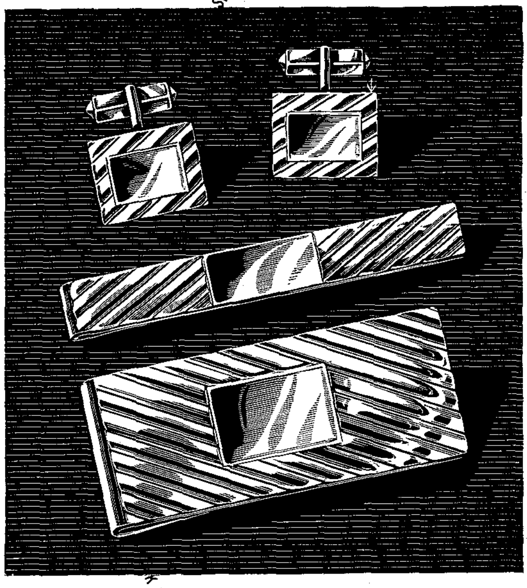

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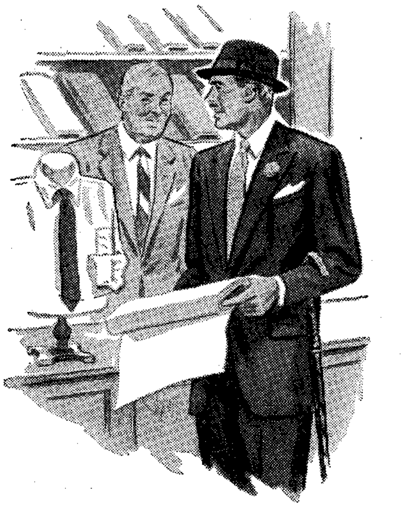

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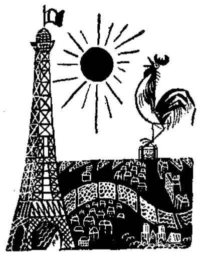
LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 1

A SERIES of twice-weekly night fêtes in the park of the Château of Versailles, with sky, water, and sylvan illuminations, and amplified music and discourses that give voice to the palace's historic past, will open this week, attended—if it doesn't rain—by President Vincent Auriol, the diplomatic corps, and high society of the Fourth Republic. The fêtes, which will be presented every Wednesday and Sunday from June to October, are the summer's most elaborate touristic entertainment for French and foreigners alike, and are expected to draw crowds numbering in the thousands. Rehearsals last week, held under a full, gold moon, gave a fine idea of what the Versailles festival is all about. As *vedette* of the occasion, the Versailles château itself is a silent, visible leading character, with the audience seated outdoors on its terrace. At the spectators' feet lies what they came to see: the mile-long royal view, in modern evening dress—illuminated fountains, statues, and an emerald, grassy *tapis vert* that leads to the distant water sheet of the Canal. From the head of the Canal, giant projectors cast their lights down this glistening vista, between the dark privacy of gardens and treetops and onto the basking château, looking like a carved royal face. The result is an *art-moderne* vision of Louis XIV's home and demesne, seen in a melodramatic cinema blend of prodigal and magnificent night colors. Loudspeakers have been set up in Le Nôtre's gardens to report on the pleasures and woes that made up Versailles' lifelong dramas. Charles Boyer supplies the principal male voice. The historical part of the recited text was written by André Maurois and deals with the Louis kings; their queens and their ladies, like Du Barry and Pompadour; the Revolution; and even Benjamin Franklin. There is also a poetic evocation of the waters and gardens penned by Jean Cocteau. As the finale of the fête, the distant projectors (operated by the French Army as part of the French air-defense scheme) beam France's tricolor straight up into the sky, making it visible on a fine night—or so the Army says—for eleven kilometres.



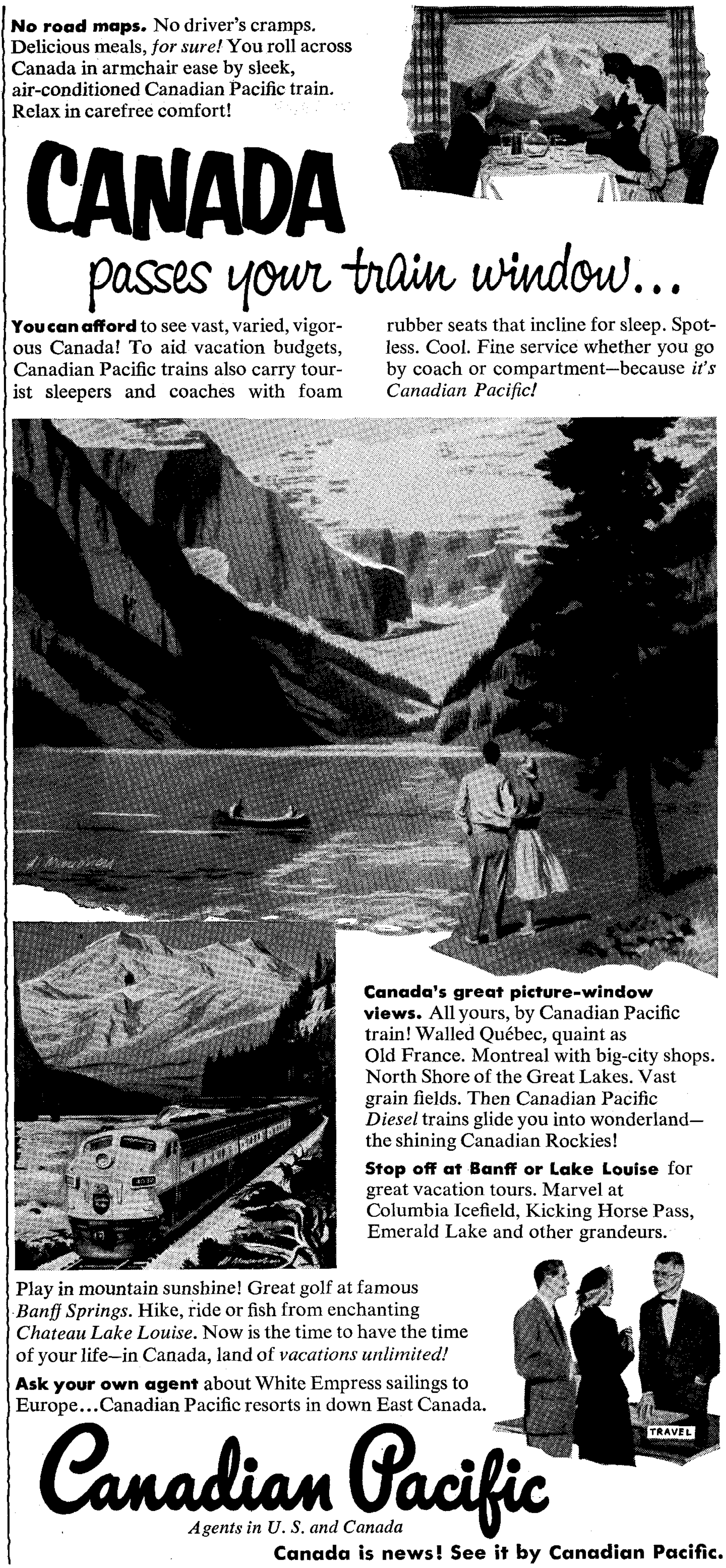
A fortnight ago, the garden paths of Versailles looked like the trenches of the First World War, as high- and low-tension wires were laid for the demesne's first up-to-date electrification. Inside the château, the electrifying has put baby spots in the famed Gallery of Mirrors, once renowned for its multitude of candle chandeliers, and outside it has provided increased water pressure for Versailles' celebrated fountains. The summer program also includes Sunday matinées of concerts and fountain play in the château park and at the Trianon, plus four special night jamborees featuring fireworks around the voluptuous bronze figures of the Fountain of Neptune.

The costly installations for the fêtes are, ironically, intended to raise money for the national fund for Le Sauvegarde de Versailles. The perilous decay of the château was publicly announced two years ago in the slogan of alarm "It is raining inside Versailles"—through the château's twenty-seven acres of leaking roofs. In the past year, about a billion francs has been raised, some from a state subsidy and the rest from such oddments as a slice of the National Lottery, a cut from the gambling casino at Enghien, a champagne dinner—at five thousand francs a head—at Maxim's, church-organization offerings, sales of an ugly brown postage stamp designed by Maurice Utrillo and showing the château gates, and gifts from philanthropists, including six-year-old French school children, who gave an obol each. A suggestion by the château directorate that a billion francs could be collected if every Frenchman gave a hundred francs, or the price of a pack of Gauloise cigarettes, brought in nothing like that sum but did produce a lot of packs of Gauloises.

The new curator of Versailles, M. Gérald Van der Kemp, an erudite young giant of a Frenchman, says that any building, "including a skyscraper," needs an overhauling every hundred years; without one, it may even start sprouting saplings on its cornices after a hundred and twenty-five years. Versailles was last overhauled in 1830, as one of the few good deeds of the Orleanist King Louis Philippe, who gave twenty million gold francs from his own pocket to turn this Bourbon château into a national museum, after persuading Parliament to vote against tearing it down. Napoleon Bonaparte wanted to raze it and rebuild it in his empire style. Indeed, most nineteenth-century French monarchs, thinking of kinsman Louis XVI's head, loathed Versailles, and the Paris populace hated it for a different version of the same reason. After Louis Philippe, the first person to help Versailles notably was John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who in 1924 generously financed the repair of the *corps central*, the only section in good condition today. With the first billion francs raised by the Sauvegarde program, Versailles' lead roofs have been put in order, myriad leaky frescoed ceilings have been patched, façade sculptures have been mended—the rumor that Versailles' stone suffers from some distinguished special cancer is luckily untrue—and its sewers cleaned, so the place no longer smells like the good old royal days. In the little attic apartment of Mme. Du Barry, not yet on public view, the *boiseries* have been restored to their gay trim of *vernis-Martin* blue, jonquil, and rose. Even higher under the roof, the rooms of Mme. de Pompadour await their turn, bare of anything now but mean gray paint, spider webs, and a lonely portrait showing her in décolletage and full intelligence, surrounded by her encyclopedias and other books.

It is practically impossible for France to find the cash to repair a royal château whose vast construction drained the country of workmen and money even at the time of its greatest power and prosperity. "Mona Lisa," Notre Dame, and Versailles are Paris's three most famous tourist attractions. Four billion more francs and four more years of work are the estimated price of saving Versailles from ruin. On the assumption that Versailles, in its majestic beauty, belongs to everyone, the château directorate has just cannily announced that it intends to set up a Committee of Friends of Versailles in the United States.

THIS is the time of year when French country cousins come up to Paris from the provinces and their estates to attend the June-season horse races, balls, family dinners, and matchmaking tea parties, and to take in the major painting exhibitions as their annual snack of art. The favorite exhibition right now is a luscious one of nudes at society's preferred gallery, La Galerie Charpentier. It will last all summer and is obviously an ideal hot-weather show. So much nudity on the walls presents an astonishing sight, with appetizing, rosy torsos and limbs from the days of the Ecole de Fontainebleau, a classic nude by Poussin, a goddess nude by Chassériau, and modern nudes by Renoir and Cézanne. It is a stimulating



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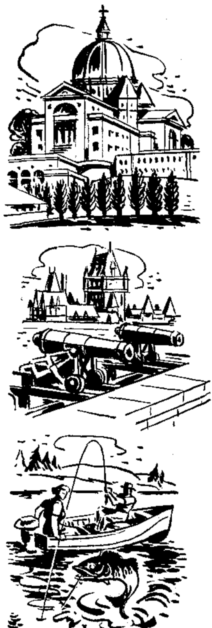

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LA PROVINCE DE
Québec

show, if only because it reveals how the human form has been bred during a four-hundred-year studio evolution, in which pretty, pink, round women have become thin, slab-sided, or even blue-breasted ones, with angles.

The show second in popularity and nationalistic satisfaction is Un Siècle d'Art Français, at the Petit Palais. This is a stunning array of a thousand items. It runs from Corot through Braque, via Carpeaux's Second Empire sculpture, sixteen Courbets (for realism), Odilon Redon (for symbolism), Marie Bashkirtseff's self-portrait (as typical of Third Republic art), and Impressionism from Monticelli to Manet—plus Cézanne. It takes in the Fauves, led by Matisse, and the Ecole de Paris, with a lovely "Femme au Bain" by poor Moïse Kisling, who just died, then moves on to Cubism, and terminates with a group called Diverses Tendances Contemporaines, including two of those extravagantly beautiful charcoal drawings of women, feathers, and pearls by that remarkable woman Louise Hervieu, now old and afflicted but unimpaired in artistry. This last hundred years of French art counted all over the civilized world, and the Petit Palais show of it is a proof that summer sightseers here should not miss.

The show that will jolt the country cousins and that has been agreeably disquieting even to blasé Parisians is the Galerie Louise Leiris' exhibition of about a hundred of Pablo Picasso's latest creations, from 1950 into this year. His enormous concurrent show in Rome—two hundred of his best works, done both early and late in life—has strengthened the impression that his Paris exhibition sags in spots. It contains his characteristic perfected oil paintings of distorted gray female faces and colored, disconnected portraits of his little daughter Paloma, all far more carefully painted than his works of a few years ago. As stylistic opposites to these, there is a masterly ebony wash drawing of an utterly natural black hen and another beauty of a hen with ruffled, speckled feathers. There are also eleven striped ceramic owls, mostly life-size, and nine striped ceramic pigeons. These potteries seem handsome, unmodern, and authentic in their ancient elegance. However, the most talked-of new Picasso is his life-size bronze, "Female Monkey with Infant in Arms." This could pass for simple realism if, on second glance, everyone did not giggle at the monkey's head. It is composed of a bronzed-over child's toy automobile, the hood and bumper perfectly forming the animal's

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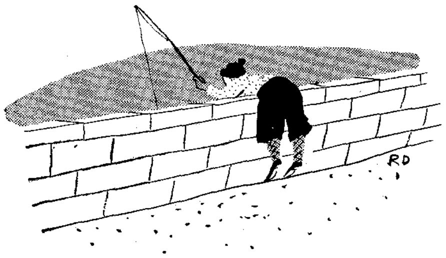
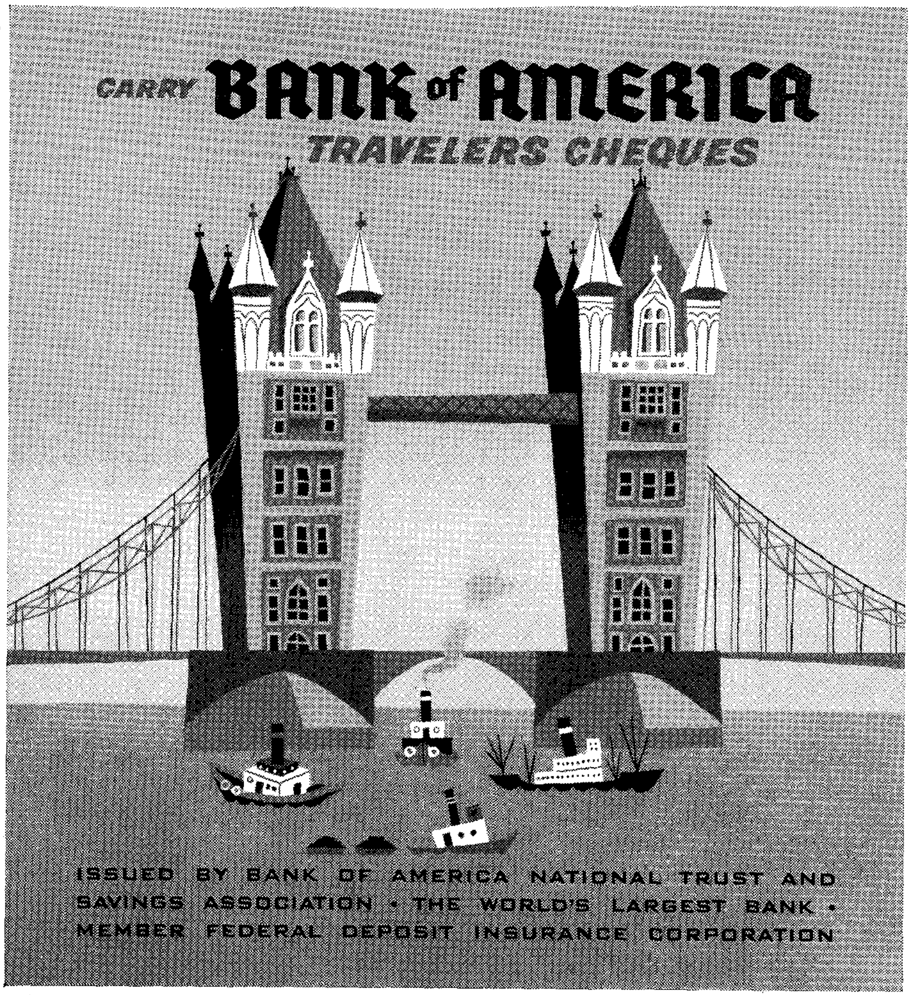
muzzle, the sloping top its skull outline, and the headlights its eyes. (At the Salon de Mai, which just closed, Picasso showed a plaster goat head with bicycle handles as horns, all very lifelike, too.) In an anxious effort to justify the bronze monkey head, one art critic dug up and quoted a description by Edgar Allan Poe of a bizarre angel, peculiarly composed of bottles for arms, a canteen for a head, and other mechanical bric-a-brac for a body. The critic added apologetically, "It is not the best Poe, I admit." The difference is that the bronze monkey with the automobile head ranks as very good Picasso indeed.

In its season at the Palais de Chaillot, just now over, the American Ballet Theatre and Alicia Markova afforded the most perfect ballet pleasure and presence seen in Paris since 1939, when the ineffable British ballerina last visited here. During her engagement, she danced Giselle. With time and technique, her body has grown even lighter. Beyond these factual statements, it seems that nothing can be explained or declared, for her suspension and slow flight through the air moved beyond grace into the appearance of levitation, like a miracle. Ethereal, she trod on space.

PEOPLE here who have been worrying more than usual about the social unrest rising in France have just received an unusual, dispassionate analysis of it from an unexpected source. Monsignor Paul Richaud, Archbishop of Bordeaux, last year headed an inquiry into the possible causes undertaken by the bishops of Catholic France. *La Voix Diocésaine de Besançon*, a religious review, recently gave an outline of the resulting report, which has provoked considerable amazement and comment on all sides. After the bishops had conducted a detailed examination of working and living conditions for the proletariat in all the dioceses of France, they concluded that though the bourgeoisie and the owner classes feel a certain desire to uphold human liberties, the dominant mainspring of their actions is the profit motive. According to the report, these classes show an unconsciousness of the disproportion between the way they

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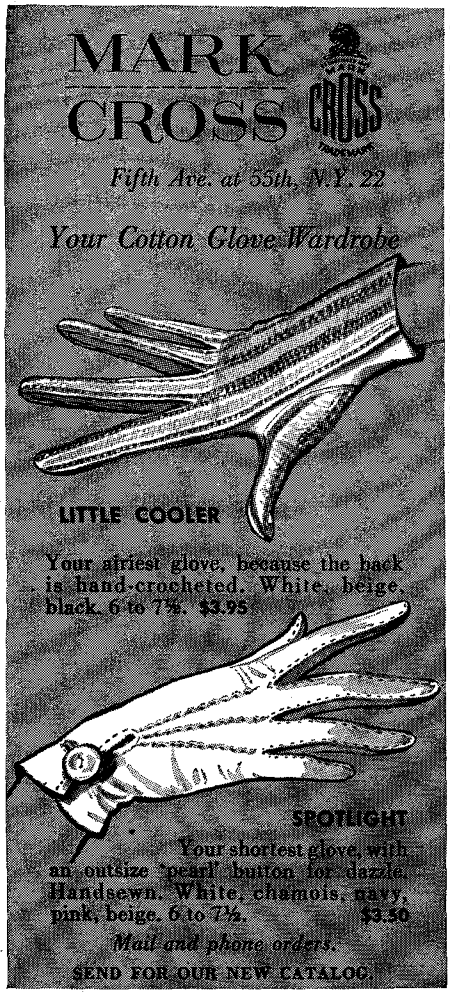

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The gold domes of Jordanville

Motorists driving along Route 167 through the country south of the Mohawk Valley near Jordanville are mystified by the nine gleaming gold, onion-shaped domes of the large structure that rises above the corn fields. "Why it looks like a church in Russia!" they are likely to exclaim.

As a matter of fact, that's exactly what it is—the Holy Trinity Monastery and Seminary of the Russian Orthodox Church. Headquarters for a group of printer-monks who left Russia in 1918, the Order is the publishing house for Orthodox parishes outside the Iron Curtain which keep alive the faith which has been suppressed within.

The Jordanville church is one of the latest in a long list of religious groups which have found sanctuary in New York State. And its picturesque building is one of the many unusual sights which greet the vacation traveler here. A free 196-page guidebook, *"New York State Vacationlands,"* will help you plan an interesting vacation for your family. Write the New York State Department of Commerce, Room 822, 112 State Street, Albany 7, N. Y.

live and the way their employees live, and they do not suspect that their comfort and riches prevent their lucid appreciation of the workers' problem. The idea of fair prices is losing ground, profit margins swell, and the sharing of profits with workers is almost nonexistent. As for the workers, the bishops went on, it is a fact that they always have to use force to improve their lot. Most are convinced that they are victims of organized injustice. Their salaries, even with social insurance and family allocations from the state, are proportionately less than before the war, though the national income has gone up. Workers, the bishops found, in many cases think that they have some rights in private business that today's society will not recognize. Though most of them—or so the churchmen thought—do not accept the Communist theory of class struggle, they recognize class struggle as a social fact, and their acute comprehension of the human rights denied them by the owner and bourgeois classes is back of their impatient desire for reforms in the social structure. For, the bishops concisely concluded, the French worker is more hopeful of changing structures than of changing the habits of the Frenchmen above him. French commentators are as impressed by the candor of the Archbishop's report as by the Church's obvious concern with France's present social malaise. Plenty of French also think that if the Church aims to use its vast influence for social betterment, it cannot start using it too soon.

THE eighteenth French government since the Liberation having fallen last month, it was thought by many here that the political program demanded by the third of the premier-designates who failed to form a nineteenth government—little Paul Reynaud—was essential. He said that it wasn't worth while taking office unless the constitution was first reformed to assure a French government of eighteen months of governing, instead of the postwar average of five months, and that Parliament should bear the punishment and responsibility of dissolution. Until then, he said, France cannot be consecutively governed. Until then, as the French citizens helplessly see the tableau, each French government is merely another balloon that barely gets off the ground before it is snagged on the Parliament roof.

ASIDE from the visual excitement and pleasure involved, the fact that London's Coronation was simul-

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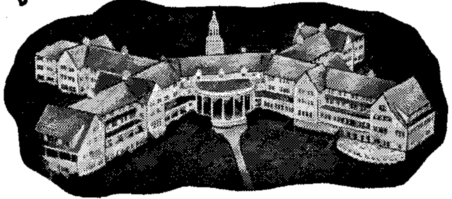

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taneously seen here in Paris on television was a great event technically. *Le Monde* said, "It marks a European date that could be as important for television as the first Atlantic crossing was for aviation." *Figaro* patriotically called it "the other crowning—the crowning of French television." It was the first time that this international television hookup was put to use here, and it was from this popular demonstration of it that the surprised French learned it even existed. Actually, it was set up last year. The B.B.C. signal is received at Cassel, not far from Calais. Cassel then boosts it along in two directions—to Lille, which is the microwave relay station covering Belgium, Holland, and West Germany, and to Radio-Télévision Française, on top of the Eiffel Tower. Reception distance being limited to a hundred and sixty kilometres, Switzerland is still off the map. A new relay station is being set up in Strasbourg, and another in central France, which will bring in Marseille. In other words, Europe is belatedly catching up with the United States in the extension of television.

Most Paris hotels and bars rented sets, since few own them; in fact, they are so rare that in private homes possessing them Coronation television parties were given, with champagne buffet lunches. For once, Paris had its fill of TV. The B.B.C. program, which started at ten-fifteen in the morning with the Queen about to leave the Palace in her golden coach, ended at ten-thirty that night with a handsome British speakeress in evening dress telling of the victory over Mount Everest. All day, the reception was so good here that we could, alas, even see the rain.

—GENÊT

•

ALFRED, N. Y., May 8 (AP)—The annual freshman-sophomore march on the girls' dormitories at Alfred University ended in injuries to two students, Alfred University officials said today. Allen M. Lamstein of 201 East Mosholu Parkway, the Bronx, suffered an eye injury. Charles W. Weisenfeel Jr. of 14 Ocean Avenue, Bellmore, L. I., had the wind knocked out of him.—*The Times.*

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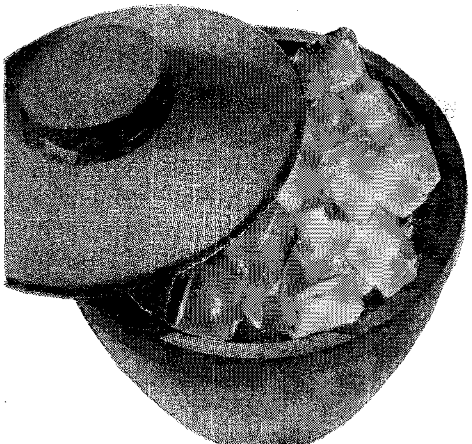

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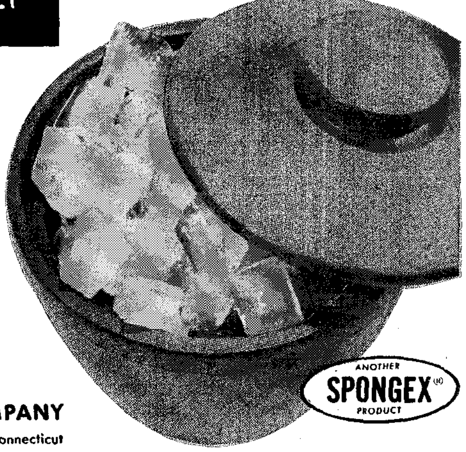

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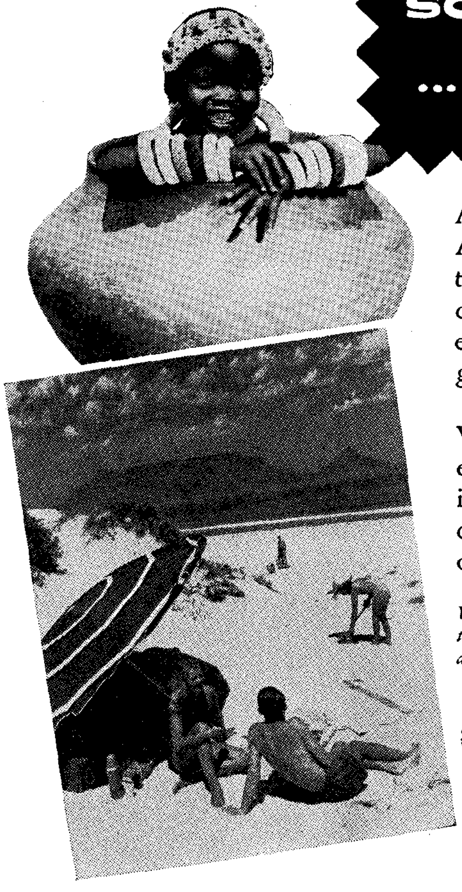

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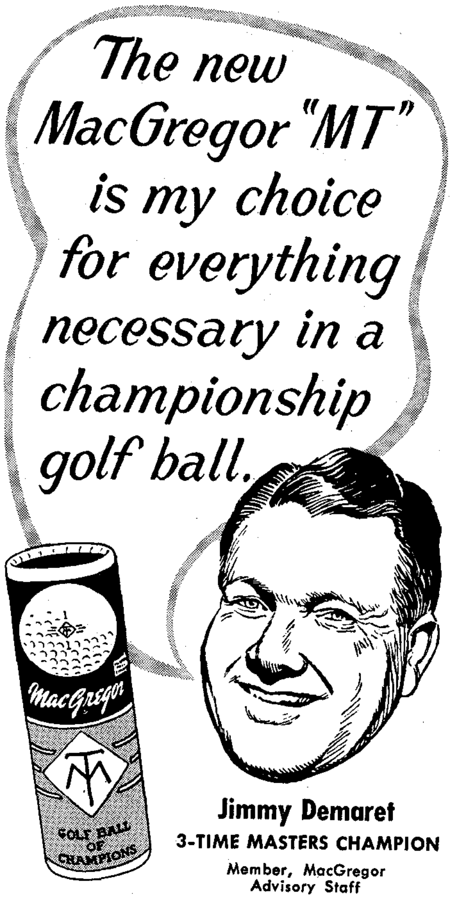
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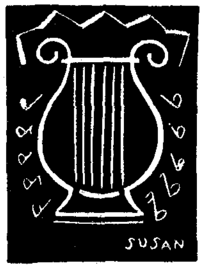


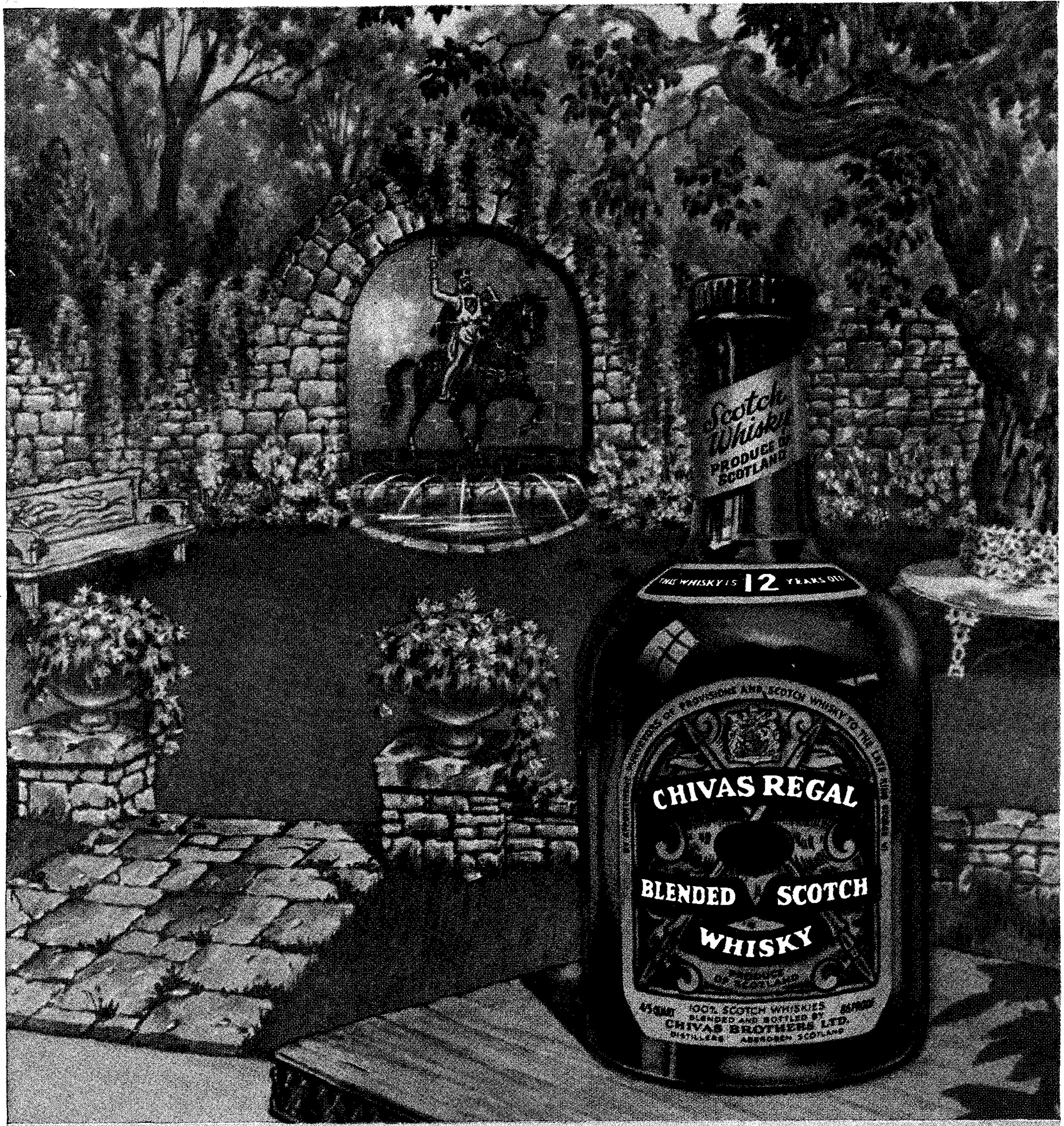
THE Lemonade Opera, an enterprising little summertime organization that was started in 1947 by a band of young singers, resumed its activities last week, after an absence of a couple of seasons, with a production of "Don Pedro," its most refreshing offering to date. This is the first American presentation of an engaging three-act opera for which Mozart unwittingly supplied the score, and the work, presented to the accompaniment of two pianos, can be heard every night except Mondays at the group's headquarters, the modest-sized basement of the Village Presbyterian Church, on West Thirteenth Street. The music, typical of Mozart but unfamiliar, has been assembled largely by combining the scores of two operas he worked on briefly—"The Deceived Husband" and "The Goose of Cairo," for which Lorenzo da Ponte and Giambattista Varesco, respectively, wrote the lyrics. The book of "Don Pedro" is based on both these operas, and, since Mozart never got around to finishing either of the scores, some of the special arias he wrote on commission for leading singers of the day, for concerts and for inclusion in operas by other composers, have been used to fill in the gaps.

The whole idea of "Don Pedro" was conceived by Hans Erismann, conductor and choirmaster of the Zurich Municipal Theatre, and the "new" opera, arranged by him and supplied by a couple of his assistants with a German libretto, had its première last year in Zurich. The English version used by the Lemonade Opera is the work of Joseph Longstreth, who drew not only on the German text but on the Italian originals. The result of all this piecing and joining is a fairly authentic eighteenth-century comic opera. The plot is shaky but unobtrusive. The title character, a middle-aged philanderer who decides to marry in the hope of begetting a son and heir, chooses a young woman who is enamored of a singer named Florindo. She resigns herself to the marriage in order to help her debt-ridden father, but, as a result of a subplot too complicated to go into here, Don Pedro's servants wreck the deal by getting Florindo a job in the household and inviting several of Don Pedro's former mistresses to the wedding. One of them discloses that she is Florindo's mother and informs Don Pedro that he is the father.

Considering the genius with which Mozart explored a rather similar character, Don Giovanni, there is some cause to speculate on what he might have achieved with Don Pedro had he made a little more effort. As things stand, the greatest weakness of the score is that it gives the central character no stature whatever, or even any particular interest, until well into the third act, when Don Pedro is moved to inquire, in a wry and mettlesome solo piece, "What can you do with women?" This and almost all the other pieces in the opera have been fitted out by Longstreth with admirable lyrics that are both amusing and to the point. The snatches of dialogue that hold the work together are in the form of recitatives, arranged by the conductor, Sheldon Soffer, and played by one of the pianists on a virginal. Despite such manufactured bridges, however, the opera is mainly a bountiful concert of songs, some gay and some melancholy, and all of a high order. The story provides only a slight suggestion of continuity.

"Don Pedro" has been mounted with elegance and force. Attractively costumed, the singers unfold the plot, such as it is, on a tiny stage against delicately painted backgrounds. Under the resourceful direction of Max Leavitt, their enunciation is faultless and their gestures full of meaning. Their voices, though not generally noteworthy, are adequate for the size of the auditorium and are used intelligently.

WITH the help of a fanciful and entertaining score, "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra," which Benjamin Britten composed in 1945 for a documentary film, Jerome Robbins has created a frolicsome ballet, "Fanfare." It was introduced at the City Center on the night of the Coronation, in the course of a New York City Ballet program honoring British artists. Somewhat as he did in his earlier and superbly imaginative ballet "The Pied Piper," Robbins makes his dancers in "Fanfare" react to the music with startlingly simple directness, so that they appear to be merely visual interpretations of what is heard. The Britten work, which consists of a series of variations, culminating in a fugue, on a Purcell rondo, presents, one by one, the instruments or groups of instruments that constitute a symphony orchestra, and in the ballet, a dancer or dancers are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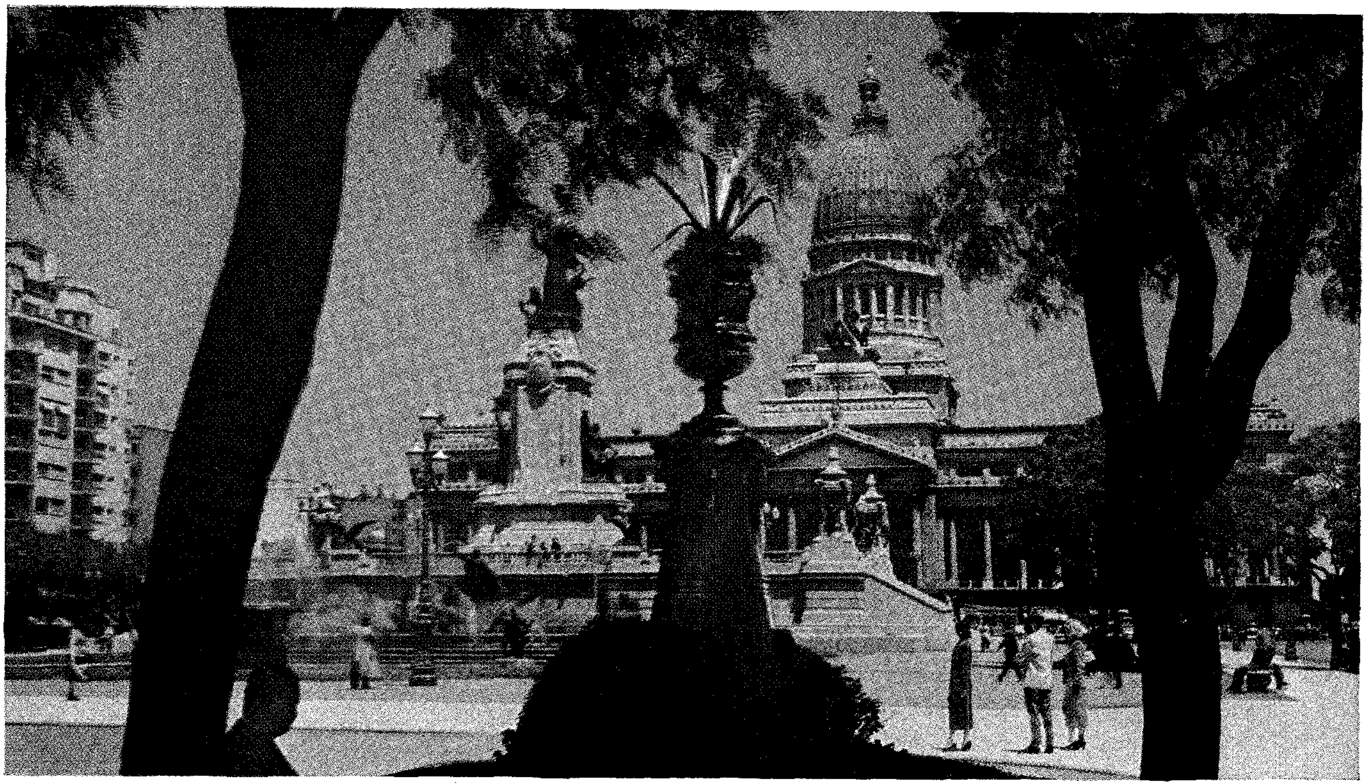

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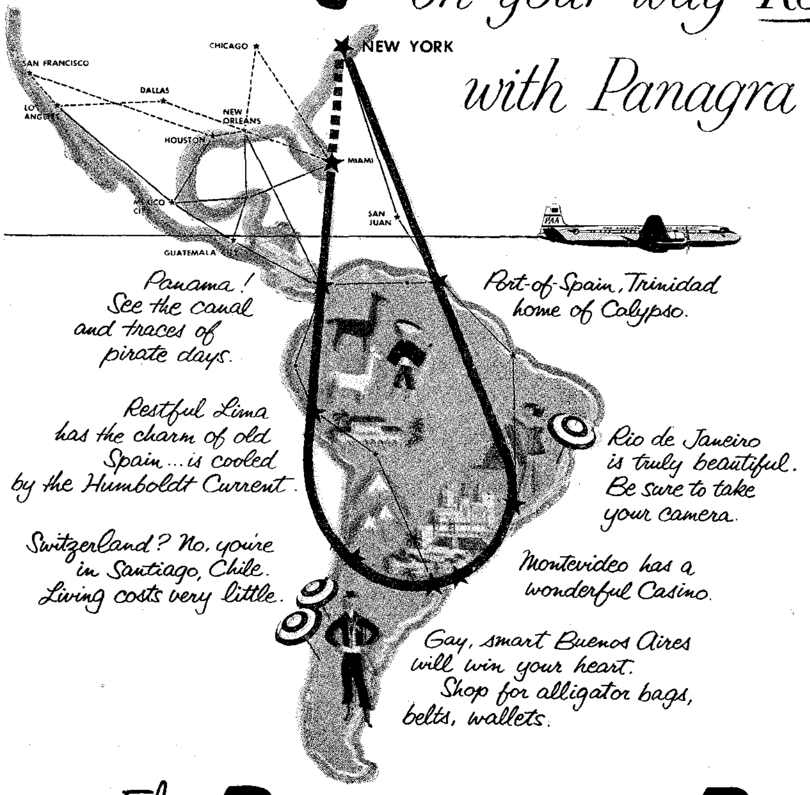
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made to represent each. They are introduced all together in a stately formation as the theme is stated at the outset, and again at the end, in an energetic dance for the fugue. Between these two ensemble movements, they respond to the various instruments pretty much as you might expect them to—comically in the case of the percussion section, the bassoons, and the bass fiddle; ethereally in the case of the harp; and so on. Britten's apt and varied music and Robbins' equally adept choreography make "Fanfare" seem as swift and exhilarating as a ride on a roller coaster, but not much more memorable. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

If any would know what we think a poem wants to be, let him look at *The Windhover*. Nothing is superfluous; nothing is merely ornamental. Metaphor is the meaning and is the structure: it is the poem.

Metaphor wants to be perceptual; sillion must shine and embers fall and gall. Metaphor wants to tear its materials from the world's body, pleaching them in a new way. The poetic ideality must have roots, must be populated with real toads, must be correlated objectively.

A poem, then, wants to yield new perceptual relationships built into structural metaphor. A poem wants to be organic.

If any would know what we think criticism wants to be, let him keep his sensibilities on the poem: criticism wants to be esthetic; it has no business wandering without imagination down the labyrinthine ways of subliterary perspiration. Let the English professors stir up the dust of libraries as they shuffle through the dull gymnastics of "research." Criticism wants to begin with the esthetic experience; to be valid it must end there also. Criticism must approach the whole poem, not some titillating aspect of its separable content.

A poem wants to be criticized by men like Cleanth Brooks, Benedetto Croce, and T. S. Eliot the Earlier. (For other esthetic critics by whom poetry wants to be read, see Oliver Elton, *A Glossary of the New Criticism.*)

In short, we want our poems organic and our criticism esthetic. We grind an esthetic axe on an organic stone. Help us to turn the stone (it wants to be turned): send poems, stories, art work, advice—and subscriptions.—*Letter from the Blue Guitar, a West Coast magazine.*

We have a toad named Cleanth. Want him?

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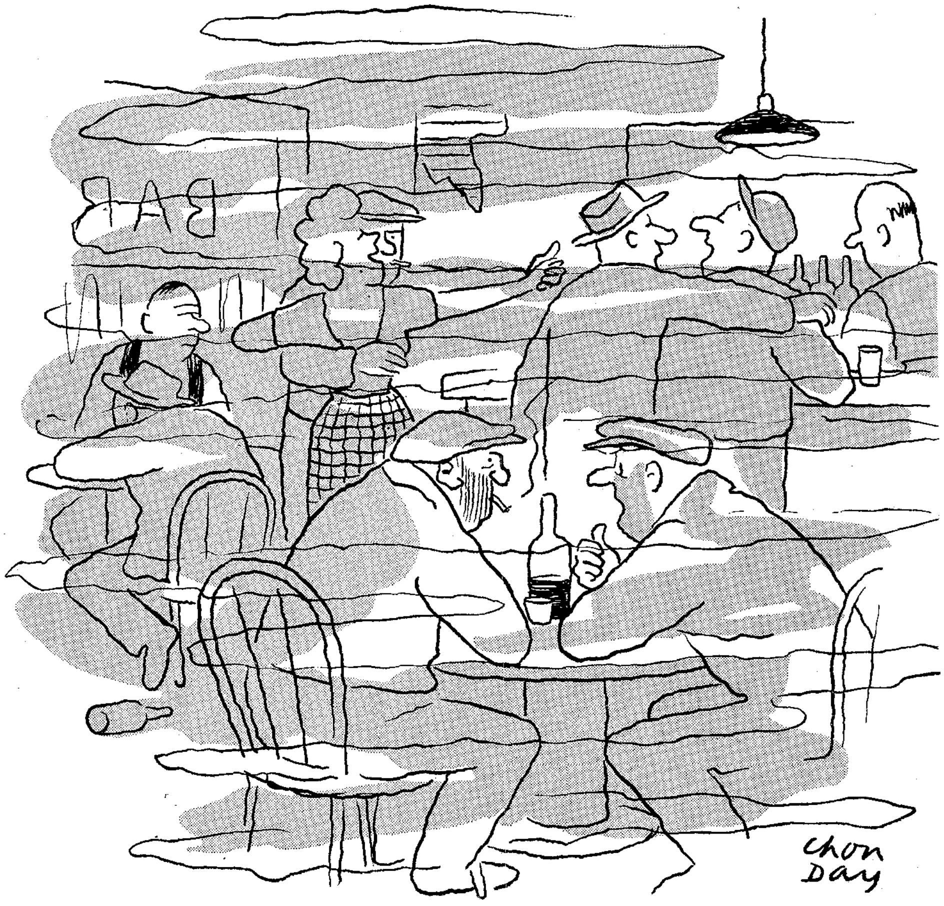
BOOKS

Son and Brother

WHEN we think of Henry James, we are apt to see him as the brooding dandy of the Sargent portrait, painted in 1913, in commemoration of his seventieth birthday. "Sargent at his very best," James wrote Rhoda Broughton when the sittings were over, "and poor H. J. not at his worst; in short a living breathing likeness and a masterpiece of painting. I am really quite ashamed to admire it so much and so loudly—it's so much as if I were calling attention to my own fine points. I don't, alas, exhibit a 'point' in it, but am all large and luscious rotundity—by which you may see how true a thing it is." The portrait gives us, with a vividness that comes close to vengeance, the James of the anecdotes, of the houseparties and high teas and ballooning sentences lovingly expanded and turned round in the soft English air and at last reluctantly let go, but there is immeasurably more to it, and him, than that. The striped waistcoat and air of postprandial well-being conceal rather than embody what we know, from his work, must be there, and it is in the veiled, appraising eyes and open, sensual, eager mouth that we catch sight of the man who at seventy-one, two years before his death, could affirm, in response to a "melancholy outpouring" from Henry Adams, "*Of course* we are lone survivors, of course the past that was our lives is at the bottom of an abyss. . . . But . . . I still find my consciousness interesting. . . . I still, in presence of life (or of what you deny to be such), have reactions—as many as possible—and the book I sent you ["Notes of a Son and Brother"] is a proof of them. It's, I suppose, because I am that queer monster, the artist, an obstinate finality, an inexhaustible sensibility. Hence the reactions—appearances, memories, many things, go on playing upon it with consequences that I note and 'enjoy' (grim word!) noting. It all takes doing—and I *do*. I believe I shall do yet again—it is still an act of life."

Where had all that courage come from? How much of the hunger to be, as he used to say, "fed by life" had James been endowed with at the start, to bristle so visibly with it at the finish? Who was the child, who the aspiring young man, that out of their longings this shy and passionate old genie should have bloomed? These questions become part of our pleasure as we make our way down the long shelf of James's novels and stories—a longer shelf of major work than any other American writer's—and observe how they gain in depth and breadth from decade to decade and, moving from neatness and safety into the darkest, least-mapped reaches of feeling, seem, in what they more and more ambitiously strive for, more and more youthfully daring. To show us the family into which the child was born, then the solemn-eyed child himself, and finally the young man preparing, for all his diffidence, to try on greatness is the purpose of the first volume of Leon Edel's long-awaited biography, "Henry James" (Lippincott), subtitled "The Untried Years: 1843-1870." It is to be followed by two more volumes, one dealing with James's middle years, the other with his old age. By itself, however, the first volume—painstaking and acute in scholarship, easy in style, and both mild and wise in judgment—is proof enough that Mr. Edel has in hand the definitive biography of James. William James once wrote of Henry to their sister Alice, "Harry has been delightful . . . the same dear, innocent old Harry of our youth. His anglicisms are but 'protective resemblances'—he's really, I won't say a Yankee, but a native of the James family, and has no other country." Mr. Edel is delightful, by no means innocent, and knows the James family better than a native. Few countries are more worth visiting, and the view from some of the peaks is sublime.

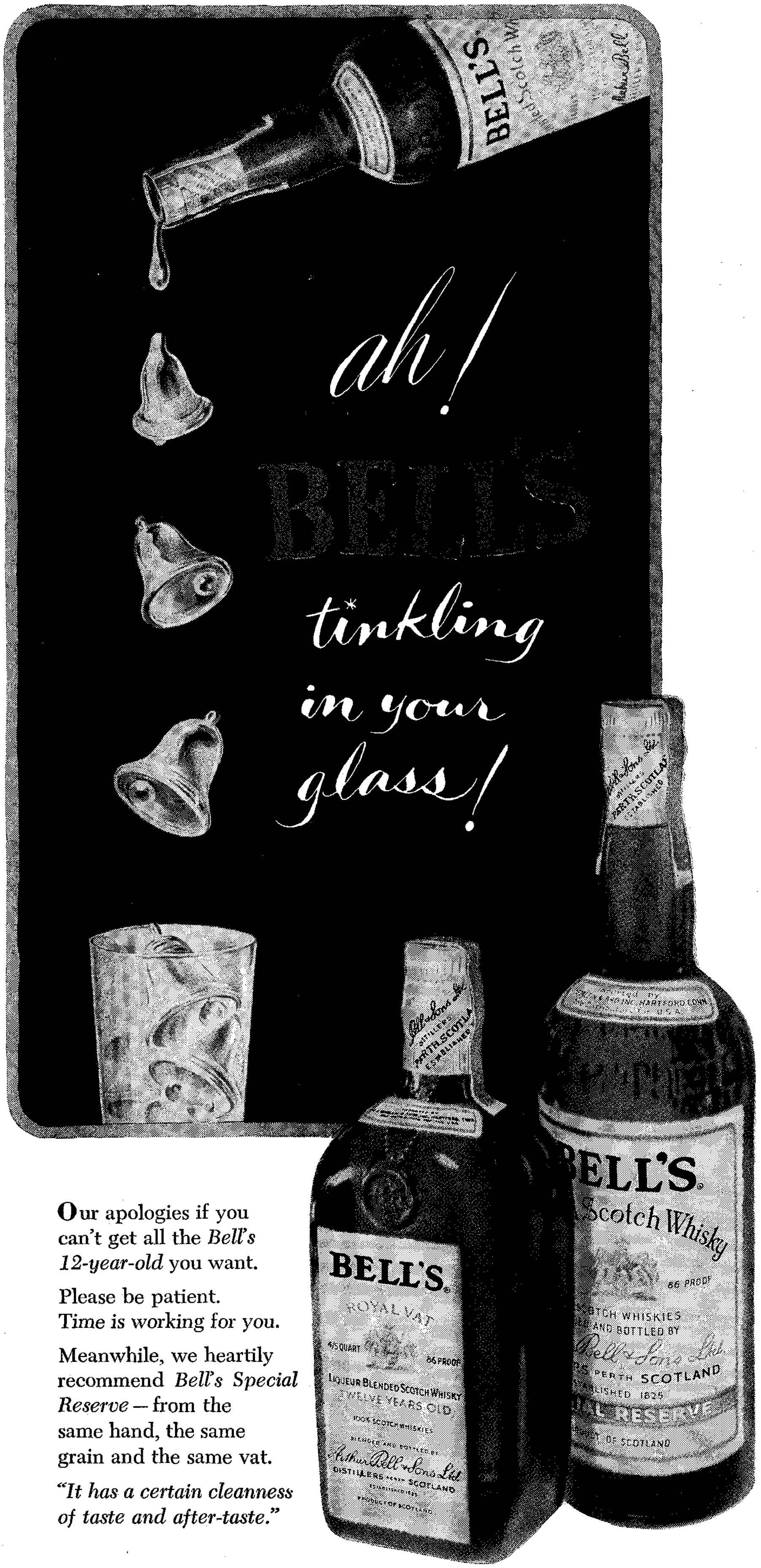
The early life of a writer is often the most difficult for his biographer to describe. Many of the scraps of facts that have been preserved by pious relatives and friends turn out not to matter. The facts that do matter turn out to be comparatively scanty, while the theories of child development by which they may be interpreted are not only numerous but contradictory. (Isn't it undecided as yet whether what history calls geniuses are born or simply battered into being?) Still more awkward is the likelihood that



"Say, why don't we stick up this place?"

the author himself has more or less openly reconstructed his past in his works and cannot be trusted to tell the truth about anything. In the case of Henry James, the problem is aggravated by his being a member of a family that is to the annals of intellect in this country what, before the humiliation of their exposure as a statistical fallacy, the Kallikaks were to the annals of idiocy. Henry James, Senior, his wife, and their five children provide us with a case history of success and failure, health and neurosis, love and jealousy that is, of its kind, perfection, and Mr. Edel is to be congratulated on having brought the big guns of psychoanalysis to bear on all seven of them without blowing them to bits. Rarely has there been a family more loving and well knit and mutually admiring; rarely have children been encouraged to find themselves, to test their mounting strength, in an atmosphere more charged with parental interest, in circumstances socially and financially more secure; and what it amounts to—for us—is the long and increasingly fruitful careers of the two older children, William and Henry, and the blighted, broken-off careers of the three younger ones, Wilkie, Robertson, and Alice. Mr. Edel offers sound explanations for blight and fruitfulness alike. He offers them quietly, as if in conversation across a table, and this is as it should be, for in the James country everyone talks of such things, finds them fascinating, finds, in something approaching high spirits, that such things are precisely what *is* fascinating.

Mr. Edel is especially calm and sensible about the now famous "horrid even if an obscure hurt" that his hero confessed to having suffered at eighteen, in the course of helping to put out a fire. Mr. Edel maintains that the hurt was largely psychic. Neither emotionally nor physically did it emasculate James, as some critics, suspicious of his perennial bachelorhood, have too patly proposed. The man who could write in his notebooks, in a sketch of what was later to become one of the greatest of his novels, "It has bothered me in thinking of the little picture—this idea of the physical possession, the brief physical, passional rapture which at first appeared essential to it; bothered me on account of the ugliness, the incongruity, the nastiness, *en somme*, of the man's 'having' a sick girl; also on account of something rather pitifully obvious and vulgar in the presentation of such a remedy for her despair—and such a remedy only. 'Oh, she's dying without having had it? Give it to her and let



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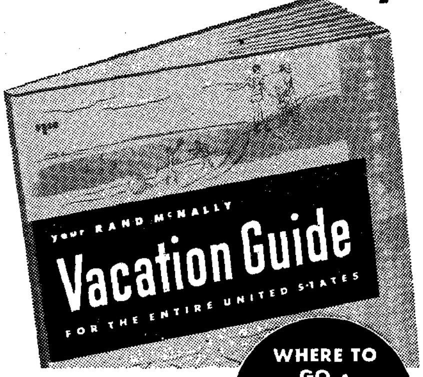

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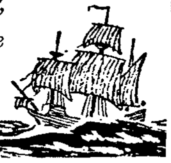

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NORTON

her die'—that strikes me as sufficiently second-rate," may have felt a deep aversion to sexual relations, but he was no eunuch.

The first volume of "Henry James" ends with James at twenty-seven. He has already written and published a good many stories and much criticism. He is ready to quit the family home in Cambridge and plunge, for no telling how long, into the Europe that has always seduced him. "Little by little, I trust," he writes his brother William, "my abilities will catch up with my ambitions." Long afterward, in his notebooks, he is to recall the sense of that time and that parting: "What comes back to me freely, delightfully, is the vision of those untried years. Never did a poor fellow have more; never was an ingenuous youth more passionately and yet more patiently eager for what life might bring. Now that life has brought something, brought a measurable part of what I dreamed of then, it is touching enough to look back. I knew at least what I wanted then—to see something of the world. I have seen a good deal of it, and I look at the past in the light of this knowledge. What strikes me is the definiteness, the unerringness of those longings. I wanted to do very much what I have done, and success, if I may say so, now stretches back a tender hand to its younger brother, desire."

—Brendan Gill

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Colour of the Glass, by Rose Thurburn (Morrow). A complete and beautiful love story, played, unfortunately, against a background that seems to belong in another novel. The heroine, Fran, is in love with a young man who is running for Parliament, and most of their time together is spent in the shadow of his campaign. One cannot help feeling that Fran could have arrived at the decision she inevitably has to make without being obliged to involve herself in the tiresome political issues and rivalries set forth here at such length, but Miss Thurburn was evidently determined to tell two stories—one about a love affair and one about the struggle for survival among small businessmen—and in doing so she has divided her energy and her emotion and wasted a good deal of what she has to give. However, nothing can really spoil the absolute authority with which she brings her two baffled lovers around in the circle they de-

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scribe between their first meeting and their last.

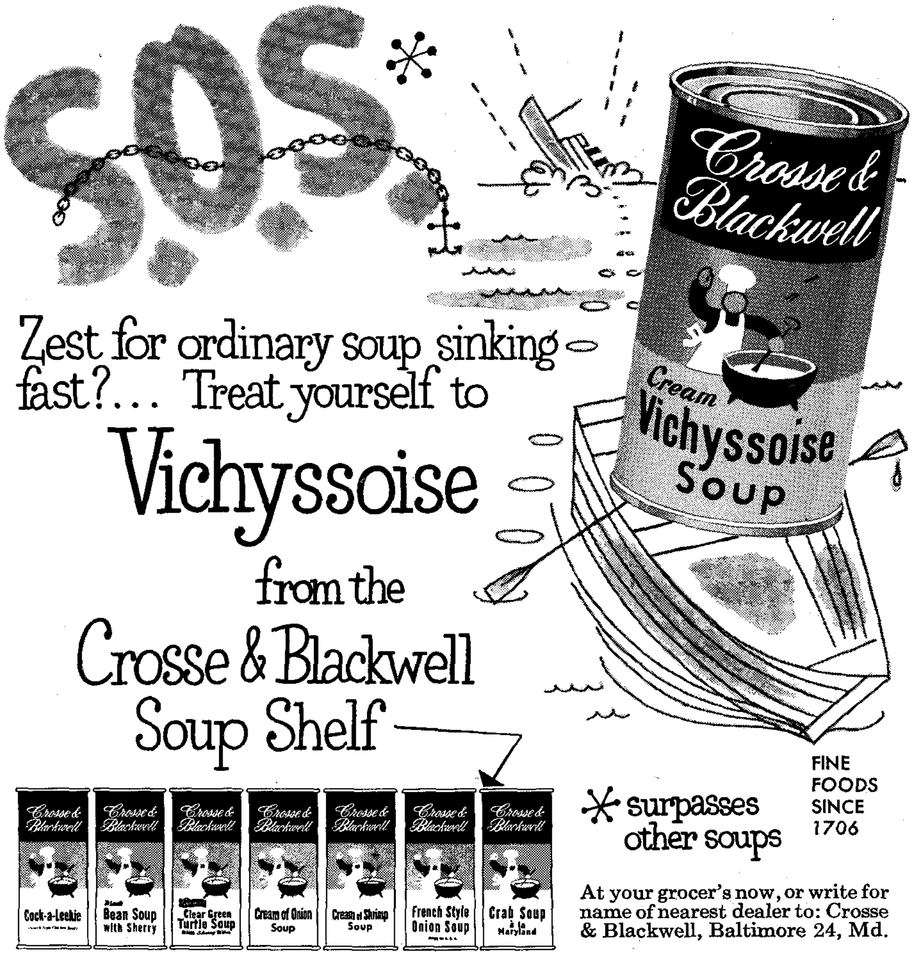
RIDE OUT THE STORM, by Roger Vercel (Putnam). A study of the sea, and of the power of the sea over the mind of a man who gives his life to it. The man, Rolland, becomes almost superhuman in his unyielding devotion to his career, but his story, which is too long, is too remote from purely human concerns to have much effect on the heart of the reader. The book starts in 1897 and ends on the eve of the First World War.

CRYSTAL CLEAR, by Elizabeth Cadell (Morrow). A pleasant, unpretentious little story about a wealthy young Englishman who falls in love just as he is about to leave London to live in South Africa. All the people in the story are gentle and fairly fortunate, the atmosphere of their lives is conveyed with familiarity and some humor, and their conversations are credible, if not sparkling.

ISLAND OF THE BLUE MACAWS, by James Ramsey Ullman (Lippincott). Seventeen extra-light, rather earnest stories about all sorts of people, young and old, in many different parts of the world. Mr. Ullman usually likes to impart a tiny lesson in his stories, most of which fade away in a sort of delayed-blackout ending. Writing with a wry smile, he sketches his varied backgrounds in with great expertness and then proceeds to push his somewhat thin characters as rapidly as possible toward the solution he has created for them.

GENERAL

NO PICNIC ON MOUNT KENYA, by Felice Benuzzi (Dutton). A most extraordinary and well-written prisoner-of-war and escape story. In 1941, through the misfortunes of war, Signor Benuzzi, a former official in the Italian colonial service in Addis Ababa, found himself a captive of the British in a prison camp at Nanyuki, a town on the equator, at the foot of Mount Kenya. The first morning the author, a lifelong and devoted Alpinist, saw the white heights of Kenya rising seventeen thousand feet through the mists, he fell in love with the mountain and vowed to scale it and plant the Italian colors on its peak. This entailed finding at least two mountain-wise companions, secretly constructing such equipment as ice axes and crampons, scrounging food,



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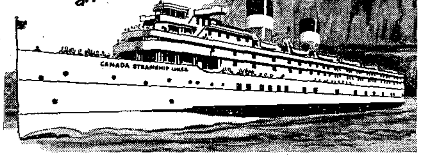

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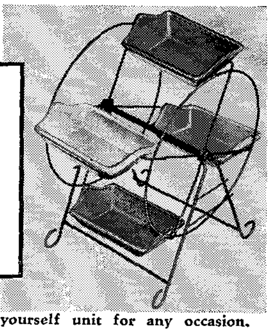

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clothing, compasses, and other necessaries for an eighteen-day excursion, and, finally, escaping from the camp. Then came the most dangerous part of the undertaking—the assault of one of the world's most difficult mountains (and one of the most perilous, too, because of the wild beasts that roam the forests on its slopes). In the end, Signor Benuzzi and two friends brought off their coup and returned to camp, after leaving their flag on Point Lenana, the second highest of Kenya's peaks. (The British camp commandant gave them twenty-eight days of solitary confinement and congratulated them on their "sporting effort.") His narrative of the adventure is full of humor, sharp characterizations, and a reverence for nature.

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME, by Polly Adler (Rinehart). The memoirs of New York's most celebrated bagnio operator. Miss Adler, who has been in voluntary retirement since 1945, opens her story with a brisk review of her guileless girlhood in Russia, her hard adolescence in a Brooklyn shirt factory, and her timely discovery, by way of Broadway and its well-heeled lonelyhearts, of her natural executive bent. Then, highball in hand and her little black book within easy reach, she settles back and, with considerable wit and a reasonable amount of candor, leisurely recalls her swift ascent to subterranean success. Although her life had its drawbacks—nights in jail, occasional spasms of shame, a new apartment every few months, and the almost simultaneous, and equally unwelcome, attentions of Dutch Schultz and Judge Seabury—on the whole, she indicates, it was a pleasant one, full of fine food, fine clothes, and fine, free-spending friends. At least in retrospect.

SEEDTIME OF THE REPUBLIC, by Clinton Rossiter (Harcourt, Brace). An extensive inquiry into the origins of the philosophy behind the American Revolution. The author, a professor of government at Cornell, examines some important aspects of life in the colonies, traces the progress of libertarian thought there, and outlines the political theories of such men as Roger Williams, Benjamin Franklin, Jonathan Mayhew, and Richard Bland to demonstrate his thesis that the germinal ideas of the Revolution and the concept of a government founded on ethics, liberty, and respect for man were implanted in the minds of the colonists long before Lexington and Concord. Only because they felt that these ideals had been violated by the autocratic acts of the Crown did they resort to open revolt, thereby enforcing recognition of a code of behavior that they had already established. A brilliant example of creative scholarship.

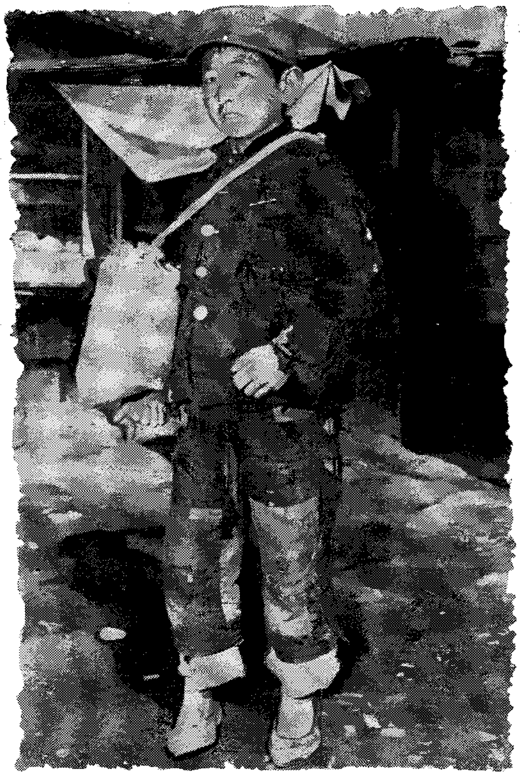
THE END OF THE WORLD, by Kenneth Heuer (Rinehart). An actuarial report on the life expectancy of the earth by a former lecturer in astronomy at the Hayden Planetarium. From an astrophysical standpoint, the author believes, the prospect before us is fair. Barring a possible but quite unlikely celestial catastrophe like an explosion of the sun, a collision of the earth with the moon, or a collision between the sun and a vagrant star, our planet should be able to hold out for another ten billion years—or until, as is inevitable, the sun flares up and dies. However, Mr. Heuer adds, the end of the world is not necessarily so comfortably remote. He is persuaded that unless a reliable means of outlawing the use of atomic weapons can be found, it is precisely as close as the next war. Mr. Heuer is not, of course, the first to utter this grim prophecy, but partly because of the context in which he places it and partly because he is a writer of unusual control and clarity, it has rarely been more arrestingly made. Illustrated.

THE ROAD TO ABUNDANCE, by Jacob Rosin and Max Eastman (McGraw-Hill). This book purports to be an answer to the conservationists who have for some years been warning us that we are using up our natural resources at an alarming rate and that ruin lies ahead. Mr. Rosin is a Russian-born, German-educated chemist (Mr. Eastman's role was to straighten out his co-author's recently acquired English) who believes that chemistry can easily solve the problem of feeding and clothing man. Agriculture, he says, is the most inefficient of industries, calling for a fantastic amount of "floor space" to produce, at high cost, a disproportionately small yield. Mankind now needs six trillion calories a day, he says, and it depends for this supply on plants. Chemistry, by producing synthetic foods that are in every way as nourishing and palatable as natural ones, could furnish a limitless amount of calories quicker and more cheaply. He claims that only a prejudice against synthetics, arising from what he disdainfully calls "an infatuation with nature," now keeps science from bringing an abundant life to all. The argument, which gets down to specific matters but explains them in nontechnical terms, is impressive. All in all, the most optimistic book in years.

I WAS A DRUG ADDICT, by Leroy Street and David Loth (Random House). A pitiful and harrowing narrative of a youth who was trapped by the narcotics habit when he was fifteen and spent the next thirteen years of his life alternately fighting it and succumbing to it. This all happened very long ago. Mr. Street (the name is a pseudonym) was a Greenwich Village boy, the son of a family in modest circumstances; after a lifetime of study of his own case, he says he cannot understand why he became an addict, since he suffered from none of the stresses that psychiatrists usually hold responsible. Whatever the reason, from the first night he took a casual whiff of heroin, he was a goner: His life became one prolonged daze, broken only by the periods when he underwent the cruel and primitive "cures" of the time; his health failed, he brought humiliation to his family, and he watched his addict friends die off one by one. His habit was making increasing demands on him, and, characteristically, becoming less and less a solace, when he ended the nightmare by finally conquering it. An instructive book, but very hard to take.

UNCLE SAM'S UNCLE JOSH, edited by Donald Day (Little, Brown). A collection of the sly sayings of Henry Wheeler Shaw, the once celebrated mid-nineteenth-century humorist who wrote under the name of Josh Billings, translated from the camelopard dialect of the period into something more readily recognizable as English and arranged to form a kind of autobiography. The most that can be said for Mr. Day's ministrations is that they now make it possible to understand what the old sidesplitter was talking about. They have not, alas, rendered him much more readable.

RHYTHM AND TEMPO, by Curt Sachs (Norton). This history of one component of music shows that concepts of rhythm are subject to radical change and have varied considerably from one culture to another. At some times, Western music has favored



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regular rhythms; at others, irregular beats have been the style. Mr. Sachs convincingly points out a connection between the pulse of music and the general state of the arts, and he thinks we are starting a phase of rhythmical inventiveness after a phase largely devoted to harmony and melody. Many people may find some of this book a little tough to follow; a metronome and a couple of play-school tomtoms are recommended as reading aids.

MAN OF FIRE: J. C. OROZCO, by MacKinley Helm (Harcourt, Brace). José Clemente Orozco was one of the shyest of men and tended to be overshadowed by his more turbulent contemporaries, like Diego Rivera and David Siqueiros. His genius as a muralist, however, was unmistakable, and despite certain thorninesses in his style, his reputation was well established long before his death in 1949. Mr. Helm, who has already written extensively on modern Mexican artists, treats his subject with an engagingly easy authority and traces Orozco's artistic development with full respect for his great accomplishments and complete sympathy for his personal difficulties. Sixty-nine illustrations, four in color.

ROMAN PAINTING, by Amedeo Maiuri (Skira). The shops, homes, and temples of Pompeii, sealed for centuries in the dust deposits from the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., are the best-known sources of information on Roman pictorial art. But they're not the only ones—findings at such places as Herculaneum, Stabiae, and Paestum, though less elaborate, are almost equally interesting. This book is a thoroughgoing survey of all these treasures, illustrated with eighty-four full-color reproductions of brand-new photographs that are marvels of clarity and accuracy. Their fidelity helps bring out both the vivid color (much more lively and diverse than is generally supposed) and the remarkable realism of the examples. In the text, questions of styles and techniques are gone into, too, and the main effect of the book is to give real breadth and interest to a field of art that had seemed rather limited before.

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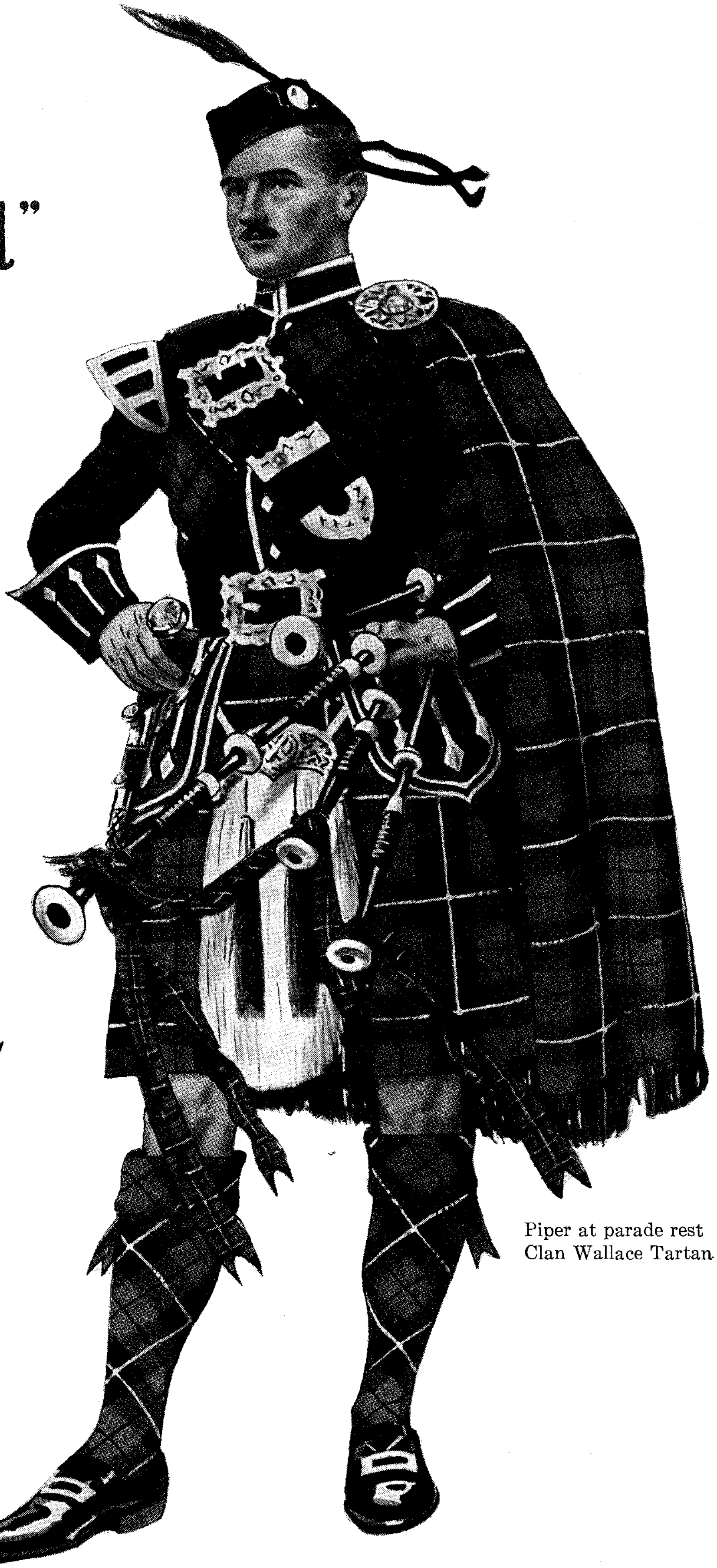

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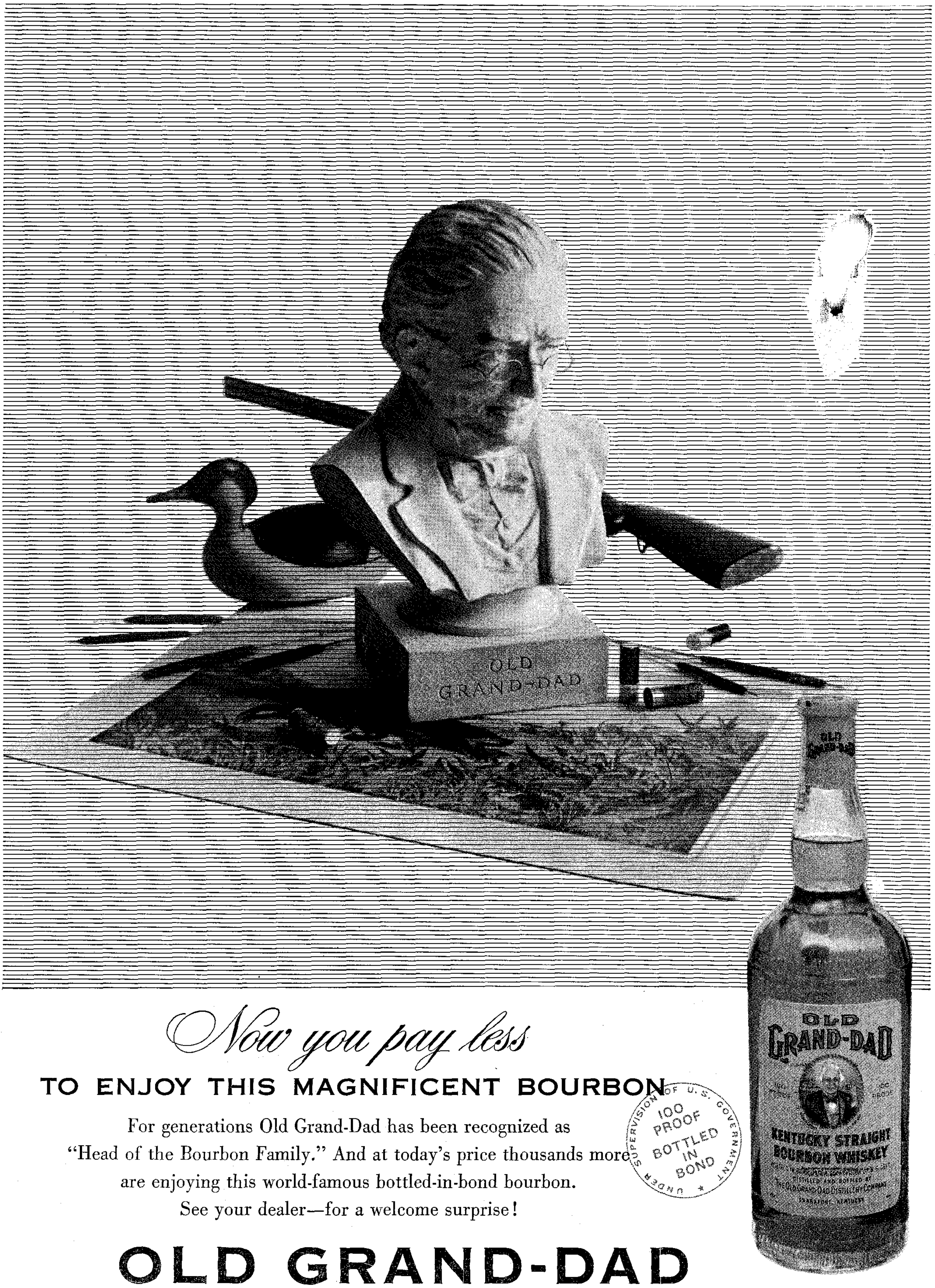
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